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A CUP OF COCOA

BY

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"And to shew Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives."
ENGLISH LITANY.

IT were useless to deny that my joy at being received into the British diplomatic service was somewhat tempered when we heard what post had been assigned to me. Father, Mother, and I were seated in morning sunshine at the breakfast table, from which I scanned the autumn roses in our garden, and beyond it the vine-covered walls of one of our factory buildings. I remember I had chipped open my egg before opening my letter, having still the schoolboy illusion that diplomatists are as the high gods—above excitement. "I have been made

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diplomatic agent at Tellerey, West Coast of Africa," I said sadly.

"You might as well be a consul on the Styx," Mother declared with bitterness.

But Father disagreed, and took my assignment to this post as a compliment.

"Mother," he said, "if a man win a big stake in life, it's not to be forgotten. Applecourt's chocolate is the best on any market, and the best selling, and it's natural that our lad — being of a cocoa family — should be sent to Tellerey, for it's the largest producer of raw chocolate in the world — bar St. Thomé. He's been brought up on the condition of the cocoa laborers, and I tell you that the world wants to know about them now. My word! a cup of St. Thomé chocolate is made of sweat and tears, and it's a compliment to Applecourt's chocolate to have our lad sent out to a chocolate country."

My father always took disagreeable things as compliments. If people called him evil names, he found jealousy to be at the bottom of their abuse; and if they sickened us with their praises of him, he regarded them as sincere friends without the gift of acceptable expression. He infected the world about him with his sanity, and had risen to be much more than a Quaker confectioner in the eyes of the men and women to whom prosperity had introduced him.

He looked up now from his newspaper.

"Speaking of Tellerey," he cried, "how's this for a coincidence? 'The death of Marco Nosretap, sutler and general provider for many West African provinces, has recently been open to doubt, as he has been heard from in a letter without date but unmistakably of his writing. The matter has been referred to the Foreign Office, whose decision is reserved pending the arrival of a diplomatic agent at Tellerey to replace E. Snedcliffe, deceased.'"

He cut the notice from the *Times* and handed it to me.

After that it was mortifying that the Foreign Office proposed no special interview with me; but I hid this fact from my parents, with whom I had ever lived in closest intimacy, and went up to London from our chocolate metropolis as if I had been sent for. As I lounged in indecision along Bond Street, wondering at what hour I had best present myself to my chief, I met a man I loved to meet, Pieter van der Luyt, himself of a long line of Dutch cocoa people, and the fainéant proprietor of their latter-day company. He appeared suddenly in the murk of that autumn morning, his short, strong body inimitably dressed, and his wide, highly colored face full of welcome, but, as always, without a smile; for he possessed an almost animal gravity, something of the stern repose of a lion's countenance or the serious immobility of a dog.

"Come home with me to-night," I cried.

"Gladly," he answered; "but what of the inevitable now? I want somewhere to go *now*."

"Come with me to Dowling Street. Did you know? I'm in the diplomatic service at last, and bound for Tellerey."

"Diplomatic agent, eh? Appropriate post for an Applecourt."

"So Father thinks. And how's life with you?"

"Horrid," he replied gravely. "I suppose it's because I can't remember my own mother that I can't see good in any woman but yours, so Paris of all sorts bores me. No one suits me in Amsterdam — they're better business men than I. Truly, I'm lonely as a desert island in mid-ocean. A few gulls have beaten against me — to the extent of broken wings."

"Poor you!" I said in real sympathy, for I knew what he said was true.

There was a nice outer room in the Foreign Office for him to wait about in while I interviewed Lord Rusheown, who was merely a name to me, and one that carried with it a terrifying association of ancestral halls and national service. I found, however, a small blond man in wonderful morning clothes, who seemed to me, after three minutes' talk, to be geography made flesh.

"I hope your appointment isn't a disappointment," he said suddenly.

"I wish to be of use," I replied.

"With your special knowledge you may be, there. Your father has made a phrase which has stirred evangelical England; he has backed it up by refusing to buy African chocolate. Am I right?"

"Quite, sir."

"Is he?"

"I think so."

"Prove it. He says a cup of St. Thomé cocoa is made of sweat and tears, and he buys his stuff in South America, Ceylon, anywhere but in Portuguese colonies. The missionaries accuse any one of everything, like personified virtue in grand opera, and we know nothing of the real conditions out there. Get at the root of it, and — I don't have to say to you be discreet; you Quakers are canny enough."

I thanked him, and took my leave, with his wishes for my success. He called me back, and put some papers in my hand.

"You may as well take these with you," he said. "They refer to one Marco Nosretap, an alleged British subject. Just see if he's dead, will you, please? Good by, Applecourt. Remember, Tellerey isn't a life sentence."

At that I grasped his hand.

"WHEN THE FEASTERS WERE SATED, THEY RUSHED INTO THE CIRCLE OF DANCERS"

"Pieter," I cried, regaining the ante-room, "come with me to Tellerey. Its products are chocolate and cockroaches; its inhabitants are cannibals; its mean temperature is 84°.Fahrenheit, and there are no diversions. But come."

After a long silence he said he would go.

II

We read the Nosretap papers together, and found that Marco was a Maltese sutler who dealt in Benguela, Tellerey, or any West African territory, supplying soldiers and penal places with food wholesale. His headquarters were at Lisbon, where his wife had been advised of his death six months before by a Portuguese official. He had long before taken out a world-wide policy in the Fidelità Life Assurance Company, and, on the eve of the widow's benefit from this, a Dutch grocer found a note in a sack of cocoa beans he was about to roast. This note was undated, and purported to be from Nosretap in Tellerey, saying that he was not dead. The letter was forwarded to the supposed widow, who put it in the hands of the insurance people honestly enough. They said Nosretap was a British subject, and in his youth had been a British soldier in the Indian service, and turned the matter over to our Foreign Office. His personal description declared him to be fifty years of age, of naturally white skin and marked tropical pallor, gray eyes and black hair, and in height five feet eight inches. He was further declared to have an aquiline nose; but, as Pieter's idea of the word aquiline and my interpretation of it were diametrically opposed, we dropped that feature from our consideration.

Dreams of Nosretap's rescue were of great solace to me as we contemplated our visit to Tellerey. I often pictured him besieged by natives in some inland village — an excuse for me to indulge my desire for travel in the Hinterland — or sick and nostalgic in a far-away mission, kindly cared for by people whose language he did not know. For it was written in my memoranda that he could not speak or understand either German or Dutch.

But Pieter inclined to the belief that he was dead.

"Suppose," he argued, "that the sack in which that letter was found was shut out as cargo from a full steamer at Tellerey,— that often happens,—then grant that it was over-carried after a transhipment which delayed it at Southampton, and you can have it consume six months between its despatch and its delivery, truly you can."

We talked a good deal about it to keep our thoughts from home; for, no matter what a man may win abroad, partings such as mine are a heavy price to pay for either wealth or glory. The voyage out was quite without incident until we arrived very nearly at its end at St. Paul de Loanda. There we had to remain for eighteen hours for repairs to our engine, and it was pleasant to think of a meal away from the *Guelph* when we received an invitation to dine at the consulate with Mr. Arthur Hood, the British consul, who called upon us as soon as our ship came to a standstill in the harbor.

At the proper time we started by steam-tram for his house in the upper town, both of us feeling as if the curtain were about to rise on a drama of West Africa. The air of the island, twenty miles from the coast, was delightfully fresh, and the dignity of the town's denuded churches — patient as God himself is patient with the neglect and apathy of tropical moods and manners — soothed me with a sense of the eternal mercy which is inbred in Quakers, and a cheerful heritage. We passed rows of deep windows in houses of Portuguese pretension as to space and Arab obtuseness as to proportion, windows in which shadowy players confided love songs to a swiftly deepening dusk.

An indefinable sense of beginning, of dramatic prelude to we knew not what, held us both. We confided this to each other, and agreed that it was so long since we had been asked to dine that we were unduly excited by it. I was afraid that Pieter looked smarter than I, because he had brought with him his Frisian valet, Albertus, and I was depending on picking up a native for a servant. Presently we shot into a quarter of modern pretentious villas, where flowering creepers trailed from post to post, darkly pink or yellow beneath the softly fallen cloak of night.

When we gained the consul's veranda, we felt like two flies entering a meat-safe; for it was inclosed in wire mesh against the mosquitos, and furnished with a heroic simplicity. There was a distinct interval between our welcome and our repast, so that I had time to ask our host if he had ever heard of a Maltese sutler named Nosretap.

"I knew him by sight in Benguela; the stores for our mess were bought from him, and he was the most energetic coffee-colored man I ever knew."

"I thought he was white," I said.

"So he was," Hood declared,— "opaquely white, as it were. He was white like all white men who have a touch of the tar-brush in them. But he was never the least bit *pink*; do you know what I mean?"

I answered, "Yes," and got in Nosretap's entire history as I knew it.

"ALBERTUS LIGHTED ONE OF THE LANTERNS AND HELD IT HIGH"

"Oh, he's dead — very dead, depend on that," Hood cried over his shoulder, as we went in to dinner. "It's hard to get lost in Africa in these days of telephones from water-hole to water-hole! You'll find a very informal Portuguese record, no doubt, when you reach Tellerey — day after to-morrow, isn't it?"

We asked him about the prevalence of telephones, and he told us they were everywhere except in Portuguese territory. "The truth is," he cried impulsively, "that, with the cocoa industry conducted as it is, all modern improvements are a menace to official plunder."

Pieter begged him to be explicit. "Every one tells me how rotten labor conditions are, but I want instances," he said.

"Tell him about Pinto," at once suggested every voice at the table except Pieter's and mine.

"I wish," the consul replied, "that I could speak a happier prologue to your administration in Tellerey, Applecourt, but you know how chocolate labor is supplied ——"

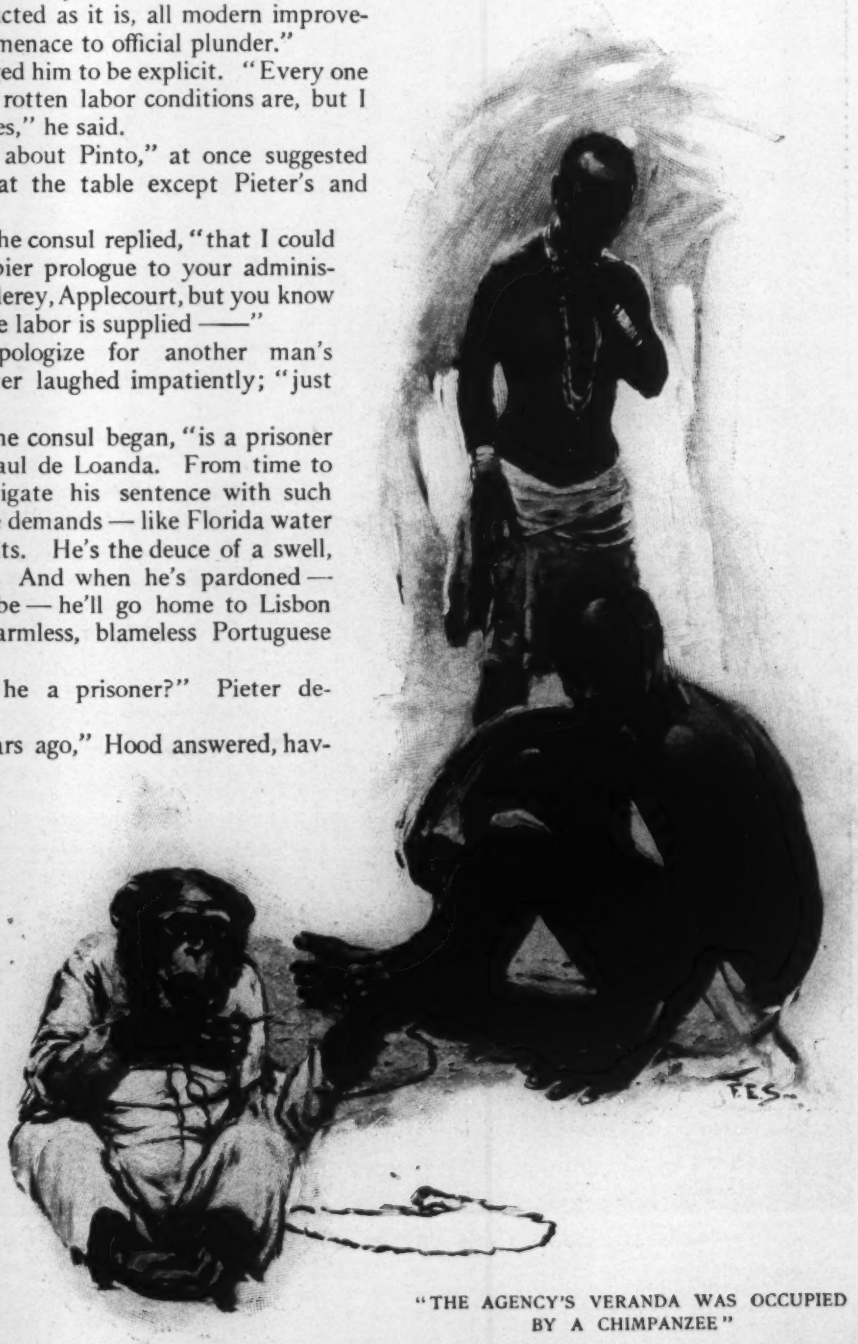
"Don't apologize for another man's crimes," Pieter laughed impatiently; "just tell them."

"Pinto," the consul began, "is a prisoner here in St. Paul de Loanda. From time to time we mitigate his sentence with such luxuries as he demands — like Florida water and pecan nuts. He's the deuce of a swell, is old Pinto! And when he's pardoned — and he will be — he'll go home to Lisbon and be a harmless, blameless Portuguese grandee."

"Why is he a prisoner?" Pieter demanded.

"Three years ago," Hood answered, having secured a general silence at the table, "I had my first consular billet — in Benguela. My predecessor had just died, and there wasn't any one to tell me about anything or anybody. My job was just about like policing Hades. All the important papers had mildewed illegibly, and the snakes and monkeys and entomological miscellany made me afraid to get into bed at night.

"But one man, Colonel Pinto, offset all horrors for me. He had splendid nerve, a good house, a king among cooks, wine to match, and such service from his niggers as an emperor might envy. He seemed to me like a philanthropist in Sheol. His personal guard were quinine-fed, the boys who waited on his table



"THE AGENCY'S VERANDA WAS OCCUPIED BY A CHIMPANZEE"

were sleek and portly, and the atmosphere of creature comfort in his house was like an anodyne to the pains of that vile country. I used to say to him:

"'Gad! if I had your money, I'd chuck it out here, and clear for Lisbon.'

"And he would answer: 'What if I did? I'd have no authority there. Any gendarme could hold me up on a crossing to let a rag-cart pass.'

"And I saw his point, gentlemen; we all like being big frogs in small pools!

"I never inquired the sources of his wealth, but I was sometimes surprised at the lack of discipline observable in the two officers under him, and the absence of blacks for him to drill. Every one but the officers seemed to love him awfully,— really love him, d'you see,— and hang about him and lap up his drinks. But I never quite understood what had become of the four companies that were supposed to take punitive survey of his cannibal district, and report wrongs and racketings among the men on the cocoa stretches. And I never had enough interest in it to ask questions.

"One day some Lhassi blacks put a Dutch merchant on to boil. And, mind you, they were no uncivilized cannibals: one of them had gone to school six years in Liverpool, another wore clothes habitually, and a third peddled religious chromos among missions in the Hinterland. To my amazement, Pinto let the Dutch merchant pass. But another cannibal caterer caught a young Swede off one of the river boats, and stuffed *him* in the larder. The Swedish authorities were beside themselves, and sent feverish telegrams asking what Portugal meant, so that Pinto, who was absolute ruler in the town nearest the niggers' soup-pot, had to make a showing.

"He asked me to help, but I commanded nothing but house-boys and a D. B. S.* Pinto went to war with the cannibals, his forces consisting of a posse of unskilled, emaciated cocoa criminals, who shot at each other, and fell on the necks of the Lhassi blacks upon finishing up a ragout of human flesh.

"We all condoled with Pinto upon his defeat. He had wonderful wires from home about his splendid bravery. We heard that his fighting force was to be doubled. His officers seemed to blaze with sudden appreciation of him, when — presto, change! — the Portuguese governor appeared, took away Pinto's sword, and held a court martial to inquire into his losses on the Field of the Soup-Pot.

"It then transpired that my rich friend, Colonel Pinto, had sold his four companies into slavery on the cocoa stretches long before, and risked it in Benguela without his guard. In his economy, he had drawn their pay and rations and sold their uniforms as soon as he had dispensed with them as police."

Pieter was the only man at the table who had heard Hood out with an unchanging face. "Did the poor fellows all get back to freedom?" he inquired.

"Only about twenty were alive," Hood explained. "Tuberculosis and cancer, and that sort of game, are mere beginners in dissolution compared to work in a cocoa factory. There's an old cocoa king in England — you two chocolate swells probably know which it is — who won't buy anything but South American raw chocolate, because he says West African labor abuses ought not to be countenanced. He says that a cup of cocoa is made of sweat and tears."

"That's my old man," I declared proudly.

"Then God bless him!" Hood cried impulsively, rising, glass in hand. "Gentlemen, I give you Mr. Bly Applecourt, of Applecourt, Kent."

Although I appreciated his compliment, I somehow felt Hood to be unduly emotional; but I could see that Pieter liked it awfully.

"Who informed on Pinto?" he questioned.

"God knows!" the consul cried. "But if his name's known to Pinto's people, it will show on a speedy tombstone, I'll wager good gold."

III

Pieter and I were shown to an excellent house, when we arrived in Tellerey, which we were told was the British agency; but the agent had left the month before, on a stretcher, with a temperature of 103. It was further told that a vow of total abstinence was upon his lips. The agency's veranda was occupied by a chimpanzee, which had, we were informed, always dwelt there; and he welcomed us by banging a tin cup on the tiled floor, and grunting, with noises terrible by day, but not to be borne, we vowed, after nightfall. Chained and clamorous, he was evidently suffering, and we watched a silent-footed black boy dole him out gin in his battered cup. We spent a few moments in engaging Cigaretti, this attendant, as agency runner. A parrot, which had previously voiced piercing screams or mellifluous whistles, presently spoke distinctly in Dutch, which Pieter translated as "Once there was a child of sin, who lived for nothing but more gin." Upon inquiry, we learned that the ape was named Grand Duke.

We felt as if we were pressed between the leaves of a child's book of natural history, for the animal and insect worlds beset us everywhere. I remember seeing a cockroach, in shape, size, and action much like a roller-skate, slide

* Distressed British subject.

over the floor, evading with human adroitness the hand-bag I sped after it. This was our initiation into West Africa, and, except for Pieter's presence and a worthy shame, I could have wept aloud. The depression cast upon us by Tellerey was instant, and the dirty, sun-stricken street in which we presently stood took on as glassy a surface as one of Vermeer's paintings, as glassy a surface as a place viewed through tears must ever wear. A wet, lagging breeze blew over us, with gusts of fierce heat in it, as if the devil sometimes left ajar the doors of his perfervid kingdom.

Cocoa plantations rose above the town in green tiers, and one could see that their trees were of the stubby kind of high yield and generally marketable character. But these verdant terraces were too distant for this evening's stroll, and the custom-house yard, whence a hum of workers attracted us, was nearly opposite our dwelling. A series of grunts, the flight of bare feet registered by the slaps of their callous soles, a thud as of some great weight set down suddenly, aroused our curiosity, and we entered the place by a little back door, evidently not for general use. In an instant we stood in greater, more stagnant heat, a sort of humid breathlessness, which snatched at strength and left us limp and listless as a ship's sail unfurled and in dead calm. There was but little light in the vast yard, roofed in a sort of gallery from its boundary wall on three sides, while its fourth was the custom-house itself, through which one might have looked to the open sea if the door had not been closed.

As our eyes accommodated themselves to the sudden dimness about us, three hundred negroes were revealed, naked, except for soft loin-cloths which caught the sweat of their thin, shining bodies before it might fall on the cocoa-beans among which they labored. Sometimes their arms threatened to drip sweat as they packed their three grades of bales in gunny-sacking, matting, and stout cotton drill, and when this happened an overseer offered them an absorbent cotton cloth.

An extremely fat man with a dark brown face seized a filled sack and ran with it to the government weigher, who approved it, and loaded him again, when he ran to a white man, who stenciled the custom-house mark on the bale. We watched him make that round on a dog-trot again and again. We heard his labored breath and saw his strained lips as he snatched for air in this martyrdom of labor. He was the high light in this hideous scene, not only because his work was the most slavish, but because, unlike the other men, he wore a long, filthy smock, which buttoned tight at his throat and fell to his knees; and the expression on his brown face was not that of a negro's inarticulate sorrow, which knows no redress, but the indignant agony of a creature who has possessed rights, and who finds himself wronged only because he is overpowered.

"That face will haunt me till I die," Pieter cried passionately, pointing at him.

We observed that the people whose task appeared lightest were three seamsters who sewed up the sacks; and one of these, a listless, bearded creature, had skewers thrust through his cheeks. This was like a conjurer's trick, for his beard covered the holes from a casual glance, and he made himself into a human pincushion with miraculous avoidance of blood. His skewers were great needles which he threaded for his two helpers.

The scales attracted us, partly because they were marked with a name that linked a civilization that we knew to this scene of outrageous labor, and partly because I wanted to know how many pounds Portugal allows to a bale — for I had forgotten, it being three years since we had fetched our cocoa from San Thomé. We found that the bales varied in weight, although all were stenciled as correct. As we stood by the scales, I was about to question, to protest, when Pieter squeezed my arm and somehow gestured me to silence.

I was quiet for a moment before I knew why; then I saw great piles of sacks marked "V D L AM" (van der Luyt, Amsterdam) waiting to pass the inspector, and at that I understood perfectly. Every bale thus marked weighed from four to ten pounds in excess of bales addressed elsewhere, and Pieter meant to investigate. He spoke not at all, but strolled, his arm in mine, out of the damp, teeming inclosure.

"See here, Applecourt," he said persuasively, "I know you're pretty much not in order, but may I have a guest to dine? I mean our agent, Bols."

I acquiesced, and we went back to our house, to find the Governor's cards, and a short man with a pale but merry countenance, black hair, and humorous though piercing blue eyes.

"I am Hector Bols," he said, "and I offer myself as a key to devious Tellerey. I should have met you at the steamer, except that word of your coming was in a letter your steamer brought me."

"I've just been reviewing our overweight bales," Pieter cried pleasantly. "Is that to provide a little plunder for the Government?"

"Partly," he replied. "We bribe 'em for the overweight, and we couldn't do business here if we didn't bribe 'em for something."

The man had about him a strength and shrewdness which the tropics had not lessened or dulled. He laughed frankly, and dressed with the preternatural neatness of an intellectual Dutchman. There was also an innate friendliness about him, and the tales he told us of Portuguese misrule made us laugh as we never dreamed to laugh in exile. He took all peculation as a jest, but the cruelty he saw daily had sickened him to the point of despair.

Pieter and he reviewed the business with exhaustive care, and I could see how surprised Bols was at the great energy of his employer. I left them together until our dinner hour, and, as I reëntered the veranda, I knew, after a glance at Pieter, that he had some sort of surprise for me.

"Bols gave Nosretap a job," he said, "and he never turned up to fill it."

We were silent then, thinking, until Bols said: "I should just think him a bit casual, like any Latin who dwells in the tropics, except that he undoubtedly informed on Pinto, and that, in the code of a Portuguese official, was an offense worthy of death."

I looked at Pieter, and neither of us spoke; but a flash from his eyes ignited the conviction I had at heart; and we harked back to our presentiment of a beginning at St. Paul de Loanda as a prophetic thing. "We know about Pinto," I proclaimed faintly.

"Don't you just think him dead?" I asked at last. "I should think that death was the solution, after all."

Bols sat, in very evident contemplation of Tellerey as he had found it. We could see pros and cons flocking to his mind, and, when he spoke, what he said was full of sense and restrained imagination. He concluded, after a glance out of the windows, by coming close to us and repeating what he had declared in the first instance.

"You see," he said, "when Pinto fell, it was a wonder that a horde of others didn't fall, too. When you realize that, you realize that there's more than revenge as a motive to make way with Nosretap; but, as long as there are so many real savages about in this district, there is no need for the Government to take the responsibility of his disappearance."

"That's reasonable," I said.

"Let's go to the Felicitas Plantation, or somewhere where he ought to be, and beat up the bush for him," Pieter suggested.

"We might go to the Zaïda; that's a Government cocoa stretch, and he was there last. Only," Bols said, "there's a *dabolu* on there to-morrow,— the first in two years,— and somebody's sure to get hurt."

"What's a *dabolu?*" we asked together.

"It's a big dance, with feasting, licensed by the Government. The niggers are practically insane and very violent for weeks afterward."

"Let's go just the same," I said.

Bols looked to Pieter for his orders, and received an affirmative nod.

"We'll go," he said, "to-morrow — at what time?"

His agent thought deeply. "I could leave at four," he answered; "it's a tough walk."

I shall not forget the silence that fell on us until dinner was announced. A black cloud descended on us, also, from the terraces above the town, fastening us down under it as if it had been a box-lid. Black creatures peddled ill-smelling jackfruit and gobbets of fried meat, hawking this black man's supper up and down, with yells that split one's head, frequently leering at us through the open windows, which gave on the dull and breathless street. Their faces were like the hellish grotesques of a fever dream, wide lips below the noseless tract of a leper, eyes vanquished long ago by the infected flies, and now but sightless seams, watering a little as if in memory of tears.

IV

I returned the Governor's call next morning as early as etiquette would permit, and, upon my return to our dwelling, wrote him formally asking for news of Nosretap. In an incredibly short time I received a certificate of his death from rheumatic fever, signed by a physician who had gone home on leave, and a Dutch cocoa-buyer who had dropped dead of heart disease as he entered the custom-house one morning. I confess that at first glance the document seemed to me convincing, for I knew nothing of its witnesses, save that their positions in life seemed assuredly those of responsibility. But when Pieter returned from his company's office for second breakfast, he told me what Bols had related to him, and when Bols himself turned up in the veranda just at four, he said that the Dutch cocoa-buyer and Nosretap had died the same day, according to my certificate — "which complicates the Government's statement," Pieter declared gravely.

I had never walked abroad with a chimpanzee before, nor did I want to now; but Cigaretti had loosed the Grand Duke, and put a long chain into the hasp of his collar, and supplied himself with a whip of rhino hide, called *shambok* by Bols and *pidaviva* by Cigaretti. We had food and good drinks, all neatly packed in a champagne hamper, and we presented no appearance of a rescue party. The first shadows were show-

ing in the glaring street as we waited for Albertus to declare all in readiness and put on the jungle boots a man must wear in a place full of vipers.

Bols did all the talking, and said that negro labor for the cocoa stretches was deliberately solicited by private plantation-owners, with promises of enormous pay. Upon arrival, or shortly afterward, such laborers were accused of anything at all, theft and cannibalism being the likeliest charges. They were always convicted, and thus became *degredados*, the planter regaining them at nominal cost through the Government —"to whom one must be generous," Bols concluded.

There was something humorous to me in our starting to rescue Nosretap without an idea of where he was last seen, when a responsible Government vouched for his death; but the Pinto story had gone deep, and Bols did not seem of the type that swallows fairy tales whole.

The street in which we lived changed at its far end to a footpath shrouded in shrubs of indescribable green, whose foliage fell like uncurled ostrich feathers of miserable limpness. The infinite inventiveness of nature was here spent upon ugliness. A sickening olive green was often mottled with shining emerald in the leaves of a tall, discouraged-looking shrub of impassable thorny thickness.

At first there were many small insects to detract from the pleasures of a walk. A vivid green fly hummed in a fine, small voice, and once I put my hand out to feel the brilliant stem of a shrub's branch, which wriggled and passed on, when I knew that I had almost touched a highly imitative Bomita reptile. A tiny parrot, unlike any I had ever seen, swooped before us, until we came to a sharp hill, and passed a party of *degredados*, men and women, going home to their night's rest in the town prison. They sat on the summit and coasted to the base, as if the slope had been a toboggan run; and a soldier with a drawn cutlass received them, while one with a loaded pistol ordered their start.

It was a labor to achieve the hill's summit, but its one reward was fresher air, and the trees grew taller there. The cocoa palms were planted in groups, which was the old-fashioned cocoa planter's device for protecting them; while, on the height above, one saw them stretching in long alleys, squat, perfect specimens of the *Theobroma Cacao* as used for the chocolate trade.

Cigaretti freed the Grand Duke here, and, with one yell of riot, he sprang to the top of the branches and pursued his elevated road with a raucous rejoicing. I reveled in his liberty, and was glad to think him free for good; but Bols told me that a flask of gin had been provided to lure him to his chains again.

The plantations through which we passed had just been picked, so that we encountered no laborers until we approached the outskirts of the Zaïda plantation itself, a huge stretch of prosperous trees beset by groups of negroes who worked in silence, watched by soldiers, and further policed by little negro boys, who took the beans away to their drying-sheds. They had no impulse to melodic rhythm, like the happy industrial darky.

Bols chose a small negroid Arab of whom to ask questions, and talked with him apart from us. He evidently knew him, for he called him Selim, employing his faculty for narrative in an attempt to draw from him news of Nosretap. Nothing could be learned from Selim; he did not even remember seeing Nosretap when he was in the town selling stores to the plantation masters and their servants — of whom he, Selim, was one.

After this we continued to walk through lane ofter lane of cocoa trees, through bunch-grass which detained one with its coarse strands caught on the fastenings of boots or leggings. The ape continued between us and the sky, following faithfully, except for such detours as the joys of liberty suggested. His shadow preceded us at our feet — the shadow of a flying man, hurling himself with sure aim and triumphant, sinewy grasp from tree to tree. One could hear the shock of his body and the rustle of the rattling palm branches as he fled from alley to alley with an inexorable sureness which had a soothing quality in the very certainty of its success as a mode of transit. Aloft the ape was beautiful, a creature pursuing the custom of its kind with vigor, emancipated from the whining sot of the veranda, moaning for more gin.

Just before dusk the trees were shadowed on our path like great bars, and a wind arose which seemed to come from right at our side in puffs, instead of with a world of space between us and its beginning. We toiled along, sweating and leg-weary, until the many aisles of cocoa palms converged upon a square grassless space bordered with ugly clay huts, like wasps' nests. An ill-looking English youth with his antiquated wife met us here. Both greeted us rather formally, and proclaimed themselves missionaries. Pieter attempted friendlier relations with them, and all that I heard them say bore out Bols. They were there in anticipation of the *dabolu*, not because they liked it, but because their converts needed restraint on such occasions.

We joined forces, the missionary and his wife

(Mr. and Mrs. Luke Bixbee) and ourselves, Albertus, Cigaretti, and the Grand Duke moving to a little dry mound, where our rubber sheets were spread and our wind-proof traveling lanterns lighted. Our supper, recruited from tins, was excellent, and when we had finished, Cigaretti and Albertus took what they needed, surrounded by naked creatures who begged for the remainder.

The crowd of black men were all practising steps, exactly as a houseful of girls at home might have done on the eve of a ball, except that this African dance included wild swaying of the body and a singular backward jerk of the whole torso which would have dislocated a white man's neck.

As night drew its darkness about us, women ran out from their huts, putting great clay vessels in rows to mark the dancing space. Each pottery tub was filled with oil in which a wick floated, and, when all were lit, an avenue of flame ran round four sides of the great square. I noticed that everybody had matches — that they were as much a commonplace of domesticity as in England.

The feast was now set forth, consisting of nauseous lumps of flesh such as we had seen peddled in the town, and great hands of bananas, pomelos, rice cooked in beef blood, and a mixture of milk and blood, like the draught of a Masai. Before they ate they drank fermented cocoanut milk, and were drunk in the twinkling of an eye.

A low growth of bushes beyond the huts gave rather the effect of a hurdle in the gloom, and it was over this that the dancers made their entrance, with a long leap. A drum was beaten, monotonously at first, but later with a palpitating effect which stirred and excited even the phlegmatic Albertus. Pipes with but two notes in them were blown with a maddening persistence, until the Grand Duke could scarcely contain himself at the sound, which was suddenly augmented by a group of women with clappers of bright yellow wood, used like cymbals, and clashed drunkenly, without a hint of the tom-tom's rhythm. Cigaretti wanted to chain the ape, but I begged him not to, he so loved his liberty as he swayed, grunting and sometimes yelping, in the branches of an acacia tree which had surprised us with its presence and its grace.

When the feasters were sated, they rose and rushed into the circle of dancers, turning and leaping, spinning, springing, or dervishing solemnly, until they fell, and remained inert where they had fallen, horrid examples of indecorum from the standpoint of British administration, and an outrage to the standards of decency innate in any race. Then young women cleared the barrier of bushes, and swayed, almost in nakedness, to the wild chanting of old mothers, who followed them like infirm shadows of every motion their youth and undeniable grace effected. Their wool was combed back and piled high on their heads, secured and decorated with things discarded in European households — old neckties, outworn garters, broken paper-cutters, and other pathetic reminders of the minutiae of civilized convenience.

When the moon swam out above the aisles of cocoa palms, the native lamps were changed in color to a deep amber, casting a flickering brilliancy on the breasts and upturned faces of the writhing, rhythmic women, who advanced and backed again in an intricate weave of studied steps, to the clapping of shriveled old hands and the cramped melodies of cracked old voices. Then a string of free laborers dashed out to meet them, splendid in their native dress — or the lack of it; and, as a girl was chosen by one of them, the old women shrilled out like crazy things, and bore the maid away to fast for the wedding and dress for the ceremony. I had never seen such motion anywhere; a ball in Vienna was nothing to it. Every muscle in every man in the community was exercised in *dabolu*, and the faces that before the feasting and drinking and dancing had been as the faces of cattle were now filled with insanity, with a mad excitement unlike any I had ever seen. It was fascinating and horrid at the same time. Bols was growing very uneasy, and I appreciated that it was no place for the missionary's wife; but, if her husband had decided differently, I hesitated to express an opinion.

Pieter pressed heavily against me, and, in the din and dust caused by the ceaseless motion of many feet, he separated me from the other Europeans, and said that the missionaries were worried because this was the first *dabolu* known in Tellerey where the Government's representatives had not been in evidence as a restraint.

"That decides me," I replied. "We leave this instant; and I shall command the Bixbees, by virtue of my position as British agent, to leave with us."

They demurred, but I insisted; and we turned into a cocoa aisle whose slant was toward the sea, Cigaretti in the lead, with the Grand Duke leaping near him in the flooding moonshine; Pieter, Bols, and I in the rear; Albertus and the Bixbees in the middle position. The thudding of the dancers' feet sounded loudly, but ever a big tom-tom beat like a savage heart dominating all sound and jarring the peace of a moon-filled marvel of tropic night.

The aisle we had chosen was without the rank grass that had so detained us on our walk out;

it was smooth, and evidently worn bare as a thoroughfare to the town. I shall never know what made us stop and draw close to one another; but we did so, wondering, and stood gazing in the shadow of the endless aisles of trees, and saw the brilliance of the moon lie like cloth of gold over the cocoa stretches, barred by the tree-trunks and their shadows in as regular a pattern as one might find in a draper's window. From the silence about us, and louder than the now distant sounds of dancing, we heard gasps — desperate, agonized gasps — and the unsteady feet of a runner far spent; and then a man blundered past us, with his deep brown head and arms stretched before him, and his face a record of despair. He was our friend of the custom-house who carried the bales to the weigher. Pieter shouted to him to stop, but he went on unheeding. And then a wave of black hunters passed along the moonlit aisle, with bared knives in their hands, and joy on their faces. I had never thought to see a man's life sought, except in anger; but, as I looked at Bols, the whole horror came to me: these blacks were hunting for meat. I cannot remember who gave chase first, breaking loose from the bond of consternation that held us, but I think it was Mrs. Bixbee.

She was, however, the first to fail; and I think I should have been the next, if Albertus had not snatched a savage from the rear of the hunting posse, thrown him, and kicked him under the chin, with that Dutch brutality that rivals a negro's own. He caught up his knife then, and I passed him, with Bixbee, Pieter, and Bols in the lead, and only a little space between them and the bloodhounds, who had no great speed, but who never slackened pace for an instant.

And then Pieter's brain served him. We were running downhill, and the aisle, to avoid a steep rise, crooked like an elbow. He did not hesitate, and I followed him instantly as he left the lane and ran straight over ground as firm as any we had passed, but rising instead of falling to the sea. We chose an inside track, but, when we joined the aisle again, it was by a sharp jump of about four feet, and we had arrived ahead of the hunting party and of the quarry himself. Pieter spread his arms out wide, and the hunted creature fell into them with a sob.

I think the scene must have held me, for I forgot the pursuers until I saw a raised knife, which fell swiftly, but not before I had broken the hand that held it. It had caught Pieter on the shoulder, however, and a stain spread on his tunic that looked black in the moonlight, but which I knew was blood.

The lust of killing came on me then, and I cracked black heads together like a thrawn thing, without much effect. In my excitement, I was still full of commiseration for Pieter and for myself. "Dead," I cried, "on our second day in Tellerey!"

A shadow hovered over me, and I felt the air stir as the Grand Duke leaped into the mêlée, and, by God's grace, landed on the negroes and not on me. He tore at their bodies and grunted with delight, until one turned, and stampeded the rest by the mere fact of his turning. Another lay at my feet, and I realized with shame that the ape had killed him, and not I, while across his nakedness Bols eyed me sadly, his clothes torn off him and a black stain on his brow. Cigaretti was tapping on a tree-trunk with the Duke's tin cup, and the ape himself was regarding him, in two minds as to whether to drink with the white man or hunt the negro. I saw all this before I turned to Pieter, who was sitting upright behind me, the brown man's head upon his knee.

"Cigaretti," I called, "bring that drink here."

He did, and I poured the vilest kind of neat gin down Pieter's throat, while the Grand Duke came nearer with a crashing leap into the heart of a tree. Bols sucked at Pieter's wound, in fear of poison; and I stood by, perfectly detached, strangely calm, and possibly a little faint. I remember saying that the night was warm.

Albertus then appeared, carrying Mrs. Bixbee, who had been badly trodden on in the hunters' retreat. He held in his teeth the knife he had captured, and was extremely chatty and, I thought, officious.

"Give that nigger a drink, too," Pieter cried. And Albertus took Cigaretti's bottle and filled the tin cup, leaning toward the fagged creature whose head still lay on Pieter's knees. I felt the air stir again, and the Grand Duke descended. Cigaretti made a rush, and snapped the chain into his collar, but not before he had torn at Pieter's burden and slit his loose smock from neck to hem.

I saw Bols start, and heard Pieter cry out. Albertus lighted one of the lanterns and held it high. Mrs. Bixbee limped painfully nearer. As we looked down on the man, who still lay faintly panting, we saw that his arms and shoulders, head and legs were a deep brown, his body as white as snow; and on his chest, beneath the sienna stain, a Maltese cross in tattoo was visible, with a flaming heart over it, and beneath it the name, Marco Nosretap.

I don't remember much after that, only that we found Bixbee, who promised to bury the Duke's victim in the mission inclosure. About six in the morning we all arrived at the agency. Nosretap couldn't speak; Pieter's shoulder, his

right one, was gaping red and wide; Mrs. Bixbee was one bruise; Bols had a square piece missing from his right temple — he didn't know how he lost it; Albertus had a broken toe, the middle one of his right foot; my forearm was sprained, and I had a cut on the thigh. Bixbee, Cigaretti, and the Grand Duke were in perfect health.

On the strength of Nosretap's case, we arranged a treaty which helped labor conditions for the next luster in Tellerey, and, when it was signed, I got away home and had a nice post given me. Nosretap went away, too, but it was months before he spoke. His mouth had been stopped with a poisoned gag, and it took the best men in London to make him well again.

He then told Rusheown, Pieter, and me that he had been loading a runner in Tellerey with tins for the Bixbee Mission,—tongue and ham and such things,— when he was overpowered by negroes in command of a Portuguese officer who was supposed to be in Europe on leave. His torso and legs were then stained, and he was put to work in the custom-house. The gag that he wore in his first nights as a *degredado* prevented his speech by day. A famous chemist pronounced the dye on his hands and legs marvelously lasting, and said that it contained cassia in great quantities.

He never could realize that we rescued him by accident; he always felt that we knew he would be where he was, by our wonderful diplomatic talents. There is little doubt that he had been sent to the *dabolu* in the hope that he might disappear without further effort on the part of the authorities.

Nosretap solemnly swore to Lord Rusheown, in my presence, that Pinto's name was never mentioned to him after he had informed on him, through the French consul, in an attempt to collect an outstanding bill.

He went in for reciting his escape from cannibals in the music-halls, and made a pile of money at it. We went to see him one evening, Pieter and I, and after the performance he introduced us to his wife. He had sold out his African trade to a Chinaman, and wanted to be taken on at Applecourt's.

FOR YOUR SAKE

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

FOR your sake who have left me grieving
I love the old who are tired of living,
Tired of traveling a road grown weary,
More than the young, more than the merry.

The old, patient and rosy faces
Stir my heart in its secret places;
The old eyes that ache for rest
Set my heart to bleed in my breast.

More than the children, golden and ruddy,
The bent knees and the feeble body
Stab my heart with the mother-pain,
For your sake in the night and rain.

For your sake I would fain enfold them
The old heads to my breast and hold them,
Keep them safe from the lonely fear,
My kind love of many a year.

The old hands I could kneel and kiss them,
Knotted and purple, could love them, caress them.
Ah, my dear, when the house is asleep,
I see your hands and I wake and weep.

THE STEAMER CHILD

BY

ELSIE SINGMASTER

AUTHOR OF "THE HOME-COMING," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OF the hundreds who heard with sick horror of her disappearance, only six or seven persons remembered her arrival. She had danced out over the high doorsill as the ship was leaving the smooth calm of the harbor for a roughening sea, and had stood for a moment looking about her, her square chin lifted, her straight brown hair flying, the collar of her blue sailor suit blowing about her ears, her skirts tossed almost to her shoulders, her thin little legs, in their black bloomers and stockings, bending back to meet the wind.

There were only a few persons in sight. Near at hand stood a group of old gentlemen telling of storms they had weathered; half way down the deck were a young man and a young woman, he lying back, his face white, she sitting on the arm of the next chair, laughing. For an instant the child hesitated, as if selecting her prey; then, without a sound to warn them of her coming, she dashed up to the group of elderly gentlemen, thrust her head between the knees of the least steady, and clasped his legs with her arms.

"Play camel!" she commanded.

For an instant the old gentleman wavered as if about to fall; then one of his friends put out a steadying hand.

"What is your name, little girl?" he asked, in an effort to appear unruffled and kindly.

"Elizabeth Myers."

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Father's conducting a Tucker Tour. He has sixteen women to look after, and thirty-two bags, and they're fighting him already. And Mother's sick. Somebody'll have to play with me."

The old gentlemen placed their knees close together, and stood with their backs to the rail. The ship plunged more deeply, spray dashed into their faces, and they said, with wan smiles, that they would go below.

The sailors began to fasten the canvas above the rail. The floor suddenly became wet. The child bounced down the deck with sickening agility. The young man in the steamer chair looked desperately uncomfortable. Two hours before his heart had leaped with joy when he saw the young lady's name on the steamer list, but now he wished only that she would leave him alone.

For an instant Elizabeth eyed them with a knowing grin. Lovers, were they? She had known other lovers. She started forward to speak to them — then a more delightful possibility attracted her. She plunged toward the rail, and thrust her head far out between the horizontal bars. The ship lurched; there was a shriek, a swirl of skirts, and she found herself in the clutch of a firm hand.

"I only wanted to look over!" she shrieked. "Let me go! I'll tell my father."

The hand of the young lady administered a final shake, and she led Elizabeth to the door as a help on her journey.

"Go, by all means, and tell your father!

"There is always a child like that on a steamer," she said, as she came back. "They're a regular type. Why, Elwood!" She realized suddenly that she was speaking to the empty air. The young man had vanished. The shock of the child's danger had been the last straw. Without a glance at his companion, without thought of steamer rug or cushion, he had fled.

It was only a day before the sky cleared, the sea became smooth, and the long lines of steamer chairs were filled. Elizabeth's father proved to be a bustling little man, a school-teacher, with all the solicitude of a tour conductor in the early stages of his journey. His wife was tall and slender. She lay back in her chair, talking about Elizabeth, who, she said, was "made of quicksilver." She said, also, that Elizabeth had never been punished — she had too delicate a nature; at which the ladies of the Tucker Tour looked meaningly into one another's eyes.

The old gentlemen walked up and down together. The man from Indiana or Idaho or Wisconsin had appeared, stout, jeweled, prosperous, sure of himself, but not sure, he declared proudly, whether Desdemona was a town or a doge; that, he said, he was going abroad to learn. The flirtatious lady halted the ship's doctor to ask whether he was sure there was no help for seasickness, and he suggested, without pausing in his walk, a bench under an oak tree.

In their midst was Elizabeth. The man from Indiana, who was the soul of good nature, consented to play camel, and raced up and down the deck until he panted. The ladies of the Tucker Tour declined even to answer her questions. When, on her way to her mother's chair, she scrambled over them, with a partly eaten orange in her hand, a look of hatred would come into their eyes.

The young man had reappeared, and had found the young lady, and together they had gone to the bow, with rugs and books. But they did not read. Elizabeth, watching them from behind a mass of machinery, thought them very dull. But Elizabeth, lacking excitement, was always able to create it. She danced out from behind the machinery.

"You kissed her," she declared shamelessly.

The young man caught her by the arm.

"I'll put her overboard if you say so, Helen," he said to the young lady.

The young lady flushed scarlet; then she put out her hand. Usually she had no difficulty in making friends with children. This one needed to be made friends with for the same reason that one is politic with an enemy. The young lady was crossing alone, in her own independent fashion. She had a perfectly natural desire to discover whether her rejection had seriously hurt this handsome suitor, and she did not wish to have to avoid him.

"Come here, little girl."

Elizabeth jerked from the young man's grasp.

"I'll tell everybody on you," she threatened.

"I will put you overboard next time," called the young man. He had succeeded in persuading himself that the young lady was kinder, that her eyes and her words occasionally showed a weariness of the independence and loneliness which she said she preferred. He did not wish to be interrupted.

Elizabeth decided that sport here was over for the present. She would steal back after a while, when they were not expecting her. She would catch them yet. The bow was cold when one had no steamer rug, and Elizabeth was hungry. The steward, with his great tray of bouillon, was a tempting victim, and she could tease him to her heart's content. He would not dare to shake her. She smiled happily to herself, thinking of the long days before her, in which she should annoy him, and frighten the lovers, and make herself generally unpleasant to mankind.

It was only Elizabeth and her father and mother who did not distinguish one day from another by her escapades. It was the day before they reached San Miguel that she had almost started a panic by shouting fire; it was at San Miguel that she had almost upset the little boat in which they went ashore; it was at Gibraltar that the lighter was delayed fifteen minutes while her father hunted frantically for her. Even her mother was a little affected by this disappearance: she said she was glad that they were in the Mediterranean — it seemed safer for Elizabeth.

When finally they realized that she was gone, there were various reports about the last time that she had been seen. She had not come to luncheon with her father and mother; but, knowing that there was a place at the second table that she often appropriated, they had not looked for her. Her father had been made chairman of the "Sports" Committee, and he had been busy all morning persuading people to register for "egg races," "potato races," and tugs of war; he had had no time to look after Elizabeth. Other things had occupied him: there were two women in the party who had hourly discussions about which should have the lower berth, and

"'LET ME GO! I'LL TELL MY FATHER'"

who constantly appealed to him; some of his accounts were mixed; he remembered that he had neglected to arrange for accommodations at La Cava.

The young man said that he had seen Elizabeth before luncheon. His voice was sharp; he spoke as if he were more angry than sorry over her disappearance. There had been one moment, that morning, when he had dared to put out his hand and close the book that the young lady was reading; then, from behind the machinery came a wild yell, and the steamer child burst forth.

"I saw you!" she screamed. "I saw you!"

"Well, run and tell," he commanded savagely.

But Elizabeth had refused to go. She danced about them, screaming. A sailor came forward, then a passenger. The young lady's face was scarlet. The sailor grinned. It was a sympathetic grin, but it was a grin none the less. The young lady had fled, and the young man had waited for two hours for her to reappear. It was not much wonder that he said the rumor that Elizabeth had gone overboard was entirely too good to be true. The man to whom he spoke agreed with him. He had a firm jaw, like Elizabeth's. He said that, if she were his child, he would do thus and so before he let her behave like that; he said that she had butted into him and knocked him off his feet.

"She'll turn up; don't you be afraid."

Elizabeth's mother was not disturbed at first. After luncheon she remembered that Elizabeth had not appeared, and she sent the deck steward to find her. He said she had had her luncheon with the second table.

"I must go and look for her," said her mother; but, instead, she sat down on the foot-rest of a member of her husband's party and talked for half an hour. She said again that Elizabeth was made of quicksilver.

Presently she climbed to the hurricane-deck. There her husband and three old ladies were playing shuffleboard. One of the old ladies was a party to the dispute about berths. Mr. Myers hated shuffleboard, but he was keeping the combatants apart.

"And where is my little girl?" asked Mrs. Myers.

"I don't know. Isn't she with you?"

"I haven't seen her since this morning. I guess you'd better look for her."

Mr. Myers laid down the stick with alacrity. "I will."

Elizabeth's mother went down the steps. She walked lazily along the row of steamer chairs.

"Has any one seen my little girl?"

The eyes of the passengers met as she passed.

"No, and we don't want to," their glance seemed to say.

In fifteen minutes Elizabeth's father was walking about more swiftly. He had searched the upper deck and the promenade-deck and the state-room and the dining-room. He could go no farther without permission and a guide. It was only Elizabeth who dared penetrate alone to steerage and hold. He went out to the bow once more and looked about. The young man, rolled up in the young lady's rug, still waited. He looked up hopefully, thinking he heard her step. Instead it was the steamer child's father. At sight of him the young man sprang to his feet, remembering the rumor he had heard.

"What is the matter?"

Elizabeth's father clutched him by the arm.

"My little girl has not been seen since lunch-time. I have looked everywhere, and now the crew are searching the ship. I haven't told my wife yet. Do you know that this ship goes fifteen miles an hour, and that she has been gone for three hours?"

The warm breeze suddenly grew cold. The young man seemed to see her as on that first day, trying to look down into the water.

"Oh, we'll find her!" he said. "Certainly we'll find her."

He ran to the upper deck, and looked about carefully, even peering under the canvas over the life-boats. A sailor touched his arm.

"We've looked there, sir."

"Would it be possible for a child to get far enough out of sight of everybody to go overboard?" asked the young man.

The sailor shrugged his shoulders.

"That child could do anything. The captain's chased her off the bridge, sir. We had special orders to watch her."

It was very evident, when the young man reached the promenade-deck, that every one knew the child was gone. Her mother's state-room opened on the deck, and her moans could be plainly heard. Women were crying. The cross man with the jaw like Elizabeth's, his face quivering, stared back over the sea as if he expected to discover the little brown head. Every throb of the engines was audible. There was not only the sea to fear, but this relentless force that drove on and on, away from the scene of tragedy. A prosperous Italian woman, going back in the first cabin, screamed suddenly — a shrill, heart-breaking sound. Her husband explained that her baby had been buried at sea, when they went to the new country.

"ELIZABETH, SHE SAID, WAS 'MADE OF QUICKSILVER'"

The young lady had appeared now. She stood with a group of women at the forward end of the deck. Her face was white; she was listening to the stewardess telling of the thoroughness of the search.

"She can't be on the boat, ladies," she insisted. "There isn't a corner that she could get

into that hasn't been searched. The only question is, when did she go over?"

The young lady walked blindly away toward the row of empty chairs. Before she reached it the young man met her.

"Come with me; don't listen to these chattering women."

Whether or not the steamer child had told, no one paid any attention to them as they went out to the bow.

"I am cold," said the young lady, shivering.

"You won't be after I wrap you up," the young man assured her comfortably. When he had folded her up closely, he looked about vainly for his own rug. He would do without it; he did not mind a little cold.

The young lady, staring out over the sea, still shivered. He wished that she would cry, and that he might put his arms about her and comfort her. It would now, alas! be perfectly safe. But the young lady was not one with whom one could take liberties. That was one of her charms. Then suddenly she solved the problem for him. She put out a shaking hand.

"Elwood, I can get along very well except when trouble comes, and then ——"

"Then what?"

"Then I say to myself that I've been a — a fool."

The young man gathered her hand into both of his. He was not yet certain that he understood her aright.

"Do you mean that——"

It seemed as if death itself could not effectually silence the steamer child. There was a fiendish "Aha!" from above their heads — and there she was.

There was a hollow space inside the machinery which lifted the anchor. She had climbed up and forced herself painfully into it, wrapped in the young man's rug, and there she had lain in wait for them. The captain on the bridge had not seen her, nor the sailors idling about the bow at lunch-time.

For an instant the two gaped at her. Then the young man sprang to his feet. He gave the impish face no second glance, but raced down the deck and up to the Myers' state-room, from which shrieks like those of the Italian woman were now issuing.

He pushed open the door without knocking. Mrs. Myers lay on the couch, her husband and the doctor bent over her. Elizabeth's father saw him first. He looked like an old man.

"You haven't *found* her?"

The young man nodded. "She's out on the bow."

"*A-alive?*"

"FROM BEHIND THE MACHINERY THE STEAMER CHILD BURST FORTH. 'I SAW YOU,' SHE SCREAMED"

"MR. MYERS HATED SHUFFLEBOARD, BUT HE WAS KEEPING THE COMBATANTS APART"

The young man smiled tremulously. "Very much so."

Elizabeth's mother sat up.

"Are you telling the truth?"

The young man had a sickening fear that he might not have seen aright — that he might have imagined her.

"Yes."

"Then take me to her!"

Her husband and the doctor begged her not to go, but she would not be dissuaded. They crowded down the narrow hall and out toward the bow.

The passengers had seen the young man running toward the Myers' room; some of them waited at the end of the hall, while other scores hastened in the direction from which he had come. There was a large audience to witness the reunion.

Elizabeth still hung suspended in the machinery. She could not get down. Wrapped in the young man's rug, she was not cold, but she was cross and hungry, and she resented the ignominy of her position. She was scolding volubly.

The ship's doctor supported Mrs. Myers.

"Give her to me!" she cried to Elizabeth's father. "John, lift her down!"

But John was not quite ready to lift her down. His face had changed again; it looked younger, and there was an added squareness of jaw that made him look like his daughter.

"Elizabeth," he said, with a new tone in his voice, "what are you doing up there?"

Elizabeth kicked and struggled.

"I hid," she cried viciously; "I hid to watch 'em hold hands. Every day I watch 'em."

There was a burst of hysterical laughter from the passengers. The young man stepped a little closer to the young lady. But she seemed to need no defense. There was a warm glow on her face which was not all embarrassment.

"He has a perfect right to hold my hand," she said quietly. "But, believe me, if he wished to do it, he would choose another place than the same boat with you, Elizabeth."

There was an instant's silence; then Elizabeth demanded again to be taken down. The ladies of the Tucker Tour began to say that Elizabeth's father was cruel. He was now looking at the young man.

"Has she annoyed you?"

The young man also enrolled himself in the black books of the ladies of the Tucker Tour.

"Intolerably," he said inhumanly.

Elizabeth's father lifted her down. The anguish with which she had racked him for the last hour still made him tremble; the spectacle that she had made of them flushed his cheek with shame. Irritation with the ladies of the Tucker Tour may have added a little valuable temper to his mood.

"Elizabeth, kiss your mother."

Elizabeth struggled to get out of his arms, but he would not let her go, even while her mother languidly embraced her. Mrs. Myers was accustomed to frights like this. The shock was already passing.

Elizabeth looked up at her father. Something in his face frightened her.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

Mr. Myers turned to his fellow passengers.

"I wish to apologize for this exhibition," he said gravely, still holding Elizabeth.

"But, Papa!" cried Elizabeth.

There was now not only fright in her face: there was amazement and awe and a new respect.

"What are you going to do? You are not going to punish me, Papa! To — to s-spank me, Papa!"

She looked from face to face — at her mother, who did not dream that Papa would punish her; at the ladies of the Tucker Tour, whose championship, she felt dimly, only did her harm; and, finally, at the young man, her enemy. His eyes had met the young lady's; he was now too happy to take pleasure in the punishment of the steamer child.

"I am sure she will be good."

Her father looked down at her once more before he carried her away. There was now no mistaking his intention.

"Yes," he said firmly but sorrowfully, "she will."

OXYGENIZING A CITY

AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE TWO AND A QUARTER MILLION PEOPLE WORK AND PLAY UNDER SANITARY CONDITIONS

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE SKULLS OF OUR IMMIGRANTS," "THE NEW ANESTHETIC—STOVAINE," ETC.

IN Chicago's Zoölogical Garden, a few years ago, tuberculosis was a more destructive disease than it is to-day in the East Side tenement sections of New York. Virtually no species of animal seemed to be immune. Lions, tigers, mountain-sheep, reindeer, buffaloes, ostriches, pythons — all frequently fell victims to the disease. In the monkey house the visitations were especially virulent. In this part of the menagerie there were practically only two causes of death: violence — for monkeys are persistent fighters — and tuberculosis.

There could be no mistake in the situation, for Doctor William A. Evans, the pathologist to the Lincoln Park Zoo, performed an autopsy on every animal that died. Dr. Evans' records showed that there were from fifty to sixty deaths every year, and that eighty per cent of these were caused by tuberculosis. Was it the result of ignorant training, of malnutrition, of inconsiderate exposure to the disease? It seemed impossible, for "Cy" De Vry, the superintendent of the Zoo, enjoyed a national reputation as an intelligent animal-keeper. When appealed to, Mr. De Vry proudly called Dr. Evans' attention to the fact that, as far as circumstances would permit, he had reproduced the same physical conditions under which animals lived in their native lands. Those that had come from a cold climate were kept in a cold atmosphere; those accustomed to a moderate temperature were supplied with moderately warm air; and those that lived naturally in the tropical zone were conscientiously provided with tropical heat.

"Just take my monkeys, for example," said Mr. De Vry. "I find that the average temperature of the places from which they come is eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Now, the thing to do, of course, is to keep them always in eighty-five-degree air. In the summer-time they get this easily in the open. When winter comes, I take them all inside, turn on the steam, and keep their quarters at about eighty-five degrees. They like it, too. Look here," and he led the way into one of the modern steam-heated monkey apartments. Here twenty or thirty shivering creatures were making heroic efforts to keep warm. In one corner, a large radiator was sending forth enormous gusts of hot air, and a wooden shelf on top of this radiator was the most popular quarter of the cage. Every inch was filled with huddling monkeys, rapturously basking in the heat, which was not far from one hundred and twenty-five degrees.

"Your scheme seems logical enough, Cy," said Dr. Evans. "You are simply trying to do for your monkeys here what nature does for them in their own homes. But it doesn't seem to work very well. I think we had better try something else."

Sick Monkeys Get Well Out of Doors

The next fall the Chicago Zoo purchased its usual winter consignment of monkeys. Nearly all of them were fresh from the tropics, and consequently were in fine physical condition. As usual, however, there were a few animals that had lived in this country long enough to have become physically degenerate. They

were sad and mangy specimens, having practically no hair, and with the skin drawn tightly around their bones — feeble, timid, and feverous. At Dr. Evans' suggestion, these were placed aside as safe subjects for experiment.

"Take your twenty healthy monkeys inside, as usual, this winter," he told Cy De Vry, "but keep the five sick ones outside. It will be interesting to see what will happen."

"But they can't stand it; the cold air will kill them," protested the keeper.

"If it does you won't lose much — or the monkeys either, for, at best, they can only live a few weeks."

As the winter came on, these five sick tropical animals were kept in a place where they were constantly exposed to its chilling drafts. They became perforce fresh-air cranks. A thatched shelter was provided, into which they could retreat when the weather became too icy, but no artificial heat was supplied. Strangely enough, except at night, when they slept under it, the invalids seemed to care little for this shelter.

With the gradual approach of winter, the monkeys showed as natural an inclination for the cold open air as their healthy brothers did for the hot drafts inside the monkey house. Presently there appeared upon their emaciated bodies a faint sprouting of hair, which grew thicker as the weather became more severe. Gradually the sluggish creatures started into life; instead of huddling in corners, they began to climb and jump about their cages. Before the winter was over, all of them had thick brown furry coats; their muscles had grown large and strong; they ate eagerly, and manifested an increased desire for the favorite simian pastime — fighting. They became the most popular curiosities of the Zoo. Nothing in years had delighted visitors so much as what had now become an every-day sight: one of these tropical animals, in zero weather, seated upon a snow-bank, contentedly eating a banana.

All the Inside Monkeys Die

But the twenty monkeys that, early in the winter, had entered the steam-heated monkey house in splendid physical condition had not fared so well. By spring not a single one was alive — all had died of tuberculosis. The artificial reproduction of "tropical conditions" had killed them, as it had killed hundreds of their predecessors. The five outdoor animals, however, never showed the slightest trace of the disease. And two of them are still living, strong, healthy, active, and ferocious, though the cold-air experiment was made five years ago. Of the other three, one broke its back in a fall, one died in giving birth to young, and the third succumbed to paralysis.

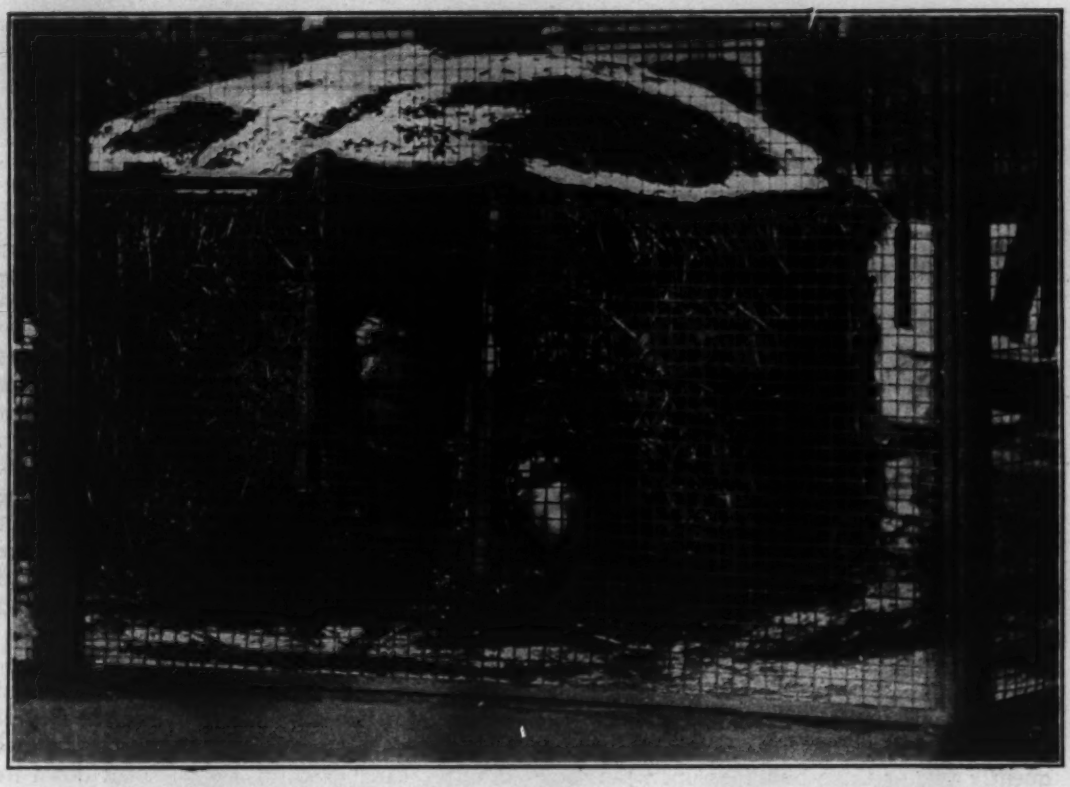
Ostriches and Kangaroos in the Snow

Cy De Vry at once revised his philosophy of animal hygiene; he recognized that the point was, not to make the climate adaptable to your animal, but to make your animal adapt itself to the climate. The Lincoln Park Zoo, winter and summer, now became an open-air, cold-air zoo. In nearly all the cages the heating apparatus was taken out, and the windows opened. All of the tropical animals, in wintertime formerly kept in a high temperature, now breathe the air precisely as nature supplies it. There are shelters provided for them, of course, but nearly all of the animals spend the daytime in the open air. The sacred cattle of the East, the antelopes of India, the wild hogs of Mexico — all these, hot-air animals at home, adapt themselves to the natural temperature of Lincoln Park. Probably nowhere else may ostriches be seen plowing their way through the snow, or kangaroos jumping about when the thermometer is below the freezing-point.

As a result of this reform, there is no more tuberculosis in the park. In five years there has not been a single death from this disease. In every way the animals show an increased vitality. Ordinarily monkeys do not breed in captivity; in the Lincoln Park Zoo, however, monkey babies are by no means rare. One, which was born last August, spent the entire winter outdoors, with a most invigorating effect. This particular section of Chicago is one place at least where the buffalo is not extinct; for here buffalo calves arrive so frequently that it is necessary to sell them to other gardens.

Naturally this experience produced an impression upon Dr. Evans, the man responsible for the change. It had been possible to exercise despotic power over these animals — to make them do precisely as he wished; and the intelligent exercise of this authority had caused the elimination of tuberculosis. Conceive, for a moment, the possibility of having such despotic control over human beings, and of making them live according to stipulated conditions; would it not be entirely probable that the same results would be accomplished?

Events soon gave this same Dr. Evans, not the despotic control that had driven tuberculosis from the Zoo, but a large measure of influence over health conditions in Chicago. When Mayor Fred A. Busse came into office in January, 1907, his greatest problem was the selecting of a Health Commissioner. For many years



OPEN-AIR MONKEYS — PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ZERO WEATHER. BY KEEPING ANIMALS OUTDOORS ALL WINTER TUBERCULOSIS HAS BEEN DRIVEN OUT OF THE CHICAGO ZOO

political control had hampered the Department of Health. Just before election the preceding administration had appointed four hundred emergency inspectors — men added to the rolls ostensibly to assist in fighting a prevailing scarlet fever epidemic, but actually used by the machine in power to push the interests of their candidate. The public and the medical profession demanded that Mayor Busse should end abuses of this kind. The shrewder politicians suggested that the easiest way to achieve a great popular success would be by an efficient administration of the Health Department. Acting upon these suggestions, Mayor Busse declared that he would appoint as Health Commissioner any man that the medical profession would select. A large committee of representative Chicago doctors, appointed by the Mayor for this purpose, unanimously decided upon Dr. Evans.

The new Commissioner's qualifications were sound medical knowledge, youth, enthusiasm, fearlessness, aggressiveness, and a tireless capacity for work. By birth an Alabamian, Dr. Evans came to Chicago in the World's Fair year, when he was fresh from the medical school, and soon forged himself into prominence. In a short time he had been made President of the Chicago Medical Society, and had become an acknowledged expert on tuberculosis. Aside from his scientific qualifications, Dr. Evans had many personal recommendations. A man possessing a genial social gift, with a fondness for associating with people of all occupations and all classes, he soon became a part of Chicago life, and rapidly came to know this varied community in all its phases and in all its social and physical strata. A diplomat, talking with an amazing readiness in his quiet Southern drawl, now lighting up his subject with quaint illustration or convincing anecdote, now clinching his argument with what might almost be described as eloquence, logical, incisive, Dr. Evans combined in one person the several qualities essential to success in this important public work.

How Chicago Pollutes Its Air Supply

Nor could Dr. Evans have found a more suitable place than Chicago in which to apply, on a large scale, the lesson taught by the animals in the Lincoln Park Zoo. In the matter of light and air nature had done everything for Chicago; but, in the seventy years of its existence, it seemed as if man had steadily worked to obscure these natural advantages. Heaven

never gave a community of men a more abundant or more unfailing supply of clean, fresh atmosphere. Few realize, the people of Chicago least of all, the services performed by an expansive body of water like Lake Michigan in purifying the air supply. It provides the air with indispensable moisture; and it acts as a huge filtering plant, picking up dust particles and bacteria and leaving for human consumption the unadulterated oxygen. Then, from the prairies comes the wind, that indispensable adjunct to thorough ventilation — for good, breathable air, as all authorities insist, is, first and always, moving, circulating air.

And what had Chicago done with the blessings so plentifully showered upon her? The black smoke of tens of thousands of factories, and of twenty-six railroad systems, filled the city with a sooty cloud, which at times hung like a black fog over Lake Michigan; it rushed in swirling gusts through the deep, narrow streets, oozed into the shops, the office buildings, and the houses, destroying merchandise worth millions, and filtering into the nostrils, the mouths, and the lungs of nearly two and a quarter millions of people. The greed of man had built up mile after mile of dun gray wooden rookeries,— frequently two or three buildings upon the same plot,— into which were crowded half-starved people from the most diseased nations of Europe. When at home, these people lived indecently crowded, whole families in three or two or even a single room; the long day they spent in the sweat-shop, the packing-house, or the sunless and airless factory. The more prosperous classes likewise seemed to have entered into a general conspiracy to shut out the wholesome air which was constantly knocking for admission.

The Air Chicago Was Breathing

In an investigation early in his term, Dr. Evans showed precisely the kind of air that the people of Chicago were breathing. He sent his inspectors everywhere, armed with test-tubes and queer little buzzing instruments. The inspectors, by placing the latter — technically known as anemometers — in window spaces and doors, measured the air supply; they took samples in their tubes, and made analyses of the contents. These men went into office buildings, theaters, churches, hotels, lodging-houses, banks, laundries, public schools, street cars. Scientific analysis showed that in nearly all of these places the air was fairly Augean. The laboratory reported that, in one of the largest theaters, the "air was worse than that in English prison cells." In the street cars the passengers were breathing, along with minimum quantities of oxygen, microscopic particles of "soot, sand, hair, starch, wool from clothing," and other materials.

Impure-Air Diseases Increasing

This description, of course, fits most American cities, but in Chicago the fear of air — what might be called aërophobia — was especially acute. And, as the lack of ventilation here was particularly marked, so were the number of deaths that were due to it. Hygienists divide the contagious diseases chiefly into three classes, as being caused by one of three things — impure water, impure food, or impure air. Typhoid is the most important disease of the first class, and is caused mainly by drinking impure water; dysentery is the most important of the second, caused largely by eating impure food; while the diseases most commonly caused by impure air are tuberculosis, pneumonia, and bronchitis.

Everywhere modern science has made wonderful progress in combating the diseases caused by bad water and bad food. Take the city of Chicago, for example. It built its famous drainage canal, and, at a stroke, cut down its typhoid rate nearly five hundred per cent. Thus, in the decade from 1880 to 1890, the typhoid death rate in Chicago was 63 per 100,000; in the period from 1900 to 1909 it was only 12 per 100,000. By the careful inspection of food, especially the babies' milk supply, the dysentery death rate was cut in half. But the story of the impure-air diseases is not so reassuring. When Dr. Evans took charge of the Health Department in 1907, these diseases, instead of decreasing, were increasing. New York, Boston, and other American cities had made great progress in subduing tuberculosis; in Chicago the progress was almost inappreciable. Pneumonia was rampantly on the increase. More people were dying of this than of any other disease. In Chicago, fifty years ago, pneumonia ranked eighth as the most frequent cause of death; by 1907 it was first in rank.

Dr. Evans constructed what he called his "Sanitary Trial Balance" for Chicago, "in account with the preventable diseases." On the credit side he put the diseases that were decreasing; on the debit those that were increasing. This showed the bad-food diseases and the bad-water diseases on the credit side; but the bad-air diseases — pneumonia, tuberculosis, bronchitis, influenza — were on the debit side. He found that in 1906 nearly three thousand people in Chicago had died from

A CHICAGO FRESH-AIR CRANK. ONE OF THE PUPILS IN THE OPEN-AIR SCHOOL FOR TUBERCULOUS CHILDREN

bad-food and bad-water plagues, and that ten thousand had died from bad air.

Dr. Evans Ventilates All the Street Cars

Dr. Evans first directed his attention to the street cars. In his opinion, human ingenuity had devised, in these useful vehicles, the most perfect instruments known for the rapid dissemination of contagious diseases. There is perhaps no place where human beings are so frequently brought into immediate contact with one another, under conditions so easily facilitating the exchange of disease germs. Morning and evening, every day, the street cars are packed with actively breathing humanity. In many cases the passengers have reached the cars after an exciting chase; they come in puffing, sneezing, coughing, and freely perspiring. If you should take a "vaporizer," mix its contents with pneumococci and tubercle bacilli, and then saturate your own or your neighbor's face, you would be doing precisely what thousands of street-railway passengers do twice a day. From their mouths and noses issues a fine spray, each particle of moisture perhaps loaded with germs. Closely packed together, your own nose is about six inches from your fellow sufferer's, just where it can most expeditiously pick up his particular disease.

The old rickety, leaky, cold street cars were not so insanitary as the present more comfortable conveyances. Large quantities of air leaked in through crevices and badly adjusted windows; whenever the doors opened, generous gales blew through. But, with the growth of luxury, street-car patrons have insisted on being coddled. Modern humanitarianism has taken the motorman from his unprotected, wind-swept platform and incased him in an air-tight vestibule. The new pay-as-you-enter cars have made ventilation almost impossible. No air sweeps through when the door is entered, because of the vestibule; the windows are so well constructed that little air filters in. The only provisions for fresh air are the small, slitlike windows in the roof of the car. These are useful only to illustrate the prevailing ignorance of the fundamental principle of ventilation. As most people know, hot air rises, cold air descends. The foul air of crowded street cars is heated by electricity as well as by the warm bodies of the occupants. Under normal conditions it would escape through these roof openings; but, when it tries to do so, it meets the descending cold air, which checks it. The two currents, therefore, neutralize each other: the warm, dirty air ascending cannot get out because of the descending cold air; the descending cold air cannot get in because of the ascending warm air.

Two years ago Dr. Evans approached the railroad companies and suggested changes. In all attempts to ventilate street cars, he insisted on the recognition of two fundamental principles: Some apparatus must be contrived to force the used-up warm air out at the top of the car; and the fresh cold air must be introduced at the bottom. Clearly, if the hot air could be pumped out at the ceiling line, a vacuum would be created, and the fresh air introduced at the car floor would immediately rise, and there would be a steady upward stream of life-giving, non-bacterial atmosphere.

Dr. Evans explained all this to the railroad companies, but they did not readily see the point. He then promptly brought suits; but he did not have to push them far, for, as soon as they saw that the Health Commissioner meant business, the corporations agreed to ventilate their cars. Nothing is more significant of the new Chicago than its new street-railway system — its heavy rails, its commodious equipment, the large sums that it annually pays into the city treasury. Even more significant is the fact that the occupants of these cars are now assured of large supplies of clean, wholesome air. The surface and the elevated lines have already equipped several hundred cars with adequate ventilating systems, and before next winter sets in all the lines will have finished this work.

In the roofs of these cars are exhaust appliances which mechanically suck out the used-up air; in the floors, and under the seats, are large intakes, into which the outside air constantly pours, and, after passing over the steam coils, rises into the breathing zone. On the coldest days, when the doors and windows are shut tight, and when the cars are packed, every passenger has an allotment of four hundred cubic feet of outside air an hour. Dr. Evans has succeeded in crystallizing the reform in a new city ordinance which stipulates that twenty-eight thousand cubic feet of fresh air an hour shall be introduced in all cars.

How Children Are Kiln-Dried in the Public Schools

The old street cars illustrated the quickly acting dangers of bad air — those of bacterial infection. The public schools well illustrated the slow acting — the lowered resistance to disease caused by spending nearly the entire day in close, hot, dry rooms. In the fall, the Chicago schools open their doors to thousands of

bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boys and girls. Then the janitor turns on the steam, the teacher shuts down the windows, and lessons begin. Soon the color disappears from the children's faces, the brightness from their eyes, the activity from their bodies. They grow listless, stupid, irritable; they fall behind in their lessons, and become a problem and a torment to their teachers.

Dr. Evans attributes these changes not so much to original sin as to bad ventilation. His air tests in the Chicago public schools showed that they exemplified all the terrors of hot-air heating. The most modern systems eliminated the use of windows and doors; the opening of the windows, indeed, usually disarranged them. In nearly every school a deadly feud was raging between the janitor and the teachers. The janitor had only one interest. The rule required seventy-two degrees of heat everywhere; he therefore kept his fires blazing and his steam coils sizzling in a frantic effort to maintain the standard. The gasping teacher and children, however, would occasionally seek relief by opening windows. But the heating system would not work with open windows; and the gentleman in the basement and the teacher were thus perennially on bad terms.

Dr. Evans found valuable allies in the medical inspector of one of the schools in the stockyards district, Dr. A. W. Schram, and in its principal, Mr. William E. Watt. On his first appearance in the Graham School, Dr. Schram amazed the teachers by an almost clairvoyant insight into the mental capacity of the pupils.

"This boy is bright," he would say, indicating the child as he passed down the aisle.

"This one cannot learn anything," he would add, pointing out another. "He has learned nothing since cold weather set in.

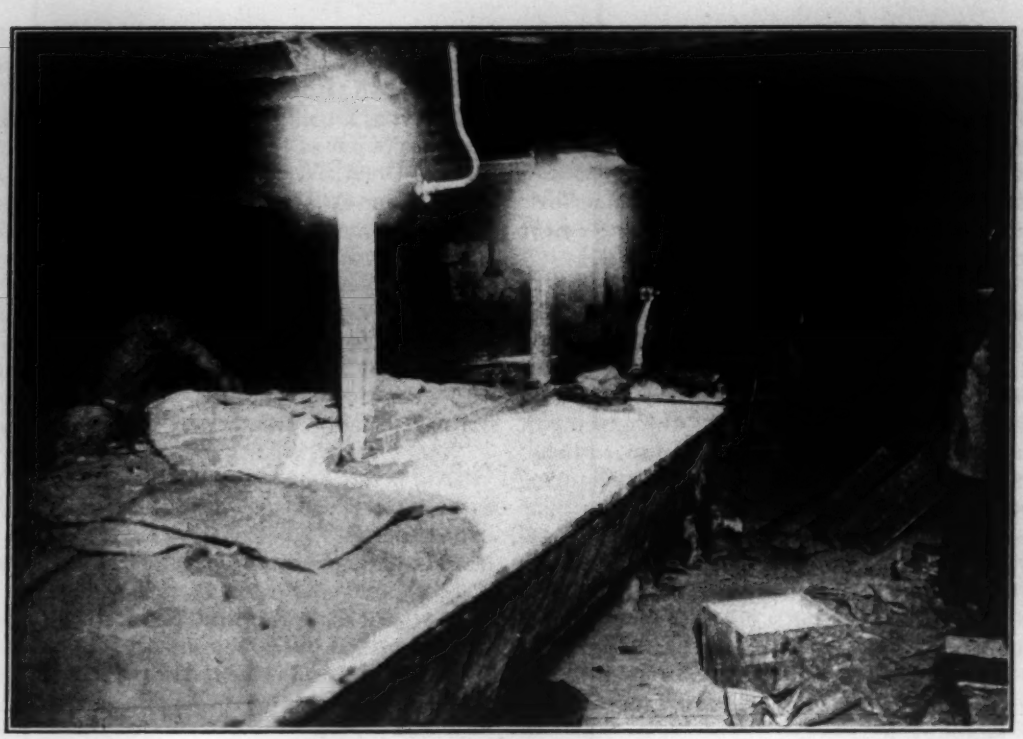
"This girl is only fairly bright.

"Ah, here we have the brightest child in the room! But this one," passing a pale, heavy, expressionless-eyed Polish girl, "will never learn anything in an ordinary school."

"You are right in every case," the teacher said. "But how did you know it? By the bumps on their heads?"

"Not at all. By their noses, their throats, and their glands."

AN OPEN-AIR SCHOOL IN SESSION. THE CHILDREN LIKE IT SO MUCH THAT THEY REFUSE TO TAKE VACATIONS



AN OLD-FASHIONED UNDERGROUND BAKERY, UNLIGHTED AND UNVENTILATED. DR. EVANS HAS COMPELLED NEARLY THREE HUNDRED PLACES OF THIS KIND TO MOVE UP INTO THE SUNLIGHT

Dangers of Hot, Thirsty Air

The thing most responsible for their backwardness was hot, dry air. In their daily air pabulum these children were getting very little moisture. All air fit for the sustenance of human beings contains a large percentage of water vapor. This percentage in outside air is fairly uniform — in meteorological terms, the relative humidity of out-of-doors air is 72. Water in the air everywhere tends to seek this level; if any of the vapor is removed, then the air rushes around, attempting to extract it from other sources.

Now, the Chicago schools — and the public schools in nearly all American cities — took this humid air from outdoors and heated it until nearly all the water was squeezed out. The school-rooms were thus filled with air the relative humidity of which was only 18, whereas nature's own air contains about 72.. In accordance with irrevocable natural law, this dry, thirsty air went scurrying around the rooms, frantically attempting to absorb enough moisture to restore its equilibrium. Where could it get it? What better place than human bodies — aren't we eighty per cent pure water?

To quench its thirst in this way is good for the air, but bad for the children. The loss of water is a serious thing for the human body. We can live without food for three weeks; we cannot live without water for three days. A very dry atmosphere is especially bad for the nose, throat, and bronchial passages; for these are the handiest objects of attack. These passages lose their moisture when assailed by dry air; they crack as mud cracks after the water is baked out, and thus become sore and catarrhal. The secretions in these passages are powerful germ-killers; and, once dried up, the natural resistance of the body to contagious diseases is largely destroyed. The child subjected to such an atmosphere for any length of time becomes kiln-dried and unfitted to perform the usual functions of his body, to say nothing of his mind.

"A bad nose," Dr. Schram explained to the teachers, "a dry, cracked throat, a lump under the jaw or the arm — you can't do much with such children. When I found one of these bad symptoms, I said the child was slow to learn; when I found two, I said he was dull; and the child with three cannot learn anything."

As a result of this agitation, the Chicago educational system has originated a new verb — "to humidify." The meaning is simple: all hot air, before entering the school-room, is passed through jets of water or of steam. It now picks up its moisture in "humidifying" chambers in the basement, instead of in the

THE NEW CHICAGO BAKERY—THE KIND THAT IS BEING BUILT AS A RESULT OF DR. EVANS' WORK. OPEN DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE THE CONSPICUOUS FEATURES

throats and nasal passages of the children and teachers.

Open School Windows in Zero Weather

Principal Watt has gone even further. In the lower grades of his school he began the experiment, last winter, of abolishing heat altogether. In these rooms he has adopted a new educational motto: "Less instruction and more oxygen." In keeping with this, these little children no longer sit together at desks, with folded hands. The desks have been removed, kindergarten chairs have been brought in, and the pupils given the utmost freedom of movement. In cold winter weather they wear their wraps and hats — and these are their only source of heat. In zero weather, they sit at their table in front of open, "drafty" windows. Their fingers do not get so numb that they cannot write on the blackboards, and physical discomfort is unknown.

One day last winter when the thermometer registered ten below zero, a woman school visitor came into one of these cold rooms. She was horified at what she described as "cruelty." But the children simply grinned. They enjoy the change immensely, and have nicknamed the old hot-air place the "hospital rooms," because there are so many sick children in them. The parents likewise are enthusiastic. "I think it is best for Mary to go into the cold room; I think it will make her bright and make her learn fast," writes one mother. "As Walter is not altogether healthy," writes another, "I would sooner you would put him in a fresh-air room; his color is not good."

There are reasons in plenty for this attitude. Colds, glandular troubles, the normal afflictions of school life, have virtually disappeared, and the mentality of the children has responded to the change. By Christmas practically all of the children in the cold-air rooms had finished their year's work! They were learning to read and write almost unconsciously. And the teachers who had previously been irritable, listless, despondent, sick of life and sick of teaching, had regained their early zeal.

On the roof of one of the Hull House buildings the United Charities of Chicago has established an open-air school for tuberculous children. Here, on the most freezing winter days, are fifteen invalids from the stockyards district, clad in close-fitting Eskimo suits,— the girls, like the boys, in trousers,— with moccasins and blankets, bravely fighting for health and life. They are gaining in weight and color, and, like the children in Mr. Watt's open-air school, are making abnormal progress in their lessons. Like Mr. Watt's children, they also like the out-

door method. Last winter, when the time arrived or the Christmas vacation, they all, to a child, appeared at the school, and persuaded the teachers to hold the sessions as usual.

Bakers Taken Out of Underground Caverns

And now Dr. Evans centered his attention upon a still more unfortunate class — the several thousand workers in bakeries and restaurant kitchens, whom necessity had doomed to labor underground. An inspection showed that there were about fifteen hundred bake-shops in Chicago, nearly all of them below the pavement-line. They were dirty, begrimed catacombs, heated with blazing red furnaces, thickly populated with white-garmented, pasty-faced, slow-moving figures. These pallid inhabitants were usually panting for fresh air; in many cases no provision had been made for it at all; in some there was a small underground grated window opening toward the sidewalk — not a great amount of air came through this, though it was useful as a passageway for the street dust and surface filth to come into the bakery. Sometimes the bakers not only baked but slept in these caverns. They also used them as a shelter for their personal pets — in one sixteen dogs were found. Naturally, it was not surprising that an impure-air disease like tuberculosis found many of its victims here. The Chicago health records showed that the general tuberculosis death rate for the most susceptible ages — between twenty-five and thirty-four — was 31; but that for Chicago bakers was 42!

Dr. Evans, with his chief sanitary inspector, Mr. Charles B. Ball, attacked this problem in a fundamental way. Mere improvement in these cases would not do; they must change the system. The Health Commissioner created a mild panic when he demanded suddenly that the worst of Chicago's bake-holes be closed and their occupants move into the sunlight. Inevitably the well-lubricated political machinery began to work. Each baker's particular alderman called — to plead, to threaten, to cajole. Then came the familiar talk about "personal liberty" — a tyrannical bureaucrat was interfering with the bakers' "constitutional rights." Just then, however, an old-fashioned Chicago rain-storm set in, and the sewers backed water. Chicago learned that its staff of life was being kneaded and baked by hard-working men and women who were standing a foot or two in sewage. The Federal Constitution was now suddenly forgotten. Under Dr. Evans' prodding, the bakers began to creep out of their subterranean recesses, and to blink and rub their eyes in the open daylight.

Within two years nearly three hundred bakeries have abandoned their underground quarters and moved into new first-floor establishments — with white-tiled rooms, screened windows, and open doors. In several hundred more the original location, although partly underground, was not so bad that proper light and ventilation could not be secured; and these have made, or are making, the necessary changes. The new hygienic bakers are shrewdly taking business advantage of the reform; "Our bread is baked in a fresh-air bakery," is a favorite form of advertising. As one enthusiast at a trade convention declared, speaking of Dr. Evans' reform:

"We are better men, better citizens, and better bakers!"

After the High-Priced Hotels

All this was well enough; nearly all of these bakers were little fellows. When Dr. Evans went after the bigger men, however, his troubles multiplied. In the loop section of Chicago — the great business district — are located many large, modern, high-class and high-priced hotels. Dr. Evans' assistants now began to peer into those many out-of-the-way holes that the hotels keep hidden from their fashionable patrons. Chicago was astounded at what they found, and the hotel-keepers were outraged. In making a thorough canvass, Dr. Evans discovered that the kitchens of the "cheap places," the quick-lunch establishments inundated at noon by clerks and stenographers, were in a far more sanitary condition than those of the big clubs, the newly built hotels, and the lobster palaces. In the latter the kitchens and bakeries were almost invariably located underground. The kitchens were overcrowded with a noisy mob of cooks, waiters, bus-boys, and scullions. The atmosphere was so hot, close, and damp that it was not unusual to see cooks with the sweat pouring from their faces into the soups that they were mixing. One rainy day a Health Department inspector entered the bakery of a leading hotel, and found the employees knee-deep in sewage, working by the light of tallow dips — for the water had put out the electric lights.

When Dr. Evans ordered the abolition of these places, a rain of injunctions met him. Moreover, the hotel proprietors defeated him in the courts, securing a decision which declared the law under which he was working unconstitutional. But, after a year's hard work, Dr.

Evans has obtained a new ordinance which gives the Health Commissioner power to close any bakery that has inadequate provisions for light, ventilation, and general sanitation. The fruits are already apparent: the new Blackstone Hotel has its bakery on the third floor.

Ventilating the Nickel Theaters

Next came the turn of the five- and ten-cent theaters. The moving-picture show has become a problem in all large cities. The largest patrons are children; and there are numerous opportunities for the corruption of their morals furnished both by the performances and by the miscellaneous crowds. In the testimony recently introduced in several "white slave" cases in New York, the fact was emphasized that the cheap moving-picture shows are popular recruiting-grounds. But Chicago has recognized that this form of entertainment is becoming more and more the great amusement of the masses, and that, properly regulated, it may have great educational value. Under the present laws, all films must be approved by the police before they are exhibited, the fire regulations are rigidly enforced, and general police supervision is severe and constant.

It has remained for Dr. Evans to make another wholesome contribution to this reform. His investigation showed that the managers paid no attention to ventilation. In nearly all cases the theaters were reconstructed stores. As darkness was essential to the performances, any apertures that might possibly admit light — and incidentally air — had been dispensed with. The front show windows had been taken out and a large white-and-gold entrance built in their place. The rear windows of the building had practically been closed by the stage. On an average, these air-tight boxes would hold about two hundred people. Here and there an "electric fan" created an illusion of fresh air. In places of this kind these contrivances, of course, are worse than useless; actually they introduce no fresh air, but simply stir up the air and dust already in the room.

Dr. Evans, in a written communication, demanded adequate ventilation in the seven or eight hundred nickel theaters in Chicago. And

Photograph by Lewis N. Hine

A CHICAGO SCHOOL-ROOM IN THE WINTER-TIME. NOTE THE OPEN WINDOW. THE CHILDREN, SITTING ALL DAY IN A "DRAFT," SHOW REMARKABLE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL VIGOR, IN SOME CASES COMPLETING THE YEAR'S WORK IN FOUR MONTHS

he specifically explained what he meant by "adequate ventilation." He suggested that each install an exhaust fan in the rear — a mechanism for pumping out the vitiated air. If this "draft" could once be secured, he reasoned, enough oxygen would enter by the front doors to maintain a fresh supply. A number of the worst places, on receipt of this demand, closed up at once; many made the required changes immediately; those that refused or delayed were prosecuted and fined. As a result of the Health Department's work, there is now an abundance of breathable air in all of Chicago's low-priced theaters.

To Reach People in Their Homes

Laws have been passed recently for the ventilation of department stores, factories, mills, workshops, and other establishments of like character. But the most pressing need is to reach the people in their homes. In Chicago, as in all other large cities, deaths from the impure-air diseases, especially pneumonia, occur chiefly in the winter-time. Pneumonia and bronchitis begin to lay their toll in late November and December, and attain their greatest virulence in February. These diseases, however, are not necessarily winter diseases; under favorable conditions they will flourish in midsummer. The explanation is simply this: that in winter we shut our windows and seal ourselves up tightly in our houses and apartments.

In the open, moving air the germs have little chance to collect; they are kept constantly on the move, and are diffused over a wide space. But indoors they are penned in by four walls, the floor, and the ceiling. People living in these rooms are constantly filling the atmosphere with all kinds of microörganisms. Once breathed out, these bacteria, if the air is still, if no "drafts" blow them out through open windows, quickly settle, like dust, covering carpets, curtains, wall-paper, bric-à-brac, picture-frames. If they were left there, they would not do much harm; but along comes the thrifty housewife, sweeping and "dusting" — the hygienic result of which process is usually the stirring up of these malignant organisms and their free circulation in the atmosphere. Many interesting scientific experiments have demonstrated the difference between the bacterial contents of outside and indoor air. Years ago Pasteur exposed sixty flasks containing broth in the Alps, near the Mer de Glace, two thousand meters above the sea. Only one, after a long exposure, contained bacteria of any kind. He then exposed the same sixty flasks in a room of an inn near the Mer de Glace. In a short time all his flasks were swarming with microscopic life.

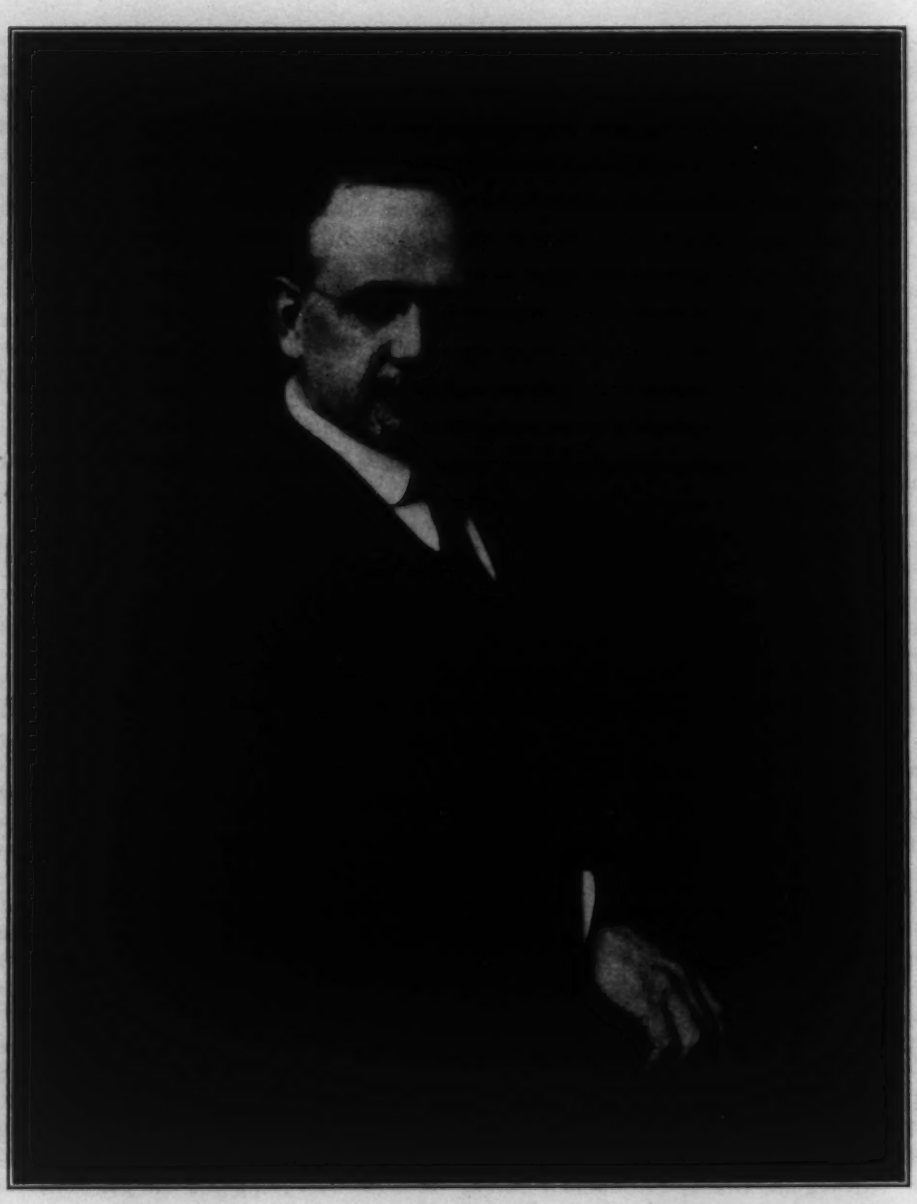
In the summer-time people keep their windows open, and so escape pneumonia and other bad-air infections; in the winter they shut them down with a bang, and die by thousands. In fighting this generally prevalent fear of drafts, of cold winter air, Dr. Evans could hardly enlist the coöperation of the courts and the police department. There is no law requiring the people to open their windows, to sleep out of doors — to let a gale blow through their living-rooms several times a day. The only possible resource was "an appeal to public opinion," an "educational campaign," that should tell them of their errors and make a strong appeal for amendment.

A Spellbinder for Fresh Air

With this idea, Dr. Evans became an agitator — a spellbinder for fresh air. Chicago now realized that it had another spirit of unrest — that the Health Commissioner proposed to carry his campaign to every fireside. Dr. Evans went actively upon the stump, preaching this new evangel from many platforms. From his office staff he organized a lecture bureau, pressing into service every man with the slightest suspicion of a talent for public speaking. He thus collected ten or a dozen men, who, in virtually every corner of Chicago, made a daily business of addressing audiences on this subject. Dr. Evans has averaged at least one speech a day for the last three years. He is constantly appearing before women's clubs, political organizations, unions, church societies, and similar bodies. In the morning he will speak before large assemblages of children; in the evening he appears at some men's club; on Sundays he has even ascended the pulpit and preached fresh air as an essential element in twentieth-century Christianity. No political candidate has ever jumped from place to place with more agility — and Dr. Evans does it, not a few weeks at a time, but every day in the year.

Nickel Theaters and Penny Arcades Pressed into the Campaign

Dr. Evans has also pressed into participation in his "whirlwind campaign" several useful agencies for forming public opinion. He has freely used the ten-cent vaudevilles and the nickel theaters. He has not hesitated to take the stage himself and discourse to demonstrative audiences on fresh air. Twenty-minute talks by his lecturing staff, properly illustrated,



DR. WILLIAM A. EVANS

CHICAGO'S MILITANT APOSTLE OF FRESH AIR. AS HEALTH COMMISSIONER, HE HAS, FOR THE FIRST TIME, VENTILATED THOUSANDS OF STREET CARS, BAKERIES, RESTAURANTS, THEATERS, WORKSHOPS, FACTORIES, DEPARTMENT STORES, AND OTHER BUILDINGS. AS A RESULT, THE DEATH RATE FROM BAD-AIR DISEASES SHOWS A MARKED DECREASE

are among the most popular features of the program. In a large number of penny theaters Dr. Evans has installed talking-machines. These are provided with five-minute records which give a terse summary of the necessity for fresh air, in language adapted to the locality. A member of the Health Department staff goes from arcade to arcade, carrying a satchel filled with these rolls, and in this way keeps them moving from place to place. At critical moments, when the children are particularly absorbed in the pictures, the piano stops playing, and a lifelike voice suddenly fills the room, — "I am now going to give you a little talk on fresh air,"— and for five minutes the audience hears many facts upon what is to them a new subject. These performances and the talks in the nickel theaters are evidently successful numbers of the entertainment, for the manager always gladly welcomes the peripatetic

fresh-air philosopher from the Health Department.

"Too Much Fresh Air Is Just Enough"

Indeed, it is almost impossible for the people of Chicago, however much they try, to escape Dr. Evans' advice. The subject is forced upon their attention everywhere. If they go to church, to their lodge, to the theater, they are pretty likely to hear it. They cannot escape it even in the street cars. The fact that there was usually much advertising space unutilized in these public conveyances furnished Dr. Evans with one of his best opportunities. He offered the advertising agencies choice reading matter for such wasted spaces, agreeing to withdraw his legends whenever the space happened to be sold. In a short time, on nearly every trolley and elevated car in Chicago, warning placards began to appear: "Dirty air is death." "Fresh air prevents consumption and pneumonia." "Ventilate all the time — winter and summer, day and night." "Too much fresh air is just enough." In this way Dr. Evans has obtained for his favorite subject thousands of dollars' worth of advertising space without spending a penny of the city's money.

Newspapers Preach Fresh Air in a Dozen Languages

He has also used the public press as has no other health official. In no city do the newspapers give so much attention to public health matters as in Chicago. One of the daily journals for a long time ran on its first page a Daily Health Hint — the hint in question being supplied by Dr. Evans. Whatever language the Chicagoan reads,— French, German, Yiddish, Italian, Norwegian, Greek, Lithuanian, Czech, — his weekly paper will give him Dr. Evans' suggestions on fresh air. There are scores of these papers in Chicago, reaching all the darkest recesses of this cosmopolitan community. At short intervals the Health Department sends out short fresh-air articles, written so entertainingly and so instructively that the editors are glad to translate and publish them. Thus there is constantly going on a journalistic Babel inviting the people, if they would escape disease, to open their doors and windows, to sleep in the open air, to take long walks, to cultivate small gardens — to do anything to keep their air supply constant and fresh.

Dr. Evans likewise has his own newspaper, in which he hammers away on the same subject. This is his weekly *Bulletin* — a publication of the Chicago Board of Health which has attracted the favorable attention of so conservative a scientific journal as the London *Lancet*. This *Bulletin* is not a dry, statistical publication; it contains short, popular, pithy talks on public health matters, and is sent weekly to about seven thousand school-teachers, clergymen, settlement workers — all who come closely in contact with the people and are thus able to spread the gospel. In this, especially in the winter-time, Dr. Evans anathematizes the "draft crank," and discourses on the prevention and cure of tuberculosis and the need of open windows.

Fresh-Air Bulletin-Boards for Department Stores and Factories

Shop-workers, factory "hands," department-store girls, school-children and school-teachers — the literary propaganda has not overlooked any of these classes. Nearly all the large buildings in which people work have, at the request of Dr. Evans, placed large bulletin-boards in conspicuous places. He covers them weekly with posters in which fresh air is the dominant note. The advice is always suited to the season. In spring it is house-cleaning — the readers are told how they can do this in a way that will best assure a dust-free, microbe-free atmosphere. As winter approaches, people are requested to drop their very bad habit of sealing up the houses — to open the windows at the bottom to let the fresh air in, and at the top to let the foul air out. Now and then there are inspiring sermons on sunlight as an antiseptic,—"It will kill disease germs," we read, "better than carbolic acid, formalin, sulphur, or bichlorid,"— or on consumption as a house disease: "If you would escape consumption, see to it that you get fresh air. It is free. It is your right to have it. It is the best thing you can get to keep well."

Fresh-Air Instruction to Public School Children

Dr. Evans regards school-teachers and school-children as perhaps the most useful objects of his missionary efforts. Probably in no place in the world has there been so much talk about fresh air as in the Chicago public schools in the last three years. The teachers devote certain hours every week to repeating Dr. Evans' lessons to the children. The Department has prepared for their use many health maps and broadsides, which hang in the school-rooms. Interest has been aroused to such an extent that the Jewish Women's Clubs recently raised several thousand dollars to continue this work.

The Health Department prepared for them an enormous poster, eight feet high by four wide, illustrating, by picture and text, the lesson of fresh air. One column tells the children what to do, the other column what not to do.

"Which way are you going?" it asks, in enormous black letters. "To health and long life, or to consumption and early death?" If you aim at the former, then "Sleep with the windows open, and thus obtain clean air, pure blood, good health." On the other hand, "Closed windows mean dirty air, and dirty air poisons the lungs and means death." Again, the school-children are wholesomely advised to "work and study in pure air," and to "play in the clean open air."

Children Take the Lesson Home to the Tenements

These huge posters have been hung in every public school room in Chicago. Smaller duplicates have been given to each of the two or three hundred thousand school-children to take home. The educational value of literature of this kind cannot be overestimated. The influence of the public schools, especially in the foreign settlements, extends far into the homes. They are the strongest bond that the Polish father and mother have with the strange, foreign world to which they have come.

As the family assembles around the evening supper-table, almost the first thing the parents will say is, "Well, what did you learn at school to-day?" And then the children deliver a learned discourse on the atmosphere, on breathing, on fresh air, oxygen, CO_2, dust and microbes, the prevention of tuberculosis, the sin of spitting in street cars and on pavements, and the need of coöperation in the fight for a clean, healthful city. They tack their posters upon the walls of the living-room, translate their dicta into the choicest Greek, Lithuanian, or Czech, and reach the ears of their parents in ways that a thousand lecturers could not do.

That this campaign has considerably affected the daily lives of the people is evident in many ways. Chicago is rapidly becoming a great out-of-door city. It has organized associations and movements with the sole aim of making Chicago a fresh-air town. It has created a special city department for the purpose of abating, so far as is practically possible, the smoke nuisance. It is even bravely endeavoring to achieve what seems almost the impossible — to make grass grow, to plant shade-trees, to use its dry, sandy soil for flower and vegetable gardens. Two years ago South Chicago was a desert — a monotonous stretch of wooden tenements planted in sand and mud, without a tree, a blade of grass, or a flower. Now thousands of front and rear yards have been transformed into flower and vegetable gardens, which, among other useful ends, constantly keep the population out of doors. In no other large city has the public playground development reached such proportions. Chicago now has sixty breathing-spaces of this kind, in addition to its large supply of well-equipped parks. There are far more open windows in the homes, many more people are sleeping out of doors, than before Dr. Evans began his fresh-air work. The freeing of the modern city from tuberculosis, pneumonia, bronchitis, and other impure-air affections is a task that will demand many years of infinite patience, labor, and courage; but Chicago has already made good progress.

When Dr. Evans started preaching, these diseases appeared on the debit side of his "Sanitary Trial Balance"— that is, the death rate from them was increasing. At the beginning of the present year Dr. Evans struck another balance; and this time these diseases appeared on the credit side — that is, the death rate from them was decreasing. The gain was a small one — about nine per cent; but the fact that there was a decrease, instead of an increase, showed that the preliminary skirmish had been won. Manifestly, a material reduction in the death rate from tuberculosis will take time, but the figures show that Dr. Evans is already making headway. Before he started his campaign, there were annually 187 deaths per 100,000 from this disease, whereas last year this had been reduced to 174. If, as the sanitarians dream, the ideal city of the future is the one in which contagious diseases will not exist, the prime characteristic of that future city, as Dr. Evans has demonstrated in Chicago, will be freely moving, clean, fresh air.

THE DONKEY THAT THE "CHRISTUS" RIDES IN THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

LIFE STORIES OF THE OBERAMMERGAU PLAYERS

BY

LOUISE PARKS RICHARDS

FOR a glance at the Oberammergauer before he appears on the stage of the Passion Play, it is necessary to take a step backward to the time when he is waiting for his rôle, and before he knows what the fates have in store.

On October 12, 1909, when the black balls and white balls were being counted in the council-chamber, the men of Oberammergau stood about the Rathaus, unable to work or to think of anything but the proceedings in that locked room, while at home the women sat waiting for the first news from husbands, sons, and fathers.

Years, a lifetime, do these people patiently wait for the rôles they have dreamed of and aspired to with a longing of which we can have only a faint conception.

Herr Rochus Lang, the Herod of the Passion Play of 1900, in whose house I lived for a time, first led me to appreciate this aspiration.

"In the beginning," he said to me, one day, "I had only small, unimportant parts. As a child I was one of many in tableaux and in folk groups on the stage; then later I impersonated an insignificant character. It took me just *fifty-three years* to get my Herod."

Notwithstanding his satisfaction in "getting his Herod," this had not been the extreme height of his ambition, for, with a trace of regret, he added:

"I never got to the Christus; they didn't think me good enough. But at last they gave it to my son Anton, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my boy have the rôle I could not reach."

The pride and pleasure, however, with which this potter played his part as a crowned head in royal robes, his handsome face and fine figure contributing their share to the kingly impersonation, made him one of the most interesting players of that year.

But the decisions of 1910 have brought him pain. He has lost his Herod, for it has been given to a younger man, Hans Mayr, son of Josef Mayr, the former Christus of the Passion Play.

"Of course it hurt," he said to me, on my return to Oberammergau, "but I myself know that I am too old for the part now, though I might have run a pencil through my beard and blackened some of these white hairs."

Rochus Lang's naturally happy disposition has come to his support in the loss of the rôle for which he had waited more than half a lifetime, and, in the lesser rôle of Dariabus, he will see another take his Herod without a grudging thought. Besides, there is for him the comfort that he is to be the understudy for the new Herod, and always ready to don the regal robes again when ordered.

The steps that led up to Herod are those taken by every Oberammergauer in his evolution from a lower to a higher rôle, namely, a growing fitness in character, appearance, or histrionic ability. While the intervening years between the Passion seasons are years of hope and promise to the young, who wait with keen expectancy the return of the decennial play, to those on the downward road of life they are often years of bitter grief and disappointment.

When the Passion Committee of 1900 came to elect the actors for that season, it was clear that Josef Mayr, the Christus of three decennial plays, 1870, 1880, and 1890, had grown too old to enact for the fourth time the character of the Son of Mary. The Committee not only had the task of finding a new Christus,— one suitable in his life as well as in appearance for the impersonation of Jesus of Nazareth,— but it was also confronted with the unpleasant duty of taking from Mayr the honor that had been his for thirty years, and of consoling him for the loss of a rôle that had grown to him as dear as his life. In fact, when being taken down from the cross upon which he had sometimes hung until almost unconscious, he had often expressed the wish that he might thus die — on the cross, like his Master.

Sad as was the duty of the Committee, it was plain — and they so explained it to Mayr — that he was no longer young enough for the part; that the beard streaked with gray was no longer suited to the youthful Jesus; that the face which had hitherto borne the lofty, almost superhuman expression of the Divine had now become too seamed with the furrows of years to show the sacredness of sorrow without its scars in one whose earthly life measured only a span of thirty years.

Mayr broke down and wept like a child.

"I know," he said, "that I am too old for the part; but I had so hoped that you might still have left me my Christus."

As some compensation he was given the rôle of Prologist, created expressly for him that year, and a little later he was made Bürgermeister of the village; but he never recovered from the loss of his Christus. Three years later, when ordered to Munich for a surgical operation, he spent his last hours before leaving home out at the theater building, alone. He never returned from the Munich hospital. Into the beyond he carried the wound in his heart still unhealed.

Johann Lang, a man of unusual ability and exceptional gifts, was for many years the honored head of the community in Oberammergau. As Bürgermeister for twenty-four years, he was the worthiest representative that the village had ever known. Possessing a singular power over men, he had become the leader of the people in all their undertakings. He was the soul of the Passion Play, the director and manager of its stage, and the instructor of all its actors. From his youth he himself had played the rôle of Caiaphas, and so remarkable had been his interpretation of this character that in his one great rôle he had grown to be an Oberammergau Joe Jefferson.

When the Passion Play of 1900 came around, Bürgermeister Lang had not only grown old, but he was enfeebled by an incurable malady. Again was the duty of that Committee plain, but it was the hardest that had ever confronted it. It fell to his two nephews, Ludwig Lang, the present director, and Guido Lang, the postmaster, to tell the Bürgermeister of the decision against him, and of the necessity of choosing a new Caiaphas. These two men, of unswerving character and unflinching adherence to the best interests of the village, regardless of personal or family considerations, broke to the Bürgermeister the Committee's unalterable decision.

At the news that fine old head bent, crushed, humiliated, and, with tears and sobs choking the already weakened voice, he wailed out:

"Had I never been again chosen as Bürgermeister, I should not have minded; but that you have taken from me my Caiaphas — this will be my death."

With the heroism of a martyr, he continued at his post as director of the Passion Play. Though his body was rapidly giving way to

undermining disease, yet, with the energy of old-time determination and the fire of an unconquerable spirit, he would go out in rain and storm to attend the rehearsals. Night after night for months this brave man, though dying by inches, continued to instruct the actors in their rôles, returning to his home sometimes in a state of complete exhaustion.

At last the play commenced; and still Bürgermeister Lang stood at his post behind the scenes, directing all with a masterful hand. At the third performance of the season, it was noticed that he could stand only by supporting himself against the *coulissen*. This was the last time he stepped upon the stage. When the time came for the next performance, he was found outside the theater building in a pitiable state of conscious helplessness.

With quivering lips he stammered:

"It is the end. Ludwig now is everything, and I am nothing."

His cry that the loss of his Caiaphas would be his death had proved true. Before many days had passed they laid this able and honored man away in the little churchyard.

The successor of Bürgermeister Lang in the rôle of Caiaphas was Herr Sebastian Lang, whose impersonation of the pharisaical bigot was hardly less remarkable than that of the Bürgermeister. Yet this Caiaphas was destined to suffer the same pangs of disappointment as his predecessor.

A new Caiaphas has now been chosen — Herr Gregor Breitsamter. As to this Caiaphas of 1910, his cup was full when the white balls told their story of his election. He told me that he had not expected this honor, but he left me no doubt that he held it as the greatest of his life, as he responded to my congratulations in all modesty, but with the serenity of one who has attained the acme of his earthly ambitions.

While there may be no keener sorrow than the disappointment of an Oberammergauer in losing his rôle in the Passion Play, there is also no greater happiness than that of this same Oberammergauer when he has realized the dream of a lifetime in getting his Caiaphas or Herod, his Pontius Pilate or Judas Iscariot, or, above all, his Christus.

On the day that the Passion Play Committee was electing the actors of the summer of 1900, the family of Rochus Lang sat at their noonday meal in the low-ceilinged room on the banks of the Ammer. Suddenly a young man burst into the room, exclaiming:

"Toni, I congratulate you! You have got the rôle of Christus!"

Then, turning to the father, "And you are to be the Herod."

Rochus Lang, who is never overwhelmed by the unexpected, replied: "Then two crowns have fallen upon this house — one a crown of thorns, the other a *zackig* [pointed] one."

As to Toni, the son Anton, then a young man of twenty-five, he fell back from the bench upon which he sat, against the wall, his face as white as death. His joy was of the kind that, combined with surprise, sometimes kills; for Anton Lang is of that refined, sensitive make-up that feels more than it can express.

Young and untried as he was (he had never acted in a play of any importance), this youth had no other obvious recommendation than a modest, pleasing appearance and a spotless character. With what success he filled his rôle in 1900 the world has borne testimony. When 1910 came, therefore, his reëlection as Christus was no surprise either to himself or to the community. He is no longer under the parental roof, however, but now has a home of his own; for the pretty daughter of Jacob Rutz — the village blacksmith, and leader of the chorus in the Passion Play — has become his wife.

They have three children, the eldest of whom, Carl, has a face that suggests a little Christus painted by Raphael himself. When I saw the father drawing pictures for little Carl, I remembered the stories he had told me of his own boyhood. It was his greatest delight to draw and paint figures on the stable door, the walls of the cow-stalls, and every plank of board that he could find. Had the finances of the family permitted it, he would have followed his natural bent and studied to be an artist or a poet, the dreams of his childhood; but Anton is not of those who quarrel with fate, and so he cheerfully took up the work of his father and became a potter.

Though, since 1900, he has seen much of the world, and has acquired a certain self-possession, he is otherwise unchanged. Immediately after the play of 1900, he, in company with four other actors in the Passion Play, made a journey to Rome, where he was kindly received by Pope Leo XIII., who later sent him the order of Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice. On his return from Rome, he was invited to spend a week on the estate of Princess Windischgratz in Austria. The next year he accepted an invitation to spend a month in England as the guest of a well-known English family. On their wedding day Anton and Mathilda received a beautiful gift from the Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy, together with many other remembrances from distinguished people who had seen the Christus in the Passion Play.

Notwithstanding these marks of favor and

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ANDREAS LANG, ONE OF THE BEST ACTORS IN OBERAMMERGAU, WHO IS PLAYING THE PART OF "ST. PETER" IN THE PASSION PLAY OF THIS YEAR

ANTON LANG, THE "CHRISTUS" OF 1900 AND 1910, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN. HIS FATHER, ROCHUS LANG, PLAYED "HEROD" IN 1900, AFTER WORKING FIFTY-THREE YEARS TO GET THE PART. FATHER AND SON ARE POTTERS

consideration, Anton Lang is unspoiled, unchanged. With a simple, gentle dignity, he still receives guests in his blue work-apron, his hands stained with clay and his beard gray with potter's dust.

It is this perfect naturalness and lack of self-consciousness that is the charm of all Oberammergauers, whether they are impersonators of regal characters or only firemen in the wings.

One of the first visits I made, on my return to Oberammergau in the winter of 1910, was to the family of Johann Zwinck, my old friend Judas. His youngest daughter, Ottilie, had been elected the Mary for the coming play. She was charmingly modest and sweetly naïve as I congratulated her upon receiving this rôle.

As we sat together in the quaint, low-ceilinged room with its huge green-tiled stove, more than a hundred years old, there was much to tell, for nearly five years had gone by since I had been in Oberammergau. Sitting in her work-apron covered with paint spots,— for she had been helping her father to paint the floors and decorate the walls of the old-fashioned house, preparatory to receiving guests for the Passion Play,— she told me a story that thrilled me with its simplicity and earnestness.

"It was the 12th of last October," she began. "Father had gone to church at eight o'clock in the morning, and from there to the Rathaus, where the Committee was to ballot for the last time in choosing the actors for the play. I watched for him to come back, but he did not come, though he had promised to return soon after the church service.

"I kept looking and saying, 'Why doesn't he come?'" she continued, as she involuntarily peered through the windows in memory of that anxious expectation.

"Finally he came. I saw, as he walked toward the door, that he was deathly pale, as he always is when under great excitement, and my heart sank as hope left me.

"When the door opened, I could not ask him a word. I stood perfectly still. Then he came toward me, took me by the hand, and, the tears rolling down his cheeks, he said:

"'I wish you happiness; you have got your rôle.'

"'And you didn't get yours?'— for I saw that he was still excited.

"We had not expected that two principal rôles would be assigned to members of one family, as that has not been customary, and so the father had said that he would willingly give up his Judas if I might have the Maria; so now, as he told me that he had received his old rôle again, and that he would be Judas once more, the tears rolled down his face — tears of joy and gratitude.

"Ten years I had thought of this hour; ten years I had hoped and prayed — so often prayed, even before the play of 1900. But I was too young then, and not strong enough. I had

thought to myself always, 'If only I might have this rôle, then I should want nothing more.' And now it has all come to pass, and I am so happy!"

The delicate face, radiant with the memory of the joy of that day, told me more than her words. Here was a happiness so deep, so immeasurable, that, in all the wide world, there was nothing more after the rôle of the Holy Mother — nothing more after speaking the heartrending words of the parting with the Son at Bethany — nothing more after living the thoughts and agonies of the Mother of Jesus.

OTTILIE ZWINCK, THE "MARY" OF 1910. HER FATHER, WHO IS A HOUSE-PAINTER IN OBERAMMERGAU, HAS THREE TIMES TAKEN THE PART OF "JUDAS," FATHER AND DAUGHTER PLAYING TOGETHER IN 1910

I asked her whether she would ever marry, if by not doing so she could be certain of having her Maria again. To this question she answered — what I knew every other Oberammergauer maiden would have said — that no marriage could ever tempt her to give up the certainty of again playing Mary.

Was this, then, the Oberammergauer's love for a sacred memorial? Was it religious zeal? Or was it simply an overpowering love of the dramatic? Financial gain it could not be, for no young girl ever experienced such emotions for a business enterprise.

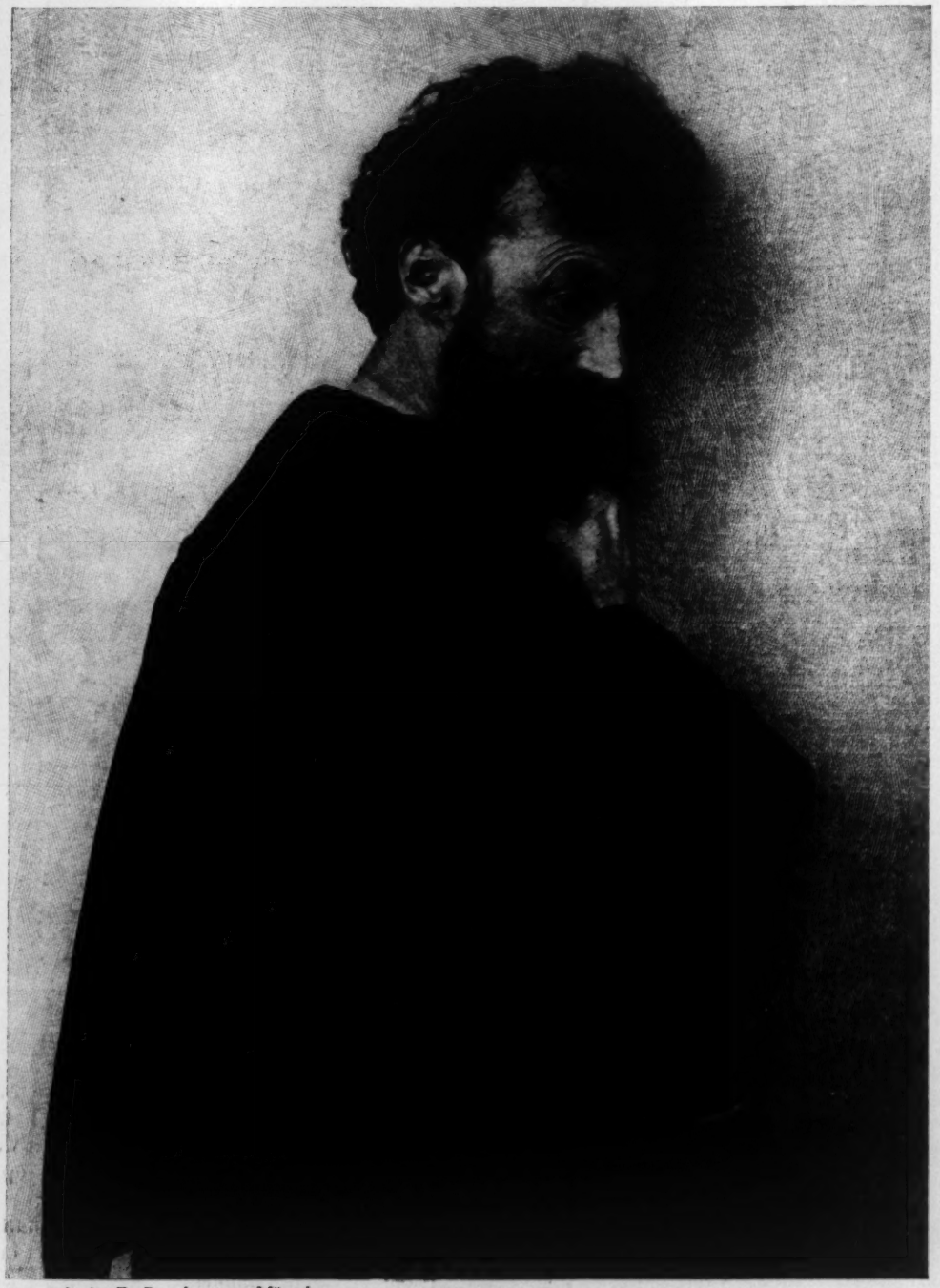
In the summer of 1909 Ottilie was staying in Munich with some friends. One day a letter came from her father, saying that a play was to be given in Oberammergau for the summer guests, and, if she wished to come home, she might have the principal rôle, Claudia, in the religious play of "Sebastian."

"At once," she said to me, "I told my friends I must go home, for I felt I *must* play this part. Oh, how I love to act! It is my greatest happiness. I came, and, when I played my part, people began to say, 'Here is the Maria for the Passion Play.' Then it was that father said he would willingly give up his part of Judas if I might have the Mary. This made me sad, for, though I wished — oh, so much! — that I might at last have my Mary, I knew down in my heart that it would hurt the father to give up his rôle."

ALFRED BIERLING, THE "ST. JOHN" OF 1910

When asked if she had rehearsed her part before her father for his criticism,— this Judas being held by many the best actor on the Oberammergau stage,— she replied:

"I cannot act before the father; and when he reads to me the lines, telling me how I should say them, I say nothing to him, but in my own mind I think how I shall say them, and then, when



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JOHANN ZWINCK, WHO HAS GIVEN A REMARKABLE IMPERSONATION OF "JUDAS" FOR THREE DECADES. ALTHOUGH HE IS NOW SIXTY-NINE YEARS OLD, HE WAS AGAIN CHOSEN FOR THE PART IN 1910

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ALFRED BIERLING, A YOUNG PLUMBER, WHO IS TAKING THE PART OF "ST. JOHN" THIS YEAR. HE IS ONLY EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD, AND THIS IS HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PASSION PLAY

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ANDREAS LANG, WITH HIS DAUGHTER AND THREE SONS. LANG IS A REMARKABLE ACTOR AND ONE OF THE BEST WOOD-CARVERS IN OBERAMMERGAU

I am alone, I can put my whole self in my rôle."

She told me that she felt no embarrassment in playing before others —"it is only before the father that I am anxious."

As to the father of the gentle Ottilie, it is the third time he has been given the rôle of Judas, having played the part in 1890 and in 1900. He is now sixty-nine years old, but he does not look, feel, or act his age. On account of his years, however, he had hardly expected to be chosen again; but his remarkable impersonation of the betrayer decided the Committee that none other than the painter Johann Zwinck should fill this rôle. As Judas his whole personality becomes that of the betrayer. An American woman once said to me:

"I wouldn't meet that man for anything! I don't ever want to see him again. That he is a Judas I am perfectly sure. It is all too real!"

Yet, this imitation Judas is one of the simplest, most ingenuous creatures I have ever known. As a young man, he filled the rôle of John, the beloved disciple.

"In my heart I am not a Judas," he said to me, in the simplicity of perfect confidence.

Soon after my return to Oberammergau in 1910, I met Thomas Rendl, the Apostle Peter

THOMAS RENDL, WHO HAS PLAYED IN THE PASSION PLAY FOR SIXTY YEARS

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MARIE MAYR, A TALENTED OBERAMMERGAU GIRL WHO HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO PLAY THE PART OF "MARY MAGDALEN" IN 1910

of 1900. Bowed with years, his long white hair falling about the strong, fine face, he looked like a father in Israel. As I took his roughened hand in mine, I wondered what I should say to this old patriarch of seventy-two by way of consolation for the loss of his beloved rôle.

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GREGOR BREITSAMTER, THIS YEAR'S "CAIAPHAS"

At last, when I told him of my regret that I should not again see him as that stalwart disciple, the foundation rock of Christendom,—reminding him, however, of the many important rôles with which he had been honored,—his rugged face lit with a glow of pride and satisfaction as he said:

"Yes, I was Joseph of Arimathea in 1870; was Pilate twice — 1880 and 1890; had the part of Peter in 1900; and now that of Simon of Bethany. Then comes the end."

When I suggested to him that seventy-two was not so old, and that he might again take part in the Passion Play (one man in Oberammergau has been taking part since 1820), he said:

"Oh, no, I would not have it so. To be old and not be myself, to live and lose my faculties, that I do not want."

He has been playing in the Passion Play since 1850. Alone in the little house at the end of the village, his children all with homes of their own, the mother lying for many a year in the churchyard, he still carves the little figures he has been making for a lifetime. A feeling of sadness

swept over me, when we had parted, as I looked after the bent form pushing a little hand-cart which had carried into the village a load the old arms could no longer lift.

"Yet," he said, "I could still have played my rôle as Peter, if they had only let me have it again."

The mantle of this apostle has now fallen upon Andreas Lang, one of the best actors in the village. He had ambitions that reached beyond the rôle of Peter, up to that of Pontius Pilate; but his light heart and happy disposition would never permit him to look upon any disappointment, however keen, in the light of a tragedy, and so here, at least, there is no real heartache.

It is nearly ten years ago, the year after the Passion Play of 1900, that I sat, in a company of Oberammergauers, at a table beside the beloved disciple John, who was the son of Thomas Rendl, the Apostle Peter. I asked some one near me if this son, Peter Rendl, would be likely to have the same rôle in 1910. The reply came, in a whisper:

"No; he will be too old for that rôle in ten years. But don't speak of it to him, for he cannot bear to have it even mentioned."

At last the long-dreaded, long-hoped-for year came, and the rôle of the loved disciple was indeed awarded another. Owing to his continued youthful appearance, Peter Rendl had twice had this rôle; but the years had counted up, and now he was forty years old, too old by far for that youth whom tradition holds as the cousin of our Lord, and many years his junior.

"I am only Joseph of Arimathea now," Peter Rendl said to me, when we met again, in a half-apologetic tone and with a sad smile.

"JUDAS" PAINTING HIS HOUSE

THE OBERAMMERGAU BAND

I could not look directly into his face, and I asked him no questions, for I could still hear that whisper at my side: "Don't speak of it to him, for he cannot bear to have it even mentioned."

Alfred Bierling, a youth of eighteen, has been chosen as the new John, and in the gentle manner and attractive face, which lights up with a rare beauty when he is speaking, one reads that here the Committee has done well.

At the home of his father, the goldsmith, where I found him at work, his soft, waving hair falling about his face, he told me the simple story of his surprise and pleasure on that memorable 12th of October. While he was at work (he is a plumber by trade), his father brought him word that he had been chosen as the beloved disciple. He could not believe it at first, and it was not until his friends began to congratulate him that he came to realize the truth.

"Then," he told me, "I could work no more that day. I wanted to get away where I could see no one; so I went out of the village and into the woods, where I could be alone. When I came back it was nearly night."

Late one afternoon I overtook an old man who carried a little milk-bucket in one hand, and in the other a stick with which to steady himself on the icy snow. It was Barabbas, the robber. He was stout, and had grown very feeble and wheezy. When I asked him if he were to be the Barabbas again this summer, he replied briefly:

"I can't any more."

Then he went on to tell me of the rheumatic pains that had overtaken him in his old age. Glad to be recognized as the Barabbas of former years, here was one, at least, who gave up the honors of bygone days without any other pain than that of rheumatism.

A few days later I met him again, hobbling along in the snow, and he talked to me of his army days; for Barabbas is one of the veterans of 1866 and 1870. In the latter year the Passion Play, after a few performances, was interrupted by a call to arms, and the shepherds' crooks of disciples going up to Jerusalem were exchanged for the guns of soldiers marching on Paris and Sedan. At that time the Passion Play was postponed until after the Franco-Prussian war was over, and was resumed in 1871.

My Barabbas, then, had been to Paris — not as a globe-trotter, but as a soldier. As we walked along at a slow, rheumatic gait, the village church bells began to ring out a call for prayer. Instantly his hat was off the old bald head, as he stood for a moment in response to the call; and I thought, "Here is an Oberammergauer who has not lived his rôle, else Barabbas the robber would hardly have stopped in the middle of the street to say his noonday prayer."

HOW THEY GET READY FOR THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

IT was the last day of the Passion Play of 1900. Behind the drawn curtains of the stage, clustered about their pastor, the actors of Oberammergau were repeating the Lord's Prayer, as they do before each performance; but this time it was with a sadder solemnity, for the day marked the end, for them, of a period of history, and for each player there was heartache in the question, would he ever again play his part, any part, in the Passion Play? To these people time is marked in cycles of ten years, whose culmination is the Passion Play.

The day after the last performance, the Oberammergauer's long hair, which he had cultivated for nearly two years before the Passion Play, was shorn, and contributed to the heap of locks, more than two feet high, at the village barber's.

With the last days of autumn the guests of Oberammergau had gone. I alone remained behind to live on with the people in their own homes and to share their every-day lives until the winter season; then I, too, said good-by. When I next visited Oberammergau, the villagers were looking forward to the Passion Play of 1910.

The first steps toward its production had been taken nearly three years before, when, according to custom, the community had assembled at the Rathaus on July 7, 1907, to take the usual vote as to whether the Passion Play would be performed in that decennium. This, of course, is only a formality, for that the Oberammergauers should vote *against* giving their Play is unthinkable.

A few months later, October 27, 1907, the citizens of the village again assembled at the Rathaus to nominate the Passion Play Committee, electing six out of the twenty candidates five days later. These six men, together with the fourteen members of the Town Council, and with the village priest as an honorary member, constitute the Passion Play Committee, the Bürgermeister being the chairman.

The Passion Play Committee held its sessions every Wednesday evening. Its first election, after that of the secretary of the Committee, was for the post of director of the Play. Herr Ludwig Lang, the artistic genius of Oberammergau, director of its wood-carving school, and the moving spirit of the Passion Play, was unanimously chosen.

After all the many committees on the press, music, photographs, buildings, lodgings, tickets, etc., had been elected, came the question of supreme and all-absorbing interest — the selection of the actors. On September 27, 1909, the nominations for the principal rôles began, and after these the nominations for the sixty-five speaking rôles.

Ludwig Lang, the wonder-worker of Oberammergau, began the work of the Committee by taking up each rôle of the play, and explaining to his co-workers the necessary qualifications requisite to its impersonation. Beginning with the first and most important rôle, that of the Christus, each of the several members of the Committee wrote his candidate's name on a piece of paper, which was folded and placed in an urn. After each name for the rôle had been thoroughly discussed, a secret ballot was taken. The names resulting from this ballot now became the nominations. In this way, all the candidates were separately considered and voted upon.

After nearly two weeks of deliberation, when there had been time for ample individual consideration, the Committee was again called together. The day of all these ten years had arrived. It was the 12th of October, 1909. At eight o'clock in the morning the Committee assembled at the Rathaus and, in a body, went to church to attend a solemn service with high mass, repairing immediately afterward to the town council-chamber for a final voting.

Fresh from the communion with the Father, whose direction they had asked, the previous nominations were once more canvassed, and each individual's fitness for the proposed rôle thoroughly gone over. In solemn conclave the ballots were again taken, each member dropping a white or a black ball in the urn as each candidate's name was offered, and the resulting vote became irrevocable.

For two weeks this Committee had been in secret deliberation, and for two weeks the village had been in a state of feverish suspense and anxious speculation hardly equaled in the United States in a Presidential campaign, when candidates are awaiting returns. In fact, who is to be the next Christus or the new Caiaphas, the next Pilate or Peter, means infinitely more to the people of Oberammergau than who is to be the new President of the United States does to the ordinary American citizen.

The announcement of the Committee's decisions brought a personal message to each man and every family in the community. Every male inhabitant was assigned his place — if not an actor on the stage, a singer, or a member of the orchestra, he could at least be a shifter of scenes, an usher, or a fireman in the wings; for it is an honor to be allowed to take part in any capacity. Every boy and girl has his or her place, either in groups on the stage, or in the tableaux. Only for married women there is no place.

At once began the work on the new costumes which each decade necessitates. Director Lang, the untiring leader and overseer of every detail, after having designed every costume of the five hundred to be worn in the play, making his own sketches and drawings, now went to Munich to select the materials, some of which had to be ordered from Paris, some from Berlin, others from Jerusalem, while for the robe of the Prologist an order was despatched to Damascus.

Josepha Lang, sister of the director, who cuts out all of these costumes with no other pattern than her brother's drawings to go by, now set to work, with twelve young girls under her direction. According to an observation in the note-book of a member of the Committee, to whom the writer is indebted for the records of its meetings, "Josepha has a sharp tongue, but she understands her business." This remarkable woman is nothing short of a marvel. Her management of a pair of scissors as she cuts into the rich cloths and Oriental brocades would be the envy of the best costumer in a metropolitan atelier.

It was on the morning of the 8th of December that the principal actors of the Passion Play were called together at the rehearsal theater building. On the afternoon of the 12th the rest of the performers were assembled at the same place. Here each was presented with a paper for his signature, the translation of which is as follows:

The long-hoped-for season of the Passion Play is drawing near, and thousands upon thousands will be brought here to witness the same.

For us there arises the sacred duty of bringing all our energies to bear upon meeting the demands of the time.

With this in view, every participant must obligate himself to a conscientious performance of his task, and emphasize this by signing the following contract:

CONTRACT

The undersigned accepts the appointed rôle (position, service) as....., and obligates himself to perform his task according to the best of his knowledge and ability, and especially to take his part at every performance in the coming acts or tableaux.

The requirements of the Director of the Play and of the Committee are to be followed unconditionally.

For the men taking part on the stage, a smooth face, or full beard and long hair, according to the requirements of the management, is made a stipulation during the Play season. Nonconformity to this condition will entail the immediate withdrawal of the rôle (position, service).

In case of absence or negligence during rehearsals or performances, as well as wilful injury to costumes or outfits, corresponding damages will be required of the undersigned.

Whosoever refuses, without satisfactory reasons, to accept the rôle (position, service) assigned him may look forward to the partial withdrawal of the tickets to which he may otherwise be entitled.

Whosoever, from the beginning of his acceptance of a rôle (position, service), and on or during the time of the Play, through unbecoming conduct, shall injure the community or the Play, from him shall be withdrawn his rôle or a corresponding fine be levied.

Incompetency in performing a rôle will entail the exemption from the same, and installation in some other employment.

Any addition or withdrawal of participants in the tableaux, not indicated in the contract, is reserved by the management.

Voluntary transfer of solo parts to singers for whom they were not intended is forbidden; also the abstraction of single parts of rôles which have been assigned to others.

In cases of extraordinary or insufficient capabilities the Committee reserves the right of raising or lowering the salaries of such ones.

The participants are obliged, with an indemnity for loss of time, to be photographed in costume by the photographer determined upon by the community.

To be photographed by any other photographer in costume, or to have the rôle title imprinted in civil dress on pictures or on postcards, is forbidden. Participants whose pictures are not among the official photographs will be permitted, by consent of the council, to be photographed in costume, at their own expense.

Nonconformity to the above contract will be punished by withdrawal of rôle (position, service) and a corresponding fine, according to the decision of the Committee.

Thus are the Oberammergauers, through the gloved but iron hands of their capable leaders, at whose head stands Ludwig Lang, brought face to face with the unalterable conditions that go to make the Passion Play the worthy shrine of modern pilgrimages.

As these contracts were handed to the actors, Bürgermeister Bauer and Ludwig Lang each addressed them in inspiring speeches, whose burning words admonished them to harmony and coöperation, laying stress upon the fact that the smallest rôle and the smallest impersonator conduce to the success of the whole. The warning of immediate dismissal was sounded in unmistakable tones to any who were unwilling to conform to the demands made upon them.

One young man has already been made to feel the heavy hand of discipline, since, in a moment of anger, he committed a deed unworthy of one who would tread the stage of the Passion Play. Another son of Oberammergau became guilty of conduct unbecoming a participant in the sacred drama. Anticipating the loss of his rôle, and feeling that he could not bear the consequent disgrace, he left his home and family with only an hour's warning. In shame and sorrow, he is now in a strange land, paying the self-imposed penalty of his folly.

That these people have the same weaknesses, the same passions, the same fallibilities as the rest of humanity goes without saying; but the approach of the Passion Play is a strong influence in arousing consciences, however far short it may fall in producing blameless lives.

To the hypercritical as well as to the blind enthusiast it may be said that the Oberammergauers, in presenting to the world that tragedy of nineteen centuries ago in living, moving, speaking figures of modern time, are no less human than were those early disciples, with their doubting Thomas, faithless Peter, and treacherous Judas, who in personal, physical relationship walked with the Master in the days of ancient Jerusalem.

In the winter preceding the Passion Play, the carnival season before Lent is not celebrated in Oberammergau, it being held as an unsuitable preliminary to the sacred drama of the Passion of Christ. In fact, in Oberammergau it is a Lenten season from the beginning of the rehearsals in January until the play is over in September, no festivities of any kind being permitted. Even a wedding, which in the Bavarian highlands is usually an occasion of the greatest hilarity, the feasting, drinking, dancing, and singing often lasting for days, is at this season the mildest of affairs in Oberammergau. Couples, therefore, who reckon upon the gaieties of an old-time celebration as a remembrance to carry with them for the rest of their lives, postpone their nuptials until after the Passion season is over.

From the beginning of 1910, almost nightly rehearsals for the Passion Play took place, either in the Rathaus, or at the rehearsal theater building across the way. Only the actual participants in the particular act or scene being rehearsed are permitted to attend any rehearsal.

On the 7th of May the first complete dress rehearsal was given, when the doors of the theater were opened to all the people in the village and in the valley of the Ammer. For the first, last, and only time during the play season, the Oberammergau *Hausfrau* had an opportunity to witness the performance; for during the performances her house is filled with guests, for whose entertainment and comfort she must provide month after month, with not an hour for the play.

A CASE OF PREMEDITATION

BY

R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE SEQUIN," "THE ALUMINUM DAGGER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

MR. RUFUS PEMBURY was not pleased when, as the train was about to move out of Maidstone (East) Station, a coarse and burly man (clearly a denizen of the third class) was ushered into his compartment by the guard. His resentment deepened as the stranger sat down and fixed upon Mr. Pembury a gaze of impertinent intensity.

Mr. Pembury fidgeted in his seat, looked into his pocket-book, and even thought of opening his umbrella. Finally he turned to the stranger with frosty remonstrance:

"I imagine, sir, that you will have no difficulty in recognizing me, should we ever meet again — which God forbid."

"I should reckernize you among ten thousand," was the reply, so unexpected as to leave Mr. Pembury speechless.

"You see," the stranger continued impressively, "I've got the gift of faces. I never forget."

"That must be a great consolation," said Pembury.

"It's very useful to me," said the stranger; "at least, it used to be, when I was a warder at Portland. You remember me, I dare say. My name is Pratt. I was assistant warder in your time. God-forsaken hole, Portland!"

Pembury pulled himself together.

"I think," said he, "you must be mistaking me for some one else."

"I don't," replied Pratt. "You're Francis

Dobbs. Slipped away from Portland one evening about twelve years ago. Clothes washed up on the Bill next day. As neat a mizzle as ever I heard of. But there are a couple of photographs and a set of finger-prints at the Habitual Criminals Register. P'r'aps you'd like to come and see 'em?"

"Why should I go to the Habitual Criminals Register?" Pembury demanded faintly.

"Ah! Exactly. Why should you?— when you are a man of means and a little judiciously invested capital would render it unnecessary."

Pembury looked out of the window, and for a minute or more preserved a stony silence. At length he turned to Pratt. "How much?"

"I shouldn't think a couple of hundred a year would hurt you," was the calm reply.

Pembury reflected. "What makes you think I am a man of means?" he asked presently.

Pratt smiled grimly. "Bless you, Mr. Pembury," said he, "I know all about you. Why, for the last six months I have been living within half a mile of your house."

"The devil you have!"

"Yes. When I retired from the service, General O'Gorman engaged me as care-taker of his place at Baysford, and the very day after I came down I met you, but, naturally, I kept out of sight. Thought I'd find out whether you were good for anything before I spoke, so I've been keeping my ears open, and I find you are good for a couple of hundred."

There was an interval of silence, and then the ex-warder resumed:

"That's what comes of having a memory for faces. Now, there's Jack Ellis, on the other hand. He must have had you under his nose for a couple of years, and yet he's never twigged — he never will, either," added Pratt, already regretting the confidence into which his vanity had led him.

"Who is Jack Ellis?" Pembury demanded.

"Why, he's a sort of supernum'ary at the Baysford police station. He was in the Civil Guard at Portland in your time, but he got his left forefinger chopped off, so they pensioned him, and he got this billet. But *he*'ll never reckernize you."

"Who is this General O'Gorman? I seem to know the name."

"I expect you do," said Pratt. "He was governor of Dartmoor when I was there, and, let me tell you, if he'd been at Portland in your time, you'd never have got away. The General is a great man on bloodhounds. He kept a pack at Dartmoor, and there were no attempted escapes in those days."

"Has he the pack still?" asked Pembury.

"Rather. He's always hoping there'll be a burglary or a murder in the neighborhood, so as he can try 'em. But, to come back to our little arrangement, what do you say to a couple of hundred, paid quarterly, if you like?"

"I can't settle the matter offhand," said Pembury. "You must give me time to think it over."

"Very well," said Pratt. "I shall be back at Baysford to-morrow. Shall I look in at your place to-morrow night?"

"No," replied Pembury; "you'd better not be seen at my house, nor I at yours. If I meet you at some quiet spot, we can settle our business without any one knowing that we have met. It won't take long, and we can't be too careful."

"That's true," agreed Pratt. "Well, I'll tell you what. There's an avenue leading up to our house — you know it, I expect. The gates are always ajar, excepting at night. Now, I'll be down by the six thirty at Baysford. Our place is a quarter of an hour from the station. Say you meet me in the avenue at a quarter to seven. How will that do?"

"That will suit me," answered Pembury.

"Hallo!" said Pratt, suddenly. "This'll be Swanley, I expect. So long. To-morrow evening, in the avenue, at a quarter to seven."

"Very well," said Mr. Pembury. He spoke coldly enough, but there was a flush on his cheeks and an angry light in his eyes, which, perhaps, the ex-warder noticed; for, when he had stepped out and shut the door, he thrust his head in at the window and said threateningly:

"One more word, Mr. Pembury-Dobbs. No hanky-panky, you know. I'm an old hand, and pretty fly, I am. So don't you try any chickery-pokery on me. That's all!"

He withdrew his head and disappeared, leaving Pembury to his reflections.

Rufus Pembury, to give him his real name, was a man of strong character and intelligence. So much so that, having tried the criminal career and found it not worth pursuing, he had definitely abandoned it. When the cattle-boat that had picked him up off Portland Bill landed him at an American port, he brought all his ability and energy to bear on legitimate commercial pursuits, with such success that at the end of ten years he was able to return to England with a moderate competence. Then he had taken a modest house near the little town of Baysford, and here he might have lived out the rest of his life in peace but for the unlucky chance that brought Pratt into the neighborhood.

There is something eminently unsatisfactory about a blackmailer. No arrangement with him has any permanent validity. The thing that he has sold remains in his possession to sell over again. He pockets the price of emancipation,

but retains the key of the fetters. In short, the blackmailer is a totally impossible person.

Such were Rufus Pembury's reflections, even while Pratt was making his proposals, which he had never for an instant entertained. Pratt must be eliminated: it was a logical consequence. The profound meditations, therefore, in which Pembury remained immersed for the remainder of the journey had nothing whatever to do with the quarterly allowance; they were concerned exclusively with the elimination of ex-warder Pratt.

When Pembury alighted at Charing Cross, he directed his steps toward a quiet private hotel. The woman manager greeted him by his name as she handed him his key. "Are you staying in town, Mr. Pembury?" she asked.

"No," was the reply; "I go back to-morrow morning. But I may be coming up again shortly. By the way, you used to have an Encyclopædia. Could I see it for a moment?"

That a gentleman from the country should desire to look up the subject of *hounds* would not, to a casual observer, have seemed unnatural. But when from *hounds* he proceeded to the article on *blood*, and thence to one devoted to *perfumes*, the observer might reasonably have felt some surprise; and this surprise might have been augmented if he had followed Mr. Pembury's subsequent proceedings, and especially if he had considered them as the actions of a man whose immediate aim was the removal of a superfluous unit of the population.

Having deposited his bag and umbrella in his room, Pembury set forth from the hotel as one with a definite purpose; and his footsteps led, in the first place, to an umbrella shop in the Strand, where he selected a thick rattan cane. There was nothing remarkable in this, perhaps; but the cane was of an uncomely thickness, and the salesman protested.

"I like a thick cane," said Pembury.

"Yes, sir; but for a gentleman of your height" (Pembury was a small, slightly built man), "I would venture to suggest ——"

"I like a thick cane," repeated Pembury. "Cut it down to the proper length, and don't rivet the ferrule on."

His next investment would have seemed more to the purpose, though suggestive of unexpected crudity of method. It was a large Norwegian knife. Not content with this, he went on to a second cutler's, and purchased another knife, the exact duplicate of the first.

Shopping appeared to be a positive mania with Rufus Pembury. In the course of the next half hour he acquired a cheap hand-bag, an artist's japanned brush-case, a three-cornered file, a stick of elastic glue, and a pair of iron crucible-tongs. Still insatiable, he repaired to a chemist's shop, where he further enriched himself with a packet of absorbent cotton-wool and an ounce of permanganate of potash; and, as the chemist wrapped up these articles, Pembury watched him impassively.

"I suppose you don't keep musk?" he asked.

The chemist paused in the act of heating a stick of sealing-wax. "No, sir, not the solid musk; it's so very costly. But I have the essence."

"That isn't as strong as the pure stuff, I suppose?"

"No," replied the chemist, with a smile, "not *so* strong, but strong enough. These animal perfumes are so very penetrating, you know, and so lasting. Why, I venture to say that if you were to sprinkle a table-spoonful of the essence in the middle of St. Paul's, the place would smell of it six months hence."

"You don't say so!" said Pembury. "Well, that ought to be enough for anybody. I'll take a small quantity, please, and, for goodness' sake, see that there isn't any on the outside of the bottle. The stuff isn't for myself, and I don't want to go about smelling like a civet-cat."

"Naturally you don't," agreed the chemist. "There, sir," said he, when the musk was ready, "there is not a drop on the outside of the bottle, and, if I fit it with a rubber cork, you will be quite secure."

Pembury's dislike of musk appeared to be excessive, for, when the chemist had retired to change half a crown, he took the brush-case from the hand-bag, pulled off its lid, and then, with the crucible-tongs, daintily lifted the bottle off the counter, slid it softly into the brush-case, and, replacing the lid, returned the case and tongs to the bag. The other two packets he took from the counter and dropped into his pocket; and, having received his change, left the shop and walked thoughtfully back toward the Strand. Suddenly a new idea seemed to strike him. He halted, and then strode away northward to make the oddest of all his purchases.

The transaction took place in a shop in the Seven Dials whose strange stock in trade ranged from water-snails to Angora cats. Pembury looked at a cage of guinea-pigs in the window, and entered the shop.

"Do you happen to have a dead guinea-pig?" he asked.

"No; mine are all alive," replied the man, adding, with a sinister grin: "but they're not immortal, you know."

Pembury looked at the man distastefully. There is an appreciable difference between

a guinea-pig and a blackmailer. "Any small mammal would do," he said.

"There's a dead rat in that cage, if he's any good," said the man. "Died this morning."

"I'll take the rat," said Pembury; "he'll do quite well."

Accordingly the little corpse was wrapped up in a parcel and deposited in the bag, and Pembury made his way back to the hotel. After a modest lunch he spent the remainder of the day transacting the business that had originally brought him to town. He did not return to his hotel until ten o'clock, when he went immediately to his room. But before undressing (and after locking his door) he did a very strange and unaccountable thing. Having pulled off the loose ferrule from his newly purchased cane, he bored a hole in the bottom of it with the spike end of the file. Then, with the file, he enlarged the hole until only a narrow rim of the bottom was left. He next rolled up a small ball of cotton-wool and pushed it into the ferrule; and, having smeared the end of the cane with elastic glue, he replaced the ferrule, warming it over the gas to make the glue stick.

When he had finished with the cane, he turned his attention to one of the Norwegian knives. First, with the file, he carefully removed most of the bright yellow varnish from the wooden handle, and laid the knife down, open. Then he unwrapped the dead rat which he had bought at the zoölogist's. Laying the animal on a sheet of paper, he cut off its head, and, holding it up by the tail, allowed the blood to drop on the knife, spreading it over both sides of the blade and handle.

Then he laid the knife on the paper, and softly opened the window. From the darkness below came the voice of a cat, and in its direction Pembury flung the body and head of the rat, and closed the window. Finally, having washed his hands and stuffed the paper from the parcel into the fireplace, he went to bed.

"'I SHOULD RECKERNIZE YOU AMONG TEN THOUSAND'"

His proceedings in the morning were equally mysterious. Having breakfasted betimes, he returned to his bedroom and locked himself in. Then he tied his new cane, handle downward, to the leg of the dressing-table. Next, with the crucible-tongs, he drew the little bottle of musk from the brush-case, and, having assured himself, by sniffing at it, that the exterior was really free from odor, he withdrew the rubber cork. Then, slowly and with infinite care, he poured perhaps half a teaspoonful of the essence on the cotton-wool that bulged from the hole in the ferrule. When it was saturated, he

proceeded to treat the knife in the same fashion, letting a little of the essence fall on the wooden handle, which soaked it up readily. This done, he opened the window and looked out. The body of the rat had disappeared. Holding out the musk-bottle, he dropped it into some laurel bushes that grew in the yard below, flinging the rubber cork after it.

His next proceeding was to squeeze a small quantity of vaseline on his fingers, and thoroughly to smear the shoulder of the brush-case and the inside of the lid, so as to insure an air-tight joint. Having wiped his fingers, he picked up the knife with the crucible-tongs, and, dropping it into the brush-case, immediately pushed on the lid. Then he heated the tips of the tongs in the gas flame, to destroy the scent, packed the tongs and brush-case in his bag, untied the cane,— carefully avoiding contact with the ferrule,— and, taking up the two bags, went out, holding the cane by its middle.

There was no difficulty in finding an empty compartment, for first-class passengers were few at that time in the morning. Pembury waited on the platform until the guard's whistle sounded; then he stepped into the compartment, shut the door, and laid the cane on the seat, with its ferrule projecting out of the off-side window; in which position it remained until the train drew into Baysford Station.

Pembury left his dressing-bag in the cloak-room, and, again grasping the cane by its middle, and carrying the smaller hand-bag, he sallied forth. The town of Baysford lay about half a mile to the east of the station; his own house was a mile along the road to the west; and half way between his house and the station was the residence of General O'Gorman. Pembury knew the place well. It stood on the edge of a great expanse of flat meadows, and communicated with the road by an avenue, nearly three hundred yards long, of ancient trees. The avenue was shut off from the road by a pair of iron gates; but these were merely ornamental, for the place was accessible from the surrounding meadows — indeed, an indistinct foot-path crossed the meadows and intersected the avenue about half way up.

Pembury approached the avenue by the foot-path, and, as he entered it, examined the adjacent trees with more than a casual interest. The two between which he had entered were an elm and a great pollard oak, the latter being an immense tree whose huge, warty bole divided, about seven feet from the ground, into three limbs, each as large as a fair-sized tree, of which the largest swept outward in a great curve half way across the avenue. On this patriarch Pembury bestowed special attention, walking completely around it, and finally laying down his bag and cane (the latter resting on the bag, with the ferrule off the ground), that he might climb up, by the aid of the warty outgrowths, to examine the crown.

Apparently the oak did not meet his requirements, for he climbed down again. Then, beyond the elm, he caught sight of an ancient pollard hornbeam — a strange, fantastic tree whose trunk widened out trumpetlike, above, into a broad crown, from the edge of which multitudinous branches uprose like the limbs of some weird hamadryad.

The crown of the trunk was barely six feet from the ground, and he found that he could reach it easily. Standing the cane against the tree,— ferrule down this time,— he took the brush-case from his bag, pulled off the lid, and, with the crucible-tongs, lifted out the knife and laid it on the crown of the tree, just out of sight, leaving the tongs, also invisible, still grasping the knife. He was about to replace the brush-case in the bag, when he appeared to alter his mind. Sniffing at it, and finding it reeking with the sickly perfume, he pushed the lid on again, and threw the case up into the tree, where he heard it roll down into the central hollow of the crown. Then he closed the bag, and, taking the cane by its handle, moved slowly away in the direction whence he had come, passing out of the avenue between the elm and the oak.

His mode of progress was certainly peculiar. He walked very slowly, trailing the cane along the ground, and every few paces he stopped and pressed the ferrule firmly against the earth. To any one observing him, he would have appeared wrapped in an absorbing reverie. In this manner he moved across the fields, not returning to the highroad until he came to a narrow lane that led out into High Street. Immediately opposite the lane was the police station, distinguished from the adjacent cottages only by its lamp, its open door, and the notices posted up outside. Straight across the road Pembury walked, still trailing the cane, and halted at the station door to read the notices, resting his cane on the door-step as he did so. Through the open doorway he could see a man writing at a desk. The man's back was toward him, but presently a movement brought his left hand into view, and Pembury noted that the fore-finger was missing. This, then, was Jack Ellis, late of the Civil Guard at Portland.

Even while he was looking, the man turned his head, and Pembury recognized him at once. He had frequently met him on the road between Baysford and the adjoining village of Thorpe, and always at the same time. Apparently Ellis

"'DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A DEAD GUINEA-PIG?' HE ASKED"

paid a daily visit to Thorpe,— perhaps to receive a report from the rural constable,— starting between three and four and returning at seven or a quarter past.

Pembury looked at his watch. It was fifteen minutes after three. He moved away thoughtfully (holding his cane by the middle now), and began to walk slowly in the direction of Thorpe. For a while he was deeply meditative and his face wore a puzzled frown. Then it suddenly cleared, and he strode forward at a brisker pace. Presently he passed through a gap in the hedge, and, walking in a field parallel with the road, took out his purse — a small pigskin pouch. Having frugally emptied it of its contents, excepting a few shillings, he thrust the ferrule of his cane into the small compartment ordinarily reserved for gold or notes. And thus he continued to walk on slowly, carrying the cane by the middle, with the purse jammed on the end.

At length he reached a sharp double curve in the road, whence he could see back for a considerable distance, and here, opposite a small opening, he sat down to wait. The hedge would screen him effectually from the gaze of passers-by without interfering with his view.

A quarter of an hour passed. He began to

be uneasy. Had he been mistaken? Were Ellis' visits only occasional instead of daily, as he had thought? That would be tiresome, though not actually disastrous. But at this point in his reflections a figure came into view, advancing along the road with a steady swing. He recognized the figure as Ellis. But there was another person advancing from the opposite direction, apparently a laborer. Pembury prepared to shift his ground, but another glance showed him that the laborer would pass first. He waited. The laborer came on, and at length passed the opening. After the laborer had gone on, Ellis disappeared for a moment in a bend of the road. Instantly Pembury passed his cane through the opening in the hedge, shook off the purse, and pushed it into the middle of the footway. Then he crept forward behind the hedge toward the approaching officer, and again sat down to wait. On came the steady tramp of the unsuspecting Ellis, and, as the sound passed, Pembury drew aside an obstructing branch and peered out at the retreating figure. Would Ellis see the purse? It was not a conspicuous object.

The footsteps stopped abruptly. Looking out, Pembury saw the police official stoop, pick up the purse, examine its contents, and finally stow it in his trousers pocket. Pembury heaved a sigh of relief, and, as the figure passed out of sight round a curve in the road, he rose, stretched himself, and strode briskly away.

A group of ricks suggested a fresh idea. Walking to the farther side of one of the ricks, and thrusting his cane deeply into it, he pushed it home with a piece of stick until the handle was lost in the straw. The hand-bag was now all that was left. He opened it and smelled of its interior, but, though he could detect no odor, he resolved to be rid of it.

As he emerged from the gap, a wagon jogged slowly by. Stepping into the road, Pembury quickly overtook the wagon, and, having glanced around, laid the bag lightly on the tail-board. Then he set off for the station to get his dressing-bag.

On arriving home, he went straight up to his bedroom, and, ringing for the housekeeper, ordered a substantial meal. Then he took off his clothes, and deposited them, even to the shirt, socks, and necktie, in a trunk in which his summer clothing was stored, with a plentiful sprinkling of naphthol to preserve it from moths. Taking the packet of permanganate of potash from his dressing-bag, he passed into the adjoining bath-room, and, tipping the crystals into the bath, turned on the water. Soon the bath was filled with a pink solution of the salt, and into this Pembury plunged, immersing his entire body and thoroughly soaking his hair. Then he emptied the bath, rinsed himself in clear water, and dressed in fresh clothing. Finally he ate a hearty meal, and then lay down to rest until it should be time to start for the rendezvous.

Half past six found him lurking in the shadow by the station approach, within sight of the solitary lamp. He heard the train come in, saw the stream of passengers emerge, and noted one figure detach itself from the throng and turn into the Thorpe road. It was Pratt, as the lamplight showed him — Pratt striding forward to the meeting-place with an air of jaunty satisfaction and an uncommonly creaky pair of boots.

Pembury followed him at a distance, until he was well past the stile at the entrance to the foot-path. Evidently he was going on to the gates. Then Pembury vaulted over the stile and strode swiftly across the dark meadows.

When he plunged into the deep gloom of the avenue, his first act was to grope his way to the hornbeam, and slip his hand up to the crown to satisfy himself that the tongs were as he had left them. Reassured by the touch of his fingers on the iron loops, he turned and walked slowly down the avenue. The duplicate knife, ready opened, was in his left inside breast pocket, and he fingered its handle as he walked.

Presently the iron gate squeaked mournfully, and then the rhythmical creak of a pair of boots coming up the avenue was audible. Pembury walked forward slowly until a darker smear emerged from the surrounding gloom, when he called out:

"Is that you, Pratt?"

"That's me," was the cheerful response, and, as he drew nearer, the ex-warder asked:

"Have you brought the rhino, old man?"

The insolent familiarity of the man's tone strengthened Pembury's nerve and hardened his heart. "Of course," he replied; "but we must have a definite understanding, you know."

"Look here," said Pratt. "I've got no time for jaw. The General will be here presently; he's riding over from Bingfield with a friend. You hand over the dibbs, and we'll talk some other time."

"That is all very well," said Pembury, "but you must understand —" He paused abruptly, and stood still. They were now close to the hornbeam, and, as he stood, he stared up into the dark mass of foliage.

"What's the matter?" demanded Pratt. "What are you staring at?"

He, too, had halted, and now stood gazing intently into the darkness.

Then, in an instant, Pembury whipped out

the knife, and drove it, with all his strength, into the broad back of the ex-warder, below the left shoulder-blade.

With a hideous yell, Pratt turned and grappled with his assailant. A powerful man, and a competent wrestler, he was far more than a match for Pembury unarmed, and in a moment he had him by the throat. But Pembury clung to him tightly, and, as they trampled to and fro, round and round, he stabbed again and again, with the viciousness of a scorpion, while Pratt's cries grew gurgling and husky. Then they fell heavily to the ground, Pembury underneath. Pratt relaxed his hold, and in a moment grew limp and inert. Pembury pushed him off and rose, breathing heavily.

But he wasted no time. There had been more noise than he had bargained for. Quickly stepping to the hornbeam, he reached up for the tongs. His fingers slid into the looped handles of the tongs that grasped the knife, and he lifted it out from its hiding-place and deposited it on the ground a few feet from the body. Then he went back to the tree and carefully pushed the tongs over into the hollow of the crown.

At this moment a woman's voice sounded shrilly from the top of the avenue.

"Is that you, Mr. Pratt?" it called.

Pembury started, and then stepped back quickly, on tiptoe, to the body. For there was the duplicate knife. He must take that away at all costs.

The corpse was lying on its back. The knife was underneath it, driven into the very haft. Pembury had to use both hands to lift the body, and even then he had some difficulty in disengaging the weapon. And, meanwhile, the voice, repeating its question, came nearer.

At last he succeeded in drawing out the knife, and thrust it into his breast pocket. The corpse fell back, and he stood up, gasping.

"Mr. Pratt! Are you there?"

The nearness of the voice startled Pembury, and, turning sharply, he saw a light twinkling between the trees. And then the gates creaked loudly, and he heard the crunch of a horse's hoofs on the gravel.

He stood for an instant, bewildered, utterly taken by surprise. He had not reckoned on a horse. His intended flight across the meadows toward Thorpe was now impossible. If he were overtaken he would be lost; for he knew there was blood on his clothes and hands, to say nothing of the knife in his pocket.

But his confusion lasted only for an instant. He remembered the oak tree, and ran to it. Touching it as little as possible with his bloody hands, he climbed quickly up into the crown. The great horizontal limb was nearly three feet in diameter, and, as he lay out on it, gathering his coat closely about him, he was quite invisible from below.

He had hardly settled himself when the light that he had seen came into full view, revealing a woman advancing with a stable lantern in her hand. And, almost at the same moment, a streak of brighter light burst from the opposite direction. The horseman was accompanied by a man on a bicycle.

The two men came on apace, and the horseman, sighting the woman, called out: "Anything the matter, Mrs. Parton?"

But at that moment the light of the bicycle lamp fell full on the prostrate corpse. The two men uttered a simultaneous cry of horror, the woman shrieked aloud; and then the horseman sprang from the saddle and ran toward the body.

"Why," he exclaimed, stooping over it, "it's Pratt!" And, as the cyclist came up, and his lamp shone on a great pool of blood, he added:

"There's been foul play here, Hanford."

Hanford flashed his lamp around the body, lighting up the ground for several yards.

"What is that behind you, O'Gorman?" he said suddenly. "Isn't it a knife?"

He was moving quickly toward it, when O'Gorman held up his hand.

"Don't touch it!" he exclaimed. "We'll put the hounds on to it. They'll soon track the scoundrel, whoever he is. Hanford, this fellow has fairly delivered himself into our hands!"

He stood looking down at the knife with something uncommonly like exultation, and then, turning quickly to his friend, said:

"Look here, Hanford, you ride off to the police station as hard as you can pelt. Send or bring an officer, and I'll scour the meadows meanwhile. If I haven't got the scoundrel when you come back, we'll put the hounds on to his knife and run the beggar down."

"Right!" replied Hanford, and rode away into the darkness.

"Mrs. Parton," said O'Gorman, "watch that knife. See that nobody touches it, while I go and search the meadows."

Pembury's position was cramped and uncomfortable; but he hardly dared to breathe, for the woman below him was not a dozen yards away. It was with mingled feelings of relief and apprehension that he presently saw a group of lights approaching rapidly along the road from Baysford. For a time they were hidden by the trees, and then, the whir of wheels sounded on the drive, and streaks of light on the tree-trunks announced the new arrivals. There were three bicycles, ridden by Mr. Hanford, a police inspector, and a sergeant;

and, as they drew up, the General came thundering back into the avenue.

"Is Ellis with you?" he asked, as he pulled up.

"No, sir," was the reply. "He hadn't come in from Thorpe when we left. He's late."

"Have you sent for a doctor?"

"Yes, sir; I've sent for Dr. Hills," said the inspector. "Is Pratt dead?"

"Seems to be," replied O'Gorman, "but we'd better leave that to the doctor. There's the murderer's knife. Nobody has touched it. I'm going to fetch the bloodhounds now."

"Ah, that's the thing!" said the inspector. "The man can't be far away." He rubbed his hands with a satisfied air as O'Gorman cantered away up the avenue.

In less than a minute there came out of the darkness the deep baying of hounds. Then into the circle of light emerged three sinister shapes, loose-limbed and gaunt, in charge of the General and a man.

"Here, inspector," shouted the General, "you take one; I can't hold 'em both."

The inspector ran forward and seized one of the leashes, and the General led his hound up to the knife on the ground. Pembury watched the great brute with almost impersonal curiosity.

For some minutes the hound stood motionless, sniffing at the knife; then it turned away, and walked to and fro with its muzzle to the ground. Suddenly it lifted its head, bayed loudly, lowered its muzzle, and started forward between the oak and the elm, dragging the General after it at a run.

Then the inspector brought his hound to the knife, and was soon bounding away to the tug of the leash in the General's wake.

"They don't make no mistakes, they don't," said the man Bailey, addressing the gratified sergeant, as he brought forward the third hound; "you'll see – ——"

But his remark was cut short by a violent jerk of the leash, and the next minute he was flying after the others, followed by Mr. Hanford.

The sergeant daintily picked up the knife by its ring, wrapped it in his handkerchief, and bestowed it in his pocket. Then he ran off after the hounds.

Pembury smiled grimly. His scheme was working out admirably, in spite of the unforeseen difficulties. If that confounded woman would only go away, he could climb down and take himself off while the course was clear. He listened to the baying of the hounds gradually growing fainter, and cursed the dilatoriness of the doctor. Confound the fellow! Didn't he realize that this was a case of life or death? Those infernal doctors had no sense of responsibility.

Suddenly a fresh light appeared coming up the avenue, and then a bicycle swept up to the scene of the tragedy, and a small, elderly man jumped down beside the body. He stooped over the dead man, felt the wrist, pushed back an eyelid, held a match to the eye, and rose.

"This is a shocking affair, Mrs. Parton," said he. "The poor fellow is quite dead. You had better help me carry him to the house."

Pembury watched them raise the body and stagger away with it up the avenue. He heard their shuffling steps die away, and the door of the house shut. And still he listened. From far away in the meadows came, at intervals, the baying of the hounds. Other sound there was none. Presently the doctor would come back for his bicycle, but for the moment the coast was clear. Pembury rose stiffly. His hands had stuck to the tree where they had pressed against it, and they were still sticky and damp. Quickly he let himself down to the ground, listened again for a moment, and then, making a small circuit to avoid the lamplight, crossed the avenue and stole away across the meadows.

The night was intensely dark, and not a soul was stirring. He strode forward quickly, peering into the darkness, and stopping now and again to listen; but no sound came to his ears save the now faint baying of the distant hounds. Not far from his house, he remembered, was a deep ditch spanned by a wooden bridge, and toward this he now made his way; for he knew that his appearance would convict him at a glance. Arrived at the ditch, he stooped to wash his hands and wrists; and, as he bent forward, the knife fell from his breast pocket into the shallow water. He groped for it, found it, and drove it deep into the mud as far out as he could reach. Then he wiped his hands on some water-weed, crossed the bridge, and started homeward.

He approached his house from the rear, satisfied himself that his housekeeper was in the kitchen, and, letting himself in very quietly with his key, went quickly up to his bedroom. Here he washed thoroughly,— in the bath, so he could get rid of the discolored water,— changed his clothes, and packed those that he took off in a portmanteau.

By the time he had done this the supper gong sounded. As he took his seat at the table, spruce and fresh in appearance, quietly cheerful in manner, he addressed his housekeeper. "I wasn't able to finish my business in London," he said. "I shall have to go up again to-morrow."

"Shall you come back the same day?" asked the housekeeper.

"Perhaps," was the reply, "and perhaps not. It will depend on circumstances."

"WITH A HIDEOUS YELL, PRATT TURNED AND GRAPPLED WITH HIS ASSAILANT"

He did not say what the circumstances might be, nor did the housekeeper ask. Mr. Pembury was not addicted to confidences. He was an eminently discreet man; and discreet men say little.

PART II—JERVIS SPEAKS

The autumn morning was cool, the fire roared jovially. I thrust my slippered feet toward the blaze, and meditated on nothing in particular, with catlike enjoyment. Presently a disapproving grunt from Thorndyke attracted my attention, and I looked round lazily. With the shears he was extracting the readable portions of the morning paper, and had paused with a small cutting between his finger and thumb.

"Bloodhounds again," said he. "We shall be hearing presently of the revival of the ordeal by fire."

"And a deuced comfortable ordeal, too, on a morning like this," I said. "What is the case?"

He was about to reply, when a sharp rat-tat from the little brass knocker announced a dis-

turber of our peace. Thorndyke admitted a police inspector in uniform.

"I believe I am speaking to Dr. Thorndyke?" said the officer; and, as Thorndyke nodded, he went on:

"My name, sir, is Fox — Inspector Fox of the Baysford police. Perhaps you've seen by the morning paper that we have had to arrest one of our own men? That's rather awkward, you know, sir."

"Very," agreed Thorndyke.

"Yes, it's bad; but we had to do it. There was no way out, that we could see. Still, we want the accused to have every chance, both for our sake and for his own, so the chief constable thought he'd like to have your opinion on the case."

"Let us have the particulars," said Thorndyke, taking a writing-pad from a drawer. "Begin at the beginning," he added, "and tell us all you know."

"Well," said the inspector, after a preliminary cough, "to begin with the murdered man, his name is Pratt. He was a retired prison warder, and was employed as steward by General O'Gorman, who is a retired prison governor — you may have heard of him in connection with his pack of bloodhounds.

"Well, Pratt came down from London yesterday evening by a train arriving at Baysford at six thirty. He was seen by the guard, the ticket collector, and the outside porter. The porter saw him leave the station at six thirty-seven. General O'Gorman's house is about half a mile from the station.

"At five minutes to seven, the General and a gentleman named Hanford, and the General's housekeeper, a Mrs. Parton, found Pratt lying dead in the avenue that leads up to the house. Apparently he had been stabbed, for there was a lot of blood about, and a knife — a Norwegian knife — was lying on the ground near the body. Mrs. Parton had thought she heard some one in the avenue calling out for help, and she came out with a lantern. She met the General and Mr. Hanford, and all three seem to have caught sight of the body at the same moment.

"Mr. Hanford cycled down to us at once with the news. We sent for a doctor, and I went back with Mr. Hanford, and took a sergeant with me. Then the General, who had galloped his horse over the meadows each side of the avenue without having seen anybody, fetched out his bloodhounds and led them up to the knife. All three hounds took up the scent at once,— I held the leash of one of them,— and they took us across the meadows without a pause or a falter, over stiles and fences, along a lane, out into the town, and then, one after the other, they crossed the road in a bee-line to the police station, bolted in at the door, which stood open, and made straight for the desk, where a supernumerary officer named Ellis was writing. They made a rare to-do, struggling to get at him, and it was as much as we could do to hold them back. As for Ellis, he turned as pale as a ghost."

"Was any one else in the room?" asked Thorndyke.

"Oh, yes; there were two constables and a messenger. We led the hounds up to them, but the brutes wouldn't take any notice of them. They wanted Ellis."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, we arrested Ellis, of course. Couldn't do anything else."

"Is there anything against the accused man?"

"Yes, there is. He and Pratt were on distinctly unfriendly terms. They were old comrades, for Ellis was in the Civil Guard at Portland when Pratt was warder there — he was pensioned off from the service because he got his left forefinger chopped off. But lately they had had some unpleasantness about a woman."

"And what sort of a man is Ellis?"

"A remarkably decent fellow, he always seemed, quiet, steady, good-natured; I should have said he wouldn't hurt a fly. We all liked him — better than we liked Pratt, in fact, for poor Pratt was what you'd call an old soldier — sly, you know, sir, and a bit of a sneak."

"You searched and examined Ellis, of course?"

"Yes. There was nothing suspicious about him, except that he had two purses. But he says he picked up one of them — a small pig-skin pouch — on the foot-path of the Thorpe road yesterday afternoon. At any rate, the purse was not Pratt's."

Thorndyke made a note on his pad, and then asked: "There were no bloodstains or marks on his clothing?"

"No; his clothing was not marked or disarranged in any way."

"Any cuts, scratches, or bruises on his person?"

"None whatever," replied the inspector.

"At what time did you arrest Ellis?"

"Half past seven exactly."

"Have you ascertained what his movements were? Had he been near the scene of the murder?"

"Yes; he had been to Thorpe, and would pass the gates of the avenue on his way back. And he was later than usual in returning, though not later than he has often been before."

"And now, as to the murdered man. Has the body been examined?"

"Yes; I had Dr. Hills' report before I left.

There were no less than seven deep knife-wounds, all on the left side of the back. The knife, covered with blood, was found near the body."

"What has been done with it, by the way?" asked Thorndyke.

"The sergeant who was with me picked it up and rolled it in his handkerchief to carry in his pocket. I took it from him just as it was, and locked it in a despatch-box, handkerchief and all."

"Has the knife been recognized as Ellis' property?"

"No, sir; it has not."

"Were there any recognizable footprints or marks of a struggle?" Thorndyke asked.

The inspector grinned sheepishly. "I haven't examined the spot, of course, sir," said he; "but, after the General's horse and the blood-hounds and Mr. Hanford had been over it twice, going and returning, why, you see, sir ——"

"Exactly, exactly," said Thorndyke. "Well, inspector, I shall be pleased to act for the defense. It seems to me that the case against Ellis is, in some respects, rather inconclusive."

The inspector was frankly amazed. "It hadn't struck me in that light, sir," he said.

"No? Well, that is my view; and I think the best plan will be for me to come down with you and investigate matters on the spot."

The inspector assented cheerfully, and we withdrew to prepare for the expedition.

"You are coming, I suppose, Jervis?" said Thorndyke.

"If I shall be of any use," I replied.

"Of course you will," said he. "Two heads are better than one, and, by the look of things, ours will be the only ones with any sense in them. We will take the research case, of course, and we may as well have a camera with us."

The corpse had been laid on a billiard-table on a pair of horse-cloths covered with a waterproof sheet, and the dead man's clothes were on a side-table. Thorndyke first directed his attention to the former, and we stooped together over the gaping wounds. Then, turning to the table, Thorndyke held up the coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and, having examined the holes in them through a lens, handed them to me without comment. Neither the wounds nor the clothes presented anything particularly suggestive. Evidently the weapon used had been a thick-backed, single-edged knife like the one described, and the discoloration around the wounds indicated that the weapon had a definite shoulder, like that of a Norwegian knife, and that it had been driven in with savage violence. These proceedings the General viewed with evident impatience, and presently he withdrew.

"REVEALING A WOMAN WITH A STABLE LANTERN IN HER HAND"

"Do you find anything that throws any light on the case?" the inspector asked, when the examination was concluded.

"That is impossible to say until we have seen the knife," replied Thorndyke; "but, while we are waiting for it, we may as well go and look at the scene of the tragedy. These are Pratt's boots, I think?" He lifted a pair of stout laced boots from the table, and inspected the soles.

"Yes," replied Fox, "and pretty easy they'd have been to track, if the case had been the other way

about. Those protectors are as good as a trade-mark."

"We'll take the boots, at any rate," said Thorndyke; and we went out and walked down the avenue.

The place where the murder had been committed was easily identified by a large dark stain on the gravel at one side of the drive, half way between two trees — an ancient pollard hornbeam and an elm. Next to the elm was a pollard oak with a squat, warty bole about seven feet high, and three enormous limbs, of which one slanted half way across the avenue; and between these two trees the ground was covered with the tracks of men and hounds superimposed upon the hoof-prints of a horse.

"Where was the knife found?" Thorndyke asked.

The inspector indicated a spot near the middle of the drive, almost opposite the hornbeam, and Thorndyke, picking up a large stone, laid it on the spot. Then he surveyed the scene thoughtfully, looking up and down the drive, and at the trees that bordered it, and finally walked slowly to the space between the elm and the oak, scanning the ground as he went. "There is no dearth of footprints," he remarked grimly, as he looked down at the trampled earth.

"No; but the question is, whose are they?" said the inspector.

"Yes, that is the question," agreed Thorndyke; "and we will begin the solution by identifying those of Pratt."

"I don't see how that will help us," said the inspector. "We know he was here."

"The hue-and-cry procession," remarked Thorndyke, "seems to have passed out between the elm and the oak; elsewhere the ground seems pretty clear."

He walked around the elm, still looking earnestly at the ground, and presently continued:

"Now, here, in the soft earth bordering the turf, are the prints of a pair of smallish feet wearing pointed boots — a rather short man, evidently, by the size of foot and length of stride, and he doesn't seem to have belonged to the procession. But I don't see Pratt's; he doesn't seem to have come off the hard gravel."

He continued to walk slowly toward the hornbeam, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly he halted, and stooped with an eager look at the earth; and, as Fox and I approached, he stood up and pointed.

"Pratt's footprints — faint and fragmentary, but unmistakable. And now, inspector, you see their importance. They furnish the time factor in respect to the other footprints. Look at this one, and then look at that."

He pointed from one to another of the faint impressions of the dead man's foot.

"You mean that there are signs of a struggle?" said Fox.

"I mean more than that," replied Thorndyke. "Here is one of Pratt's footprints treading into the print of a small, pointed foot; and there, at the edge of the gravel, is another of Pratt's, nearly obliterated by the tread of a pointed foot. Obviously, the first footprint was made before Pratt's, and the second one after his; and the necessary inference is that the owner of the pointed foot was here at the same time as Pratt."

"Then he must have been the murderer!" exclaimed Fox.

"Presumably," answered Thorndyke; "but let us see whither he went.

"You notice, in the first place, that the man stood close to this tree,"— he indicated the hornbeam,—"and that he went toward the elm. Let us follow him. He passes the elm, you see, and you will observe that these tracks form a regular series, leading from the hornbeam and not mixed up with the marks of the struggle. They were, therefore, probably made after the murder. You will also notice that they pass along the backs of the trees — outside the avenue, that is. What does that suggest to you?"

"It suggests to me," I said, when the inspector had shaken his head hopelessly, "that there was possibly some one in the avenue when the man was stealing off."

"Precisely," said Thorndyke. "The body was found not more than nine minutes after Pratt arrived here. But the murder must have taken some time. Let us follow the tracks. They pass the elm, and go behind the next tree. But wait! there is something odd here."

He passed behind the great pollard oak, and looked down at the soft earth at its roots.

"Here is a pair of impressions much deeper than the rest, and they are not a part of the track, since their toes point toward the tree. What do you make of that?"

Without waiting for an answer, he began closely to scan the bole of the tree, and especially a large, warty protuberance about three feet from the ground. On the bark above this was a vertical mark, as if something had scraped down the tree, and from the wart itself a dead twig had been newly broken off and lay upon the ground. Thorndyke set his foot on the protuberance, and, springing up, brought his eye above the level of the crown, from which the great boughs branched out.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Here is something much more definite."

He scrambled up into the crown of the tree, and, having glanced quickly around, beckoned to us. I stepped upon the projecting stump, and, as my eyes rose above the crown, I perceived the brown, shiny impression of a hand on the edge. Climbing into the crown, I was quickly followed by the inspector, and we both stood up by Thorndyke between the three boughs. From where we stood we looked on the upper side of the great limb that swept out across the avenue; and there, on its lichen-covered surface, we saw the imprints, in reddish-brown, of a pair of open hands.

"You notice," said Thorndyke, leaning out upon the bough, "that he is a short man — I cannot conveniently place my hands so low. You also note that he has both forefingers intact, and so is certainly not Ellis."

"If you mean to say, sir, that these marks were made by the murderer," said Fox, "I say it is impossible. Why, that would mean that he was here looking down at us when we were searching for him with the hounds! The presence of the hounds proves that this man could not have been the murderer."

"On the contrary," said Thorndyke, "the presence of this man with bloody hands confirms the other evidence, which all indicates that the hounds were never on the murderer's trail at all. Come, now, inspector, I put it to you: Here is a murdered man. The murderer almost certainly has blood upon his hands. And here is a man with bloody hands lurking in a tree within a few feet of the corpse, and within a few minutes of its discovery — as is shown by the footprints. What are the reasonable probabilities?"

"But you are forgetting the bloodhounds, sir, and the murderer's knife," urged the inspector.

"Tut, tut, man!" exclaimed Thorndyke. "Those bloodhounds are a positive obsession. But I see a sergeant coming up the drive — with the knife, I hope. Perhaps that will solve the riddle for us."

The sergeant, who carried a small despatch-box, halted opposite the tree in some surprise while we descended, when he came forward, with a military salute, and handed the box to the inspector; who forthwith unlocked it, and, lifting the lid, displayed an object wrapped in a pocket handkerchief.

"There is the knife, sir," said he, "just as I received it. The handkerchief is the sergeant's."

Thorndyke unrolled the handkerchief, and took from it a large-sized Norwegian knife, which he looked at critically and handed to me. While I was inspecting the blade, he shook out the handkerchief, and, having looked it over on both sides, turned to the sergeant and asked:

"At what time did you pick up this knife?"

"About seven fifteen, sir, directly after the hounds had started. I was careful to pick it up by the ring, and I wrapped it in the handkerchief at once."

"Seven fifteen," said Thorndyke —"less than half an hour after the murder. That is very singular. Do you observe the state of this handkerchief? There is not a mark on it, not a trace of any bloodstain, which shows that when the knife was picked up the blood on it was dry. Things dry slowly, if they dry at all, in the air of an autumn evening. The appearances seem to suggest that the blood on the knife was dry when it was thrown down. By the way, sergeant, what do you scent your handkerchief with?"

"Scent, sir!" exclaimed the astonished officer. "Me scent my handkerchief! No, sir, certainly not. Never used scent in my life, sir."

Thorndyke held out the handkerchief, and the sergeant sniffed at it incredulously.

"It certainly does seem to smell of scent," he admitted, "but it must be the knife."

The same idea having occurred to me, I applied the handle of the knife to my nose, and instantly detected the sickly sweet odor of musk.

"The question is," said the inspector, when the two articles had been tested by us all, "was it the knife that scented the handkerchief or the handkerchief that scented the knife?"

"You heard what the sergeant said," replied Thorndyke. "There was no scent on the handkerchief when the knife was wrapped in it. Do you know, inspector, this scent seems to me to offer a very curious suggestion. Consider the facts of the case: the distinct trail leading straight to Ellis, who is nevertheless found to be without a scratch or a spot of blood; the obvious inconsistencies in the case; and now this knife, apparently dropped with dried blood on it, and scented with musk. To me it suggests a carefully planned, coolly premeditated crime. The murderer knew about the General's bloodhounds, and made use of them as a blind. He left this knife, smeared with blood and tainted with musk, to furnish a scent. No doubt some object also scented with musk would be drawn over the ground to give the trail. It is only a suggestion, of course, but it is worth considering."

"But, sir," the inspector objected eagerly, "if the murderer had handled the knife, it would have scented him too."

"Exactly; so, as the man is evidently not a fool, we may assume that he did not handle it. He will have left it here in readiness, hidden in some place whence he could knock it down, say with a stick, without touching it."

"Perhaps in this very tree, sir," suggested the sergeant, pointing to the oak.

"No," said Thorndyke; "he would hardly have hidden in the tree where the knife had been. The hounds might have scented the place instead of following the trail at once. The most likely hiding-place for the knife would be nearest the spot where it was found."

He walked over to the stone that marked the spot, and, looking round, continued: "You see, that hornbeam is much the nearest, and its flat crown would be very convenient for the purpose — easily reached even by a short man, as he appears to be. Let us see if there are any traces of it. Perhaps you will give me a 'back up,' sergeant, as we haven't a ladder."

The sergeant assented with a faint grin, and, stooping beside the tree in an attitude suggesting the game of leap-frog, placed his hands firmly on his knees. Grasping a stout branch, Thorndyke swung himself up on the sergeant's broad back, whence he looked down into the crown of the tree. Then, parting the branches, he stepped on to the ledge and disappeared into the central hollow.

When he reappeared, he held in his hands two very singular objects: a pair of iron crucible-tongs and an artist's brush-case of black-japanned tin. The former article he handed down to me, but the brush-case he held carefully by its wire handle as he dropped to the ground.

"The significance of these things is, I think, obvious," he said. "The tongs were used to handle the knife with, and the case to carry it in, so that it should not scent the murderer's clothes or bag. It was very carefully planned."

"If that is so," said the inspector, "the inside of the case ought to smell of musk."

"No doubt," said Thorndyke. "But, before we open it, there is a rather important matter to be attended to. Will you give me the vitogen powder, Jervis?"

I opened the canvas-covered "research case," and took from it an object like a diminutive pepper-caster — an iodoform dredger, in fact — and handed it to him. Grasping the brush-case by its wire handle, he freely sprinkled the pale yellow powder from the dredger all around the pull-off lid, tapping the top with his knuckles to make the fine particles spread. Then he blew off the superfluous powder, and the two police officers gave a gasp of joy; for now, on the black background, there stood out plainly a number of finger-prints, so clear and distinct that the ridge-pattern could easily be made out.

"These will probably be his right hand," said Thorndyke. "Now for the left." He treated the body of the case in the same way, and the entire surface was spotted with oval white impressions. "Now, Jervis," said he, "if you will put on a glove and pull off the lid, we can test the inside."

The lid came off without difficulty, and, as it separated with a hollow sound, a faint, musky odor exhaled from its interior.

"The remainder of the inquiry," said Thorndyke, "will be best conducted at the police station, where, also, we can photograph these finger-prints. That is where the value of the finger-prints comes in. If he is an old 'lag,' his prints will be at Scotland Yard."

"That's true, sir," said the inspector. "I suppose you want to see Ellis."

"I want to see that purse," replied Thorndyke. "That is probably the other end of the clue."

As soon as we arrived at the station, the inspector unlocked a safe and brought out a parcel. "These are Ellis' things," said he, as he opened it, "and that is the purse."

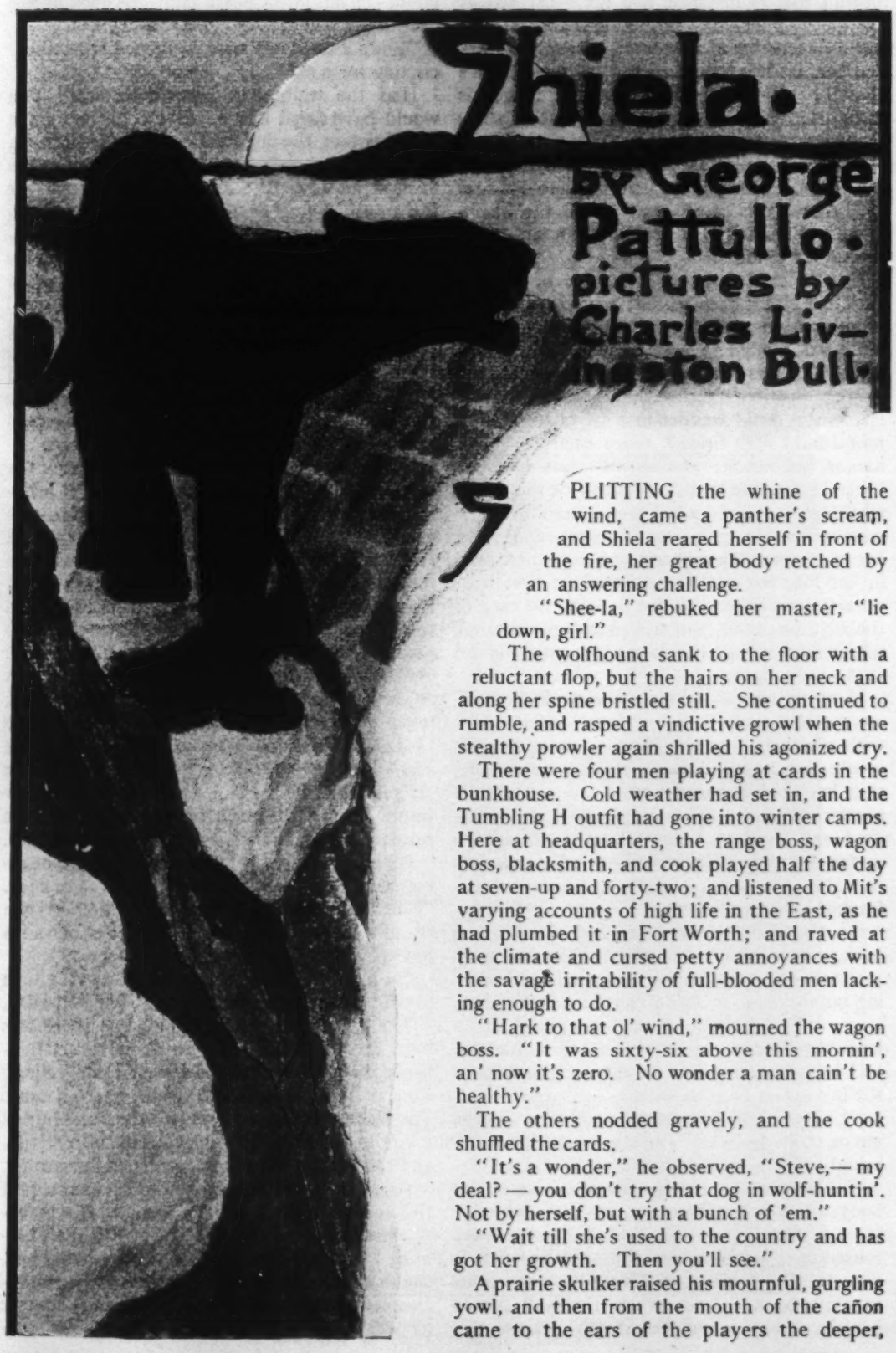
He handed Thorndyke a small pigskin pouch, which my colleague opened, and, having smelled of the inside, passed to me. The odor of musk was plainly perceptible.

"It has probably tainted the other contents of the parcel," said Thorndyke, sniffing at each article in turn; "but they all seem odorless to me, whereas the purse smells quite distinctly."

Having taken the finger-prints of the accused man, Ellis, and made several photographs of the strange finger-prints, we returned to town that evening. Thorndyke gave a few parting injunctions to the inspector.

"Remember," he said, "that the man must have washed his hands before he could appear in public. Search the banks of every pond, ditch, and stream in the neighborhood for footprints like those in the avenue, and, if you find any, search the bottom of the water thoroughly, for he is quite likely to have dropped the knife into the mud."

The photographs that we handed in at Scotland Yard that night enabled the experts to identify the finger-prints as those of Francis Dobbs, an escaped convict. The two photographs, profile and full-face, which were attached to his record, were sent down to Baysford, with a description of the man, and were in due course identified with a somewhat mysterious individual who passed by the name of Rufus Pembury, and who had lived in the neighborhood as a private gentleman for about two years. But Rufus Pembury was not to be found, either at his genteel house or elsewhere. All that was known was that, on the day after the murder, he had converted his entire "personalty" into "bearer securities," and had vanished from mortal ken. Nor has he ever been heard of to this day.



Shiela.

by George Pattullo.

pictures by Charles Livingston Bull.

SPLITTING the whine of the wind, came a panther's scream, and Shiela reared herself in front of the fire, her great body retched by an answering challenge.

"Shee-la," rebuked her master, "lie down, girl."

The wolfhound sank to the floor with a reluctant flop, but the hairs on her neck and along her spine bristled still. She continued to rumble, and rasped a vindictive growl when the stealthy prowler again shrilled his agonized cry.

There were four men playing at cards in the bunkhouse. Cold weather had set in, and the Tumbling H outfit had gone into winter camps. Here at headquarters, the range boss, wagon boss, blacksmith, and cook played half the day at seven-up and forty-two; and listened to Mit's varying accounts of high life in the East, as he had plumbed it in Fort Worth; and raved at the climate and cursed petty annoyances with the savage irritability of full-blooded men lacking enough to do.

"Hark to that ol' wind," mourned the wagon boss. "It was sixty-six above this mornin', an' now it's zero. No wonder a man cain't be healthy."

The others nodded gravely, and the cook shuffled the cards.

"It's a wonder," he observed, "Steve,— my deal? — you don't try that dog in wolf-huntin'. Not by herself, but with a bunch of 'em."

"Wait till she's used to the country and has got her growth. Then you'll see."

A prairie skulker raised his mournful, gurgling yowl, and then from the mouth of the cañon came to the ears of the players the deeper,

vibrant cry of the lobo. Right upon it broke Shiela's roar of defiance, and the beast was at the door in a bound, whimpering frenziedly, her terrible teeth bared, her limbs a-tremble. Beside her, his head three inches short of Shiela's breast, Friday stiffened in sympathetic rage, his stubby terrier tail wagging. He raised a shrill treble bark.

"Down, Shee-la! Down, girl." Rushing from the table, O'Donnell led her back to the fire.

"Friday, you come here," cried the blacksmith. "Set down under the table, an' don't you go for to move!"

Not to cattle-browsed stretches of prairie-land had Shiela been reared; nor to vast sweep of hills and mesquit-flecked valley, and of torn, brick-red sandstone and tortuous, dry river-beds. She was a stranger in a strange land, and her new kingdom struck to the roots of her nature. Far as she could wander in a frivolous all-day rabbit hunt with Friday, there was no sign of human habitation; and beyond that, away to the pale-blue line that must surely be the rim of all things,— full sixty miles,— no handiwork of man was visible. Here was a virgin empire, and her master was the autocrat. For the first time in her life, the wolfhound drew the breath of unrestrained liberty, chafed hotly to the tang of the air, cast about, and trailed savage creatures whose taint stirred her to mad longings for the chase and a fight.

How can one tell of Shiela's beauty? A great animal, and a wonderful — light fawn in color, with a shaggy coat; her eyes were in general gentle and melting. But it must be confessed that her proportions did not fit Shiela to be a comfort about the home, for she weighed a hundred and eighteen pounds, and could not go under the highest table without stooping. As she always forgot to stoop, her progress was fraught with excitement.

On the day following her arrival, Mit, the cook, scrambled out of bed long before sun-up to ascertain what manner of idiot could be knocking on the door in this deserted region. Man alive, why couldn't they walk in? Shiela leaped on him to be fondled. The wolfhound had been wagging her tail against the door as she lay across the threshold.

"Ef I was you," he suggested civilly, "I'd lie out on the range where you'd have room to move round. Git a nice big butte all to yourself."

Her heart and her courage were as big as her body. Following O'Donnell on a day when he fared to Stinking Water, quite by accident she roused up a loafer in the cañon. Shiela flew in pursuit, deaf to O'Donnell's frantic commands to come back. And, when the wolf turned fiercely at bay to pit her might against this daring lone hunter, a hundred and eighteen pounds of dauntless pluck launched itself at her neck like a bolt from a storm-cloud.

"She's a dead one now," groaned O'Donnell, circling for a shot.

Had the wolfhound been more wary, she would have fared better. She could not have slain her foe: the dog does not breathe that can go to the death-grapple with a loafer wolf in the flush of his strength; and Shiela knew neither the amazing quickness of the wild; nor how to guard against those slashing counter-attacks. The lobo could dodge and rip simultaneously, using her jaws from any direction. Even when bowled over by the hound's unreckoning rush, she tore Shiela's throat with a backward thrust of her muzzle, and she was free in a twinkling. Badly cut in several places, dazed by the speed of the combat, the wolfhound was soon forced to abandon the chase and let her go. O'Donnell pulled twice on the fugitive, but overshot.

Shiela and Friday were fast friends, albeit the diversity of dimensions was productive of intermittent rancor. It was Friday's wont to rush at her fiercely, to seize one powerful leg in his mouth and worry it, whereat Shiela would hit him a playful pat that sent him reeling ten yards. But Friday came of a staunch breed, and he returned to the sport again and again. Often the wolfhound would stretch herself out on the ground, and, thus recumbent, the fox-terrier could almost reach her head. Over the hound would roll, lying on her back, with legs in the air, while Friday snorted and grunted valorously as he shook her by the throat or the ear. But the fun always ended in the same way: a clumsy blow would catch Friday full on the head, and he would dash off to his master, with cries of pain.

"Steve oughtn't for to keep her round headquarters," the blacksmith remonstrated to Dick. "She's shore too big. Pore li'l' Friday! When she gits into my shop, Dick, I swan her ol' tail is like to send my tools flyin' whichways."

"Where'd he keep her, then? He cain't turn her out on the range to eat grass," sneered Dick.

The blacksmith was silenced, but there was born in him a dislike of the hound. It happened that, when next the terrier came yelping from play, O'Donnell had ridden off to a tank. The blacksmith issued from the shop and hurled a bolt at Shiela. She dodged, but did not run, and the bristles on her neck stiffened in warning.

Aside from the manager, who spent much of the year with his family in Denver, the blacksmith was the only married man with the Tumbling H outfit. He had a son three years of age. Oscar was the child's name, — a sturdy, ruddy-cheeked youngster he was,—and from the outset he was the apple of Shiela's eye. The boy

could pull her ears or tail with absolute impunity, and into the yawning cavity she would open to his teasing he would thrust a chubby fist.

"Oscar! Oscar! My baby, don't," his mother would say. But Shiela was infinitely tender with him, and the two rolled on the ground locked in a tight embrace, while the child thumped a tattoo on the wolfhound's ribs.

It befell, one morning, that they indulged in this frolic until both were in a state of frantic excitement. Crowing with delight, the baby staggered to his feet and tried to butt Shiela with his head. Forgetting for a fraction of time how fragile was this cherished morsel of humanity, the wolfhound struck out joyously with her paw, bowling the boy over like a ninepin. As he went backward, the boy essayed to break his fall on the ground by thrusting out his left arm; it doubled under him and snapped at the elbow.

The child gave a single wailing cry that brought his father running from the smithy. Oscar lay white-faced, the wolfhound nosing him eagerly in an endeavor to stir the baby to a resumption of play. Flinging a curse at the dog, the blacksmith picked up his son and carried him to his mother. Ten minutes passed, which Shiela spent in vain efforts to ascertain what kept her playmate from her, and Peck emerged from the bunkhouse with a shotgun. The quick-sensing Shiela disappeared without further ado around a corner of the saddle-shed; but, as the blacksmith followed on a run, O'Donnell's voice stayed him:

"What're you doing with that gun, Peck?"

"Shiela has done broke Oscar's arm, 'n' I aim to git even — that's what."

"Don't be a fool!" cried the boss sharply

Peck paused and faced him, his lips twitching

"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE, THE WOLFHOUND DREW THE BREATH OF UNRESTRAINED LIBERTY"

"WITH THE GRAY LEADER THERE RAN TWO FAWN-COLORED

"I may do more'n shoot a bitch, Steve," he said, and his voice was calm now.

"You don't mean that, Peck." The range boss continued to advance, his eyes on the troubled eyes of the blacksmith. "Shee-la and little Oscar have always been friends. Didn't she pull him out of the creek only last week? She couldn't have smashed his arm on purpose. You can't blame a dog for an accident."

The blacksmith cursed Shiela to the eightieth generation; but O'Donnell smiled and tapped the barrel of the gun with his forefinger. There would be no shooting of man or dog now, he knew.

"Put it away, Peck. We'll forget all about it. I'll ride over to Deadeye and bring the doctor myself."

The blacksmith wavered and obeyed.

Little Oscar was soon able to toddle about, with his arm in a cast and a sling. But Peck's dislike of the hound grew to hate. In the short winter days and long winter nights he watched and brooded, waiting for an opportunity to make her suffer. His hostility to the soft-eyed, affectionate Shiela took the form of an intense nervous sensibility to her every movement — one sees precisely the same symptoms, in persons who are unhappily cooped up for any length of time, of inability to endure constant contact. Soon the bigness of the animal grated on his nerves, so that whatever she did excited in him childish spleen. Even when Shiela ate, Peck could not look at her magnificent satisfaction without falling into a paroxysm of loathing.

One day he spread pieces of meat cunningly about the saddle-shed where she was wont to loll while the child slept in the afternoons. Shiela espied and gobbled these titbits with much relish, and stalked away to get a drink, feeling unaccountably thirsty. There was no water in the trough — and that saved her life. Soon a tremor came upon the wolfhound, so that she swayed uncertainly, her nose close to the ground, froth slathering her muzzle.

At this moment Oscar rocketed from the bunkhouse at his usual ungainly gallop. The boy knew exactly what to do. Had he not endured agony, too? There was only one sure remedy for stomach-ache, and it stood on a shelf in the kitchen — he never passed the shelf without a certain creeping of the flesh. How he forced castor oil upon the dog is one of those modern miracles that are wrought for babes and the inebriated. At any rate, with only one arm free, he administered a glorious dose, and, feeling full of pity for the tortures of which she mumbled so weakly, he followed it with generous hunks of greasy bacon purloined from the big brown crockery jar in the pantry. Shiela became violently ill, and Oscar feared for her life.

"Dick! Dick! She sick. Hurry, oh, hurry!" Oscar ran to summon the wagon boss.

Shiela survived, and O'Donnell devoted the better part of the day to impassioned dissertations on the folly of leaving strychnine baits for coyotes round a saddle-shed.

One evening in midwinter, the range boss, Dick, the cook, and Peck sat in the bunkhouse, as usual, trifling with a pile of dominoes. Shiela lay dozing in front of a fire. The wolfhound had shown considerable restlessness of late, and Dick had cautioned O'Donnell to chain her up. It came Mit's turn to play, and, as he was ponderously miring himself, the night silence was rent by the hunting cry of the loafer. So near was it, so savagely compelling, that the men sent the benches back in amaze. The effect on

WOLVES LIKE UNTO NO LOBO OF THE WEST COUNTRY"

Shiela was extraordinary. She was at the door, scratching for her liberty, whimpering, turning appealing eyes to O'Donnell that he should open.

Dick gazed at the range boss and waggled his wise bald head. "You better lock her up, Steve, or you'll shore lose that ol' dog."

She was locked in the smithy the next evening, and in the morning the shed was empty. O'Donnell was positive that the staple and chain on the door had been secure when he left her the night before; yet now the staple dangled free, with a splinter attached. Reflecting that the hound's weight made this feat possible, he ceased to speculate; and in the blacksmith's soul entered peace and calm. Shiela had fled.

The Wednesday following fell blustery, with a bullying wind, and the range boss sat late at his table, working over a cattle tally by the light of a lantern. A timid scratching on the doorsill disturbed him, and he listened curiously. There it was again, this time accompanied by a plaintive whine. He reached the handle in a stride.

"Shee-la! Shee-la, old girl!" His glad cry brought Mit running. Shiela slunk into the room and crossed to the fire, which she sniffed suspiciously and then lay down in front of it, settling herself contentedly. Down her throat and across her left shoulder burned cherry-colored slashes. She touched her tongue to them and began to clean her soiled coat, while O'Donnell stood watching, lost in wonder. The wolfhound growled as he moved, but he laughed affectionately and stooped to the fearfully lowered head.

"So you've come back—like the prodigal," he whispered. "Poor, poor Shee-la!"

"Mit," he bawled the next instant, "kill the spotted calf, or the fatted heifer, or whatever else will do. She's hungry."

Not being conversant with the tale of the erring son, the cook roared back a request to Steve to have sense—didn't he know there wasn't a calf in the pen?

"Bring some beef, then," laughed the boss.

The animal's eyes followed her master furtively. He noted that flickering gleam with a pang — the fear and suspicion of the hunted in it. So much had three days with the wild linked up the slack chain of her blood tie. Then presently she licked his hand, and the look that answered his was soft and appealing as of old.

"Here's enough to choke her," announced Mit cheerily, entering with a slab of beef.

The hound sprang at him, and the cook, taking no chances, hurled the raw meat into the air. She caught it as it touched the floor, and tore into it with the desperate zest of the famished.

The days drifted one into another, and the Tumbling H men rose and ate and slept, and rose again, which is the sum of many lives. Of work there could be little until the spring rains came. Would the good days of the round-up never come? Oh, the sweltering hours in the saddle, and the roarings of mighty herds, and the choking dust of the corrals in branding!

Shiela was carefully guarded. In the first of the mild weather she contributed to the bustling cheer of the bunkhouse a litter of four lusty pups. It was as much as a man's life was worth to go nearer than six feet to the tugging little rascals; but the boy Oscar, who did not know this, proceeded calmly to inspect and caress them. The mother flared in a sudden, quaping rage, but instantly sank back, and became reconciled to the extent of permitting the baby,

quite undaunted by his first reception, to stroke her progeny with his pudgy hands. She watched him jealously.

Summer rushed upon the land, and the Tumbling H outfit got to horse and rode forth. In November O'Donnell shipped three thousand head of steers to help stay the world's maw, and in December there were four men playing at cards again in the bunkhouse.

"Steve,"— the cook cleared his throat as he riffled the cards,— "is it my deal? Shore. Say, Steve, one of Shiela's pups is killin' chickens. He'd 'a' got a turkey too, only I done seen him."

"You ought for to have killed 'em all when they were teeny pups, Steve," broke in the blacksmith. "What was the use of keepin' two? Any one kin see they're more wolf than dog."

"It's your play," said the boss evenly.

Shiela had the run of quarters, but her broad-jowled, heavy-shouldered pups were chained in the saddle-shed. Just what to do with them was a problem. Shiela had exhibited no special affection for them since they were weaned, and it needed only the merest glance to detect the bar sinister. Had only the eyes been visible, there was that in their glint which betrayed the wolf. Yet, in the tawny coats and a certain lithe spring in gathering for a stride, the youngsters favored their mother.

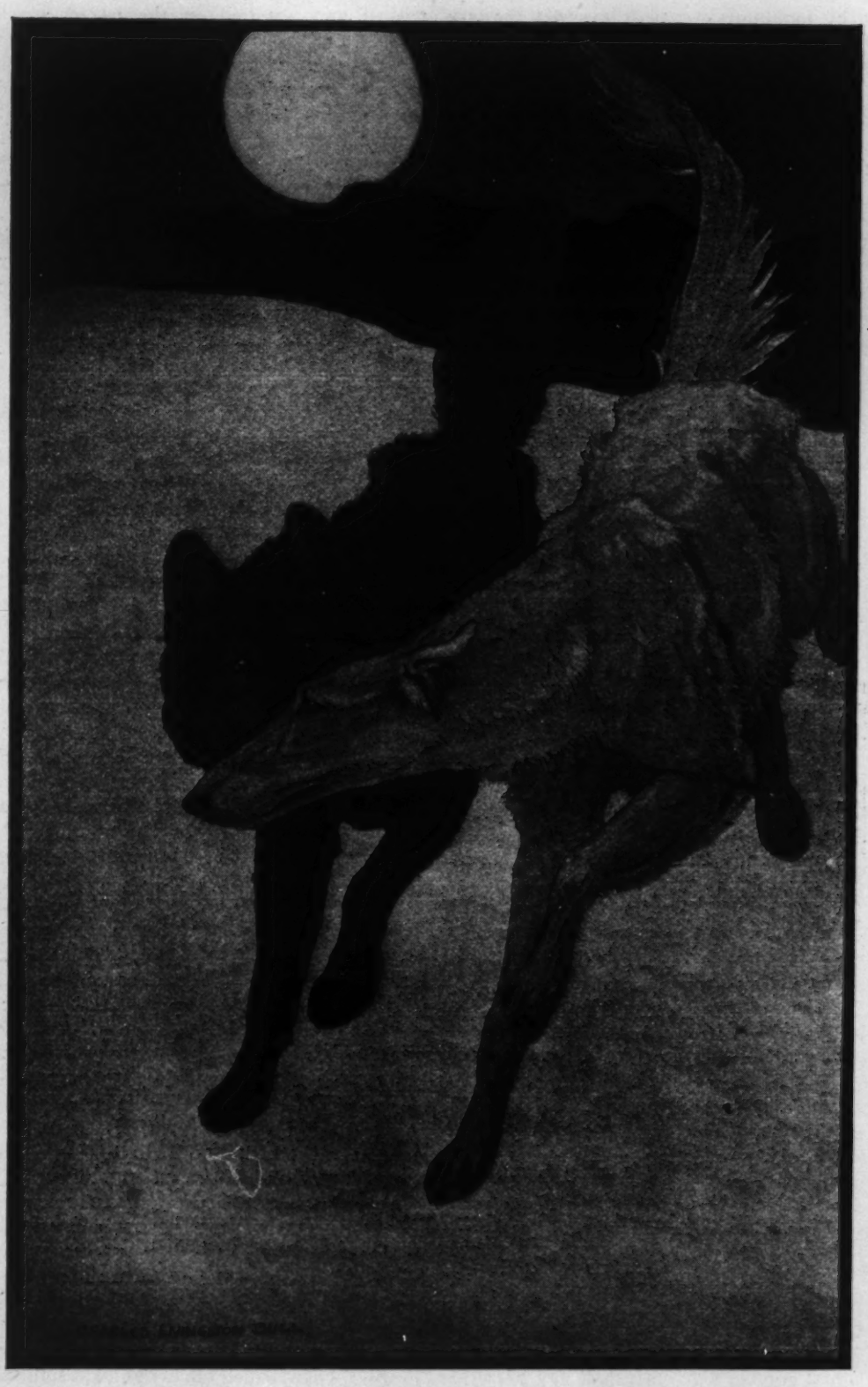
Loafer wolves made a foray from the cañon on a Sunday night when the range boss and Mit played seven-up and the blacksmith poisoned life with a concertina. They killed a milch-pen calf close to headquarters; yet so silent was the raid that the men heard nothing of them, though Shiela cried protests to be gone, and growled savagely at intervals. In the smithy the pups bayed deep-voiced greetings. They leaped and snapped their teeth, and gnawed and raved to be free. Forgetting that O'Donnell had unchained them, Dick went to the door to still the brutes. They hurled themselves over him.

"Here's where the trouble starts, Shee-la," observed her master dubiously. She wagged her tail and looked up at him in curiosity, for she had practically forgotten the pups.

It was a bitter winter, and the cattle sickened and died in hundreds. The men rode range in all weathers, but what help could be given to fifty thousand head? The coyotes waxed fat.

And then, one day, in Deadeye, whither he had journeyed for supplies at the first hint of spring, the range boss stumbled on a strange tale. The wolves were out, bolder and stronger

"ON HIS HIND LEGS, HIS WORN FANGS GLEAMING, HE RECEIVED HER"



"THREE DAYS WITH THE WILD HAD LINKED UP THE SLACK CHAIN OF HER BLOOD TIE"

than they had been in a generation. No stealthy, lone hunts,— a swift leap from the dark upon a helpless thing, and then the gorge,— but a systematic war of pillage the brutes were waging. The leader was a shaggy veteran of speckled gray that ran with a limp; and with him— the men of Deadeye hoped they might be punished eternally were this not so — with him there ran two fawn-colored wolves like unto no lobo of the west country. They were, perhaps, slightly shorter than a cow-horse; that is, of course, a strong roping horse, not a stunted pony.

"Shee-la, you've surely done it now," O'Donnell told her, with a sigh. She thrust her moist muzzle into his hand to be petted.

In less than seven days' time, Padden reported from a division camp that he had come upon the carcass of a freshly killed heifer near a salt-trough. The wolves had hamstrung the poor brute, and had fallen to their grim feast before life was extinct, he thought; which is not unusual. O'Donnell vowed a war of extermination.

The mail-carrier came on the pack casting about beside the trail, at fault in running an antelope. They let him approach to within two hundred yards, gazing insolently, then flitted swiftly through a jungle of mesquit trees. His story was that beside the wily gray scoundrel that led the pack raced two tall creatures, half wolf, half dog, who ran with a long, springy stride foreign to lobo locomotion.

"It's Shiela's pups," broke out the blacksmith venomously, when the mail-carrier narrated this experience at dinner.

"Yes, they're Shee-la's pups," admitted O'Donnell; and, "Poor Shee-la!" he said. Then, raising his head with decision:

"Johnson, you tell them in Deadeye that I'll give fifty dollars each for those pups, and fifty for the old gray fellow. Put up a notice in the post-office. Or — wait, I'll write one for you."

The result of this placard was an egress from Deadeye of eight ambitious hunters, who went their several ways, and straggled back empty-handed at the end of a week. While they were thus engaged, the pack ranged wide. They killed at Cedar Creek, but were compelled to abandon their prey, and slew again before daylight on the claim of a nester on the outskirts of Deadeye. Here, too, they let the life out of an interfering collie. Long immunity had made them contemptuous — or was it that they gave ear unto the counsels of man-raised mates? They raided the Tumbling H headquarters in quest of certain turkeys that were Mit's solace in dark days, and from ambuscade the cook slew his finest gobbler with buckshot, in a berserker effort to shoot one lissome marauder.

Shiela and Friday led uneventful lives amid all this harrying and turmoil of pursuit. They frisked and wrestled on the baked, cracked ground, or basked in the sun until it grew too hot and the flies became unbearable in attack, when they would slouch to the cool of the long bunk-room. Shiela had forgotten all about her degenerate offspring, and held herself fearlessly and with pride as an honest dog.

More than once she and the terrier took jaunts over the low hills toward the cañon, in spite of the watch on her goings out. It might be a rabbit they pursued, or the zigzagging trail of a coyote; or it might be that rarer scent, the fleet antelope's. One afternoon they disported themselves, chasing some half-wild hogs that roamed the range — the range boss had imported these for the purpose of driving out the snakes that overran the home pasture. And when the pleasure of this badgering had spent itself, they were witnesses of a curious encounter.

A long-snouted porker of tender years was rooting about a patch of bear-grass, when suddenly he cocked his impudent head and appeared to listen intently. Shiela and Friday stopped short in a game of tag, to watch. The pig did not turn his head, but continued to stand at attention, his ears twitching. What could it mean? Shiela crept closer. With a speed that left her dumfounded, the pig sprang sideways on to a spot his glance had certainly not been regarding, and simultaneously tore with his jaws at a writhing, diamond-marked coil. Shiela drew off respectfully and in trepidation, while he devoured his victim with beautiful hog voracity. It was the dreaded rattler, which he had killed with two lightning strokes of fore feet and jaws.

So the days passed.

In the meantime, O'Donnell had other things than Shiela or wolves to think about. The manager had resigned, and the boss added to the superintendence of the active work of the range the conduct of the business of the Tumbling H Company, the sale and the shipping of Tumbling H cattle. He was an enthusiast on improving the breed of his cattle and horses; and his anger was deep, therefore, when, late in the autumn, just as the first cold breath of winter crept through the cañon, his men found the remains of a young stallion. He was a splendid beast, but newly come to the range from Kentucky, and ignorant of its perils and the necessity of perpetual vigilance. Apparently he had been cut out from the band he lorded it over,— sheer ignorance or foolhardiness, this,— and, alone in the battle against heavy odds, had been pulled down. That he died full of fight was sufficiently evident: the battered body of an exceptionally large wolf pup lay on the ground beside his own

"THE SPLENDID YOUNG STALLION HAD DIED FULL OF FIGHT"

Shiela sniffed at the carcass of this creature, then moved away unconcernedly, casting for another scent; but the hide caught O'Donnell's gaze and held it. Its coat was of a peculiar tawny hue, running in spots to red. There was something in the lines of the body and legs that struck a reminiscent chord in his memory. He glanced from it to Shiela.

"If that isn't one of your litter, I'm much mistaken." He turned over the carcass with his foot.

Shiela, then, must atone. With all the dogs of Deadeye to help, she should hunt these bold ravagers. Hers was the crime; hers must be the expiation, even at the cost of life.

"Well, old girl," he said, as he ambled away from headquarters three days later, with Shiela beside him, "here's your one chance to wipe out your little slip. A lot of us humans don't get that, my lady. So go to it and clear your name, Shee-la."

There were twenty-five dogs on hand at the rendezvous, about thirteen more than were needed, and they ranged from bloodhounds and greyhounds to a wheezy water-spaniel, who thought he knew a scent when he struck it, and whose master fondled the same delusion of him. His presence led to a dispute at the outset, because the spaniel persisted in messing about and mugging a trail, and his owner pigheadedly abetted him. The owner was persistent in argument, and carried a long smooth-bore rifle. However, both were persuaded to go home, firmly convinced that spiteful jealousy was at the bottom of this attitude.

"So that's Shiela?" queried a Gourd puncher. "I reckon you ought to kill her, O'Donnell. It's her pup and his father what's raisin' all the hell. She might run away ag'in an'——"

"She's my dog, Joe," cut in the boss.

Right upon his words, old Rags gave tongue and went away on a warm scent. Luck was with the hunters. Within two miles the dogs were running free, their noses in the air, making the ridges ring to their eager yelping; and a wolf, a tawny, limber-limbed wolf, smashed through a tangle of weeds and briars at the head of a gulch and streaked across the open country. The dogs laid themselves out in pursuit, Shiela and the greyhounds running silently.

The wolfhound was well up with the leaders. A dozen strides would have brought the quarry to bay, when a speckled gray shape burst into view beneath her feet, and departed at a tangent to her line of running, heading for a shallow draw. Shiela and one greyhound swerved and dashed after him. The others of the pack kept on behind the flagging fugitive.

Everything was against the gray. He was old, and the combats and the hunts of years had stiffened his muscles. He was full fed and heavy; slumbering, he had blundered into the chase when he could have lain low. The two silent things behind carried in their sinewy bodies the speed and stamina of generations of dogs whose special business in life it had been to run. A wall of earth faced them, the bank of a dried stream, and he must scale it in his flight. Well he knew that the race was over. He must fight, and as well here as elsewhere. When it comes to the last test of courage, the king of wolves is indeed a king.

A rapid glance over his shoulder showed the greyhound almost at his flank. He reached the bank by a desperate spurt, whirled, and, with one rending stroke, cast back the gallant pursuer, coughing in the throes of death. But the shock of the charge shook him for an instant, and in that fraction of time he was unprepared to withstand the crushing velocity of Shiela's onslaught. On his hind legs, his worn fangs gleaming, he received her. She went straight for his throat, and, the grip being an eminently satisfactory one, she did not release it.

To and fro the big gray dragged her, over and over, tearing with his fore feet to pry her off, snapping his wide jaws in futile efforts to seize his enemy. His hind claws ripped unavailingly along the wolfhound's sides; he writhed and twisted to gain an inch of freedom for his head — only an inch, and he could reach her shoulder. Once only Shiela growled, a deep, rumbling note of content. She knew what she had to do, and she felt this to be the right way. Slowly her jaws tightened and she hung to him soundlessly. The rasping snarls grew fainter; the tremendous heavings and lurchings slackened. The old lord of the cañon had made his last fight.

It was O'Donnell who drove her off. Blown but triumphant, he raced from the slaughter of the first quarry, and gave a long whistle of incredulity at sight of the slain.

"Father and son — father and son in one day," he exclaimed. Then, "Poor Shee-la."

As they trotted cheerily homeward, the wolfhound kept close to O'Donnell's horse, and whenever she glanced up at him, frisking clumsily the while, he grinned down at her.

"You've wiped out your fault, Shee-la. You've done more than most," he observed seriously, as they neared the ranch. "I thought once I'd have to send you away. They called you an undesirable citizen. Or — or send you out on the long trail." Shiela leaped playfully at his horse's bridle. "But we'll stick together. Only," he drew a deep breath, "we'll take a holiday. We'll go back — back home to County Cork, old girl."

SENATOR PLATT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART III

NEW YORK CITY: ITS REFORMS AND REFORMERS

A FIFTEEN YEARS' FIGHT AGAINST TAMMANY CORRUPTION

IN the summer of 1893, Charles H. Murray, the Republican leader of the old Third (now the Eighth) Assembly District on the East Side of New York City, called upon Chairman Hackett of the Republican State Committee, and begged the privilege of taking measures to stop the election frauds practised in New York under the Tammany organization. He asked the coöperation of the State organization. Hackett, who had tried every expedient he could think of to stop these abuses, replied wearily:

"What is the use, Charlie? Wait until we regain the Legislature; then we shall be able to enact laws to cure the evils."

The crooked registration and voting had become especially flagrant on the East Side of New York.

The Democratic legislative gerrymander had so cut up the Third Assembly District, for instance, that, instead of its continuing a Republican stronghold, it cast its vote just as Timothy D. Sullivan, the Tammany leader, dictated. In the Second Assembly District, where Patrick Divver was Tammany leader, prizes were offered and presented to the election district captain who procured the greatest number of votes. In some election districts only one or two Republican votes were counted. Conservative estimates placed the total fraudulent vote in New York County alone, in the campaigns of 1891 and 1892, at from thirty to fifty thousand.

Victory in 1893 on Election Fraud Issue

Murray would not quit. He came to me. I told him to go ahead, and that I would stand by him. He proved relentlessly vigilant in investigating crooked work in registration and at the polls. He laid the evidence before James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, and James Phillips, Jr., of the New York *Press*. The result was that the *Herald* and the *Press* exposed the gigantic system of corruption which had for years been resorted to by Tammany Hall to carry elections, and continued doing so until the close of the campaign.

Meantime David B. Hill committed the blunder of nominating for Justice of the Court of Appeals Isaac N. Maynard, who had been active in procuring the theft of the Legislatures of 1892 and 1893. We nominated, in 1893, Edward T. Bartlett, of New York City. We made Maynard and his offenses the campaign issues. We elected Bartlett by over one hundred thousand plurality. Our candidates for Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, and State Engineer and Surveyor were also winners, and we regained control of the Legislature.

"Divine Providence did it," I said at the time, and I repeat it now.

The result of the crusade against Tammany Hall corruption, inaugurated by Mr. Murray, and the police alliance with it, led to the appointment of the famous Lexow Legislative Investigating Committee.

Mayor Hewitt on Excise Scandals

Four years before the Lexow investigations, I had been interested in forwarding the legislative hearings which had made such sensational disclosures of corruption in New York City in 1890. Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, a Democrat, in his official message to the Board of Al-

DAVID BENNETT HILL

AN EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR AND FORMERLY THE DEMOCRATIC BOSS OF NEW YORK

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EX-MAYOR SETH LOW OF NEW YORK

"HE MADE FEW PROMISES BUT DID HIS BEST TO MAKE THOSE FEW GOOD," SAYS PLATT

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LEMUEL ELY QUIGG

A PROMINENT PLATT LIEUTENANT WHEN THE LATE SENATOR WAS THE REPUBLICAN BOSS OF NEW YORK

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CLARENCE LEXOW

CHAIRMAN OF THE FAMOUS COMMITTEE BEARING HIS NAME WHICH EXPOSED TAMMANY CORRUPTION

dermen, January 17, 1888, arraigned the lack of rigid enforcement of the excise law in New York City in this language:

"After repeated complaints to the police, I discovered that the justification and excuse for the failure to abate this scandal was to be found in the fact that the proprietors, when arrested, were rarely or never brought to trial. More than five thousand cases accumulated in the Court of General Sessions during the previous two years. As a matter of fact, the ability to give bail was a practical immunity for crime."

I quote Mayor Hewitt because it has become the fashion among some critics to stigmatize all legislative investigations as "political smelling schemes." Inasmuch as the Legislature was Republican and Hewitt was a Democrat, no charge of a partizanship by us was warranted, so far as the inquiry into New York municipal affairs was concerned.

Fassett Committee's Exposure in 1890

After consultation with Chairman Francis Hendricks, of the Senate Committee on Cities, and other influential leaders of the upper house at Albany, I concluded that the popular demand for an inquiry ought to be granted. On January 20, 1890, the Senate adopted a resolution authorizing the Committee on Cities to undertake a general inquiry concerning the government of cities.

This so-called Fassett Committee divulged many gross abuses in the government of New York and other cities, and recommended many excellent corrective laws which were afterward enacted. In New York City the Committee secured evidence of the greatest inequality in the assessment of real and personal property for the purpose of taxation. The excise law, as shown by the evidence submitted, was a "dead letter and its execution a humbug." The Police Department conditions were found to be practically the same, as was shown later by the Lexow and Mazet committees. Generally speaking, the city's pay-rolls were packed with men, named by heads of departments, who made the places mere political prizes and avoided responsibility for their acts by sheltering them with the protection of the civil service laws.

The Lexow Investigation of 1894

Despite the evidence taken in 1890 by the Fassett Committee, and the enactment of laws intended to correct abuses then uncovered, the press, the Chamber of Commerce, the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and other representative organizations produced to me and to Republican legislative leaders, in 1894, sworn testimony that police corruption and extortion continued; that, through the police, citizens were deprived of the right to cast their ballots and have them counted as cast, and that a veritable carnival of fraud prevailed in virtually every other city department.

I became convinced that it would be necessary to bring another legislative committee to New York. After consultation with the legislative leaders, and a promise of coöperation from them, a resolution for this was offered in the Senate, and adopted January 30, 1894.

The Senate named as members of the Committee of Six: Senators Clarence Lexow, Edmund O'Connor, George W. Robertson, Cuthbert W. Pound, Daniel Bradley, and Jacob A. Cantor.

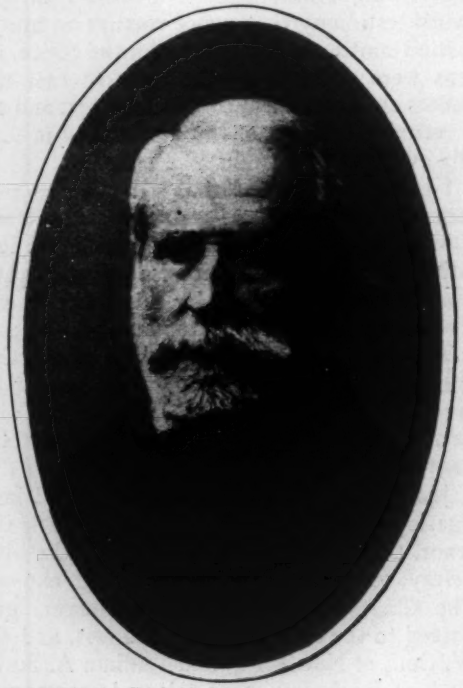
Just at the beginning of the proposed investigation, Roswell P. Flower, a Democratic Governor, sought to block it by vetoing the bill to defray counsel fees and committee expenses. The Chamber of Commerce, however, guaranteed to the committee counsel fees, and John W. Goff, of New York, and William A. Sutherland, of Rochester, were selected as attorneys. The result of the investigation showed conclusively, in the first instance, that almost every conceivable crime against the elective franchise was either committed or permitted by the police, invariably in the interest of the dominant Democratic organization of Tammany Hall.

Police Protect Election Frauds and Vice

It was shown that in the years 1891, 1892, and 1893 many thousands of unlawful ballots were cast and counted with the active coöperation and connivance of the police.

The police practised blackmail with impunity and with a reckless disregard of decency. Proprietors of disorderly houses and gambling dens paid for their illegal privileges. Outcasts of society paid patrolmen for permission to solicit on the public highways. Green-goods swindlers and victims added their story of police blackmail and protection. Violators of the excise law paid a regular stipend for protection or immunity from interference. Appointments to the police force were purchased.

The disclosures were of so appalling a character that popular demand was made for immediate remedial legislation. The Lexow Committee succeeded in getting through the Legislature bills for the concentration of power to control and discipline the uniformed force, including assignment and transfer, whereby the executive functions of the department were lodged in the Chief of Police; creating a bi-



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ANDREW H. GREEN

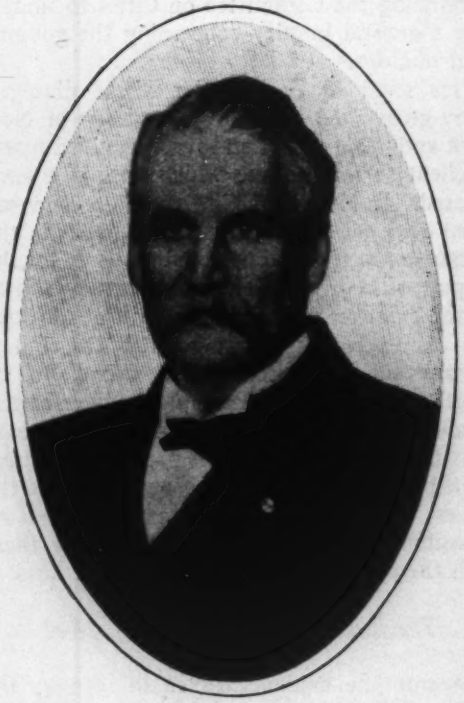
WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE FATHER OF GREATER NEW YORK

EX-MAYOR STRONG OF NEW YORK

PLATT ACCUSED HIM OF BREAKING HIS PROMISES TO THE REPUBLICAN MACHINE

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, SR.

AS EDITOR OF THE "HERALD" HE WAS PROMINENT IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1893 AGAINST TAMMANY



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JOHN RAINES

AN EX-STATE SENATOR AND FATHER OF THE LIQUOR STATUTE THAT GAVE BIRTH TO THE RAINES-LAW SANDWICH

partizan Board of Police Commissioners, with exclusive authority over the administrative and judicial functions of the department; and causing all promotions to be made in conformity with the rules of civil service, for merit and superior ability.

The Lexow exposures had caused Thomas F. Gilroy, the Tammany Mayor, to become much alarmed. He finally made up his mind to try to offset popular resentment by making the Police Board bi-partizan. It then consisted of three Tammany Hall men and one Republican, General Michael Kerwin. Early in 1894 the term of Commissioner Charles F. McLean, now a Justice of the Supreme Court, expired. Mayor Gilroy asked me to recommend a Republican to succeed him. I sent him the names of Cornelius Van Cott and Charles H. Murray. Gilroy appointed Murray. Thus, for the first time, the New York Police Board was made bi-partizan, or "non-partizan," as the reformers of the day chose to phrase it.

The 1894 Revolt Against Tammany

The Lexow Legislative Committee's disclosures of Tammany administration corruption brought about a popular revolt among the decent citizens of the metropolis in 1894 that had not been equaled since the days of Tweed. Early in the year, committees representing independent organizations banded together for good and pure administration of municipal affairs called upon me and asked if I would lend my influence toward the formation of a fusion movement, which would support a non-partizan ticket pledged to give the people an honest conduct of the city administration. I assured them all that I would be most happy to coöperate, and that I believed I could bespeak the support of the Republican organization.

On September 6 there was an immense mass meeting at Cooper Union, at which the anti-Tammany men concluded to organize a Committee of Seventy, supposedly comprised of representatives of all elements opposed to the régime then in control of the municipal government. A Committee of Seventy had been so successful in rooting out Tweed frauds in the early seventies that it was thought wise to create another one. To the late Joseph Larocque, an eminent lawyer who had served on the original Committee of Seventy, was committed the task of making up the new one. Larocque was a Democrat, but the Republican organization offered no protest against his selection. Mr. Larocque consulted neither myself nor any officer of the Republican organization as to who should represent it on the Committee of Seventy.

How Strong Was Nominated Mayor

Only two out of the seventy could be said to have been representatives of the Republican organization, which in those days polled in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand votes — more by ten to one than any other body of men, except Tammany Hall.

There were numerous conferences, and the names of a large number of candidates for Mayor were canvassed. The Democrats, who at first dominated the committee, insisted from the outset that a man of their party should be nominated, chiefly on the ground that New York was a Democratic city. The Republicans argued that, as the great proportion of votes necessary to elect must come from their party, a Republican must head the ticket. This contention finally prevailed, and Colonel Strong was chosen as candidate for Mayor by the Committee of Seventy. Just how this was accomplished, and by whom, few knew at the time, or, if they did, they would not reveal it. I shall tell the unvarnished truth about it.

Charles H. Murray and the late Judge Jacob M. Patterson were the two men chiefly responsible for the nomination of Colonel Strong. James Phillips, Jr., then editor and proprietor of the New York *Press*, was, however, the one who originally suggested the Colonel's name to me. Early in October, 1894, Mr. Phillips called upon me in my office at No. 49 Broadway, and urged that the Republican organization ought to insist that Strong be a candidate for Mayor. He argued, first of all, that Strong was a staunch Republican; then, that he was a man who commanded the confidence, as few did, of the business community. I was inclined to agree with him.

Strong Promises Patronage

On October 4 I called up Police Commissioner Murray. He was then one of my most valued lieutenants in the New York County organization. I asked him to join Mr. Phillips, see Colonel Strong, and report the result of the interview to me. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Murray called upon Colonel Strong at the Central National Bank, of which he was then President, and found him awaiting them. The candidacy of the Colonel was discussed, and a definite and positive agreement was reached as to the Colonel's conduct and attitude toward the Republican organization if he should be nominated and elected.

At the conclusion of the interview Mr. Phillips and Mr. Murray came to my office and reported what had happened. It was suggested that Judge Jacob M. Patterson's advice be sought. He joined us. He was told what had passed between Phillips and Murray. That there might be a third person as a witness, it was agreed that he and Phillips and Murray should again call on Colonel Strong and discuss his candidacy. They did so. The result of the interviews with Colonel Strong was reduced to a typewritten statement, signed by Messrs. Murray, Patterson, and Phillips, which, until now, has never been printed. It was written by Mr. Murray and has reposed among his archives. Here is the essential part of the document which was written by Murray:

Murray's Bargain With Strong

"On reaching Mr. Strong's office, I found him waiting for us. After passing the hearty congratulations of the day, I remarked to Mr. Strong that when Mr. Einstein ran for Mayor in 1888, I had labored diligently with him to obtain his consent to accept the Republican nomination then. He replied that at that time he could not run, but that now, having been urged by so many of his friends, both Republicans and Democrats, he had made up his mind to run if the nomination was tendered to him, and there was a substantial unanimity by all the anti-Tammany associations for him to run.

"I said that the supremacy of Tammany Hall in this city was due to their immense patronage in the municipality; that I understood there were some nineteen thousand place-holders in the city, of all grades. But, saying there were ten thousand active political places, a Republican Mayor, with the courage of his convictions, could so use his patronage, in the interest of the Republican party, that he could build up the Republican organization to the present strength of Tammany Hall in the city, so that the Republican party in the future could cope with a united Democratic party successfully and make the city and State Republican indefinitely.

"Colonel Strong replied that he wanted to give an honest and businesslike administration as Mayor, and that as he expected to be elected by the votes of many Democrats, he felt that he would be obliged to recognize them in some instances in the distribution of patronage.

"I replied: 'Colonel Strong, I commend your attitude, and if I was elected Mayor of this city, I should endeavor, as conscientiously as a man could, to give the city a thoroughly honest and businesslike and Republican administration. I should make certain boards in the city non-partizan. For instance, I should divide the Police Board, the Excise Commission, and possibly the Dock Department equally between Republicans and Democrats. For such boards where public criticism was mainly directed I would make both parties responsible for the administration of them, so that the Republican party could not be charged with partizan manipulation of them, like Tammany Hall, and be put in the jeopardous position that Tammany Hall is now in; but, other than this, I should give a Republican administration, in the office of Mayor, for the benefit of the party.'

"He replied that I had expressed his sentiments and views exactly; that he coincided fully in what I had said, and that he was so good a Republican that he should take 'damned good care' that any Democrat that he might appoint would come pretty near being a Republican; that he should take care that any Democrats that might be appointed would be pretty good anti-Tammany Democrats.

"I said then to Mr. Strong that, as he had sought this interview with me as the representative of the majority faction in the Republican party, I wanted to understand his attitude toward us. He replied that, if he was elected Mayor, he would endeavor to harmonize the party; that he was a friend of ours, and that he wanted that we should be friends of his; that he had never been against Mr. Platt, and, if he was elected Mayor, no man would be more welcome to his office than would Mr. Platt.

"I said: 'Then, Mr. Strong, I understand this, because I want it distinctly understood between us that, if you are elected Mayor, you will advise and consult with us in all things.'

"He replied: 'The suggestions made by you and your friends will receive as much or greater consideration than those made by anybody else.'"

I myself made notes of the understanding at the time. I also had several meetings with Colonel Strong soon after the election, at which he assured me that he would consult me in regard to matters of patronage when the time came, and did discuss the filling of important offices.

Strong Breaks Election Pledges

How Colonel Strong violated his agreement was disclosed very soon after his election. Despite his pledges, he made absolutely no appointments of men recommended by the Republican organization. Within about six weeks after the passage of the bill granting absolute power of removal to the Mayor, Strong lopped off the heads of Police Commissioners Murray and Ker-

win, the Republican members of the Board. He did this in spite of a positive pledge to Governor Morton and Lieutenant-Governor Saxton and me that he would retain both Murray and Kerwin.

Thus was Murray rewarded for his activity in procuring Strong's nomination. On election night, Strong had put his arm around Murray at Police Headquarters, and, in the presence of many persons, effusively thanked him for his nomination and election. Mayor Strong never publicly, so far as I have been able to ascertain, furnished the slightest reason for removing Commissioners Murray and Kerwin. A friend of the Mayor has told me since that the Mayor assured him that he awakened one night, and made up his mind that he ought to get rid of Murray and Kerwin; then he prayed over it, and finally concluded to carry his design into execution.

"I Can Write a Lie as Easily as Tell It"

In the winter of 1894, while Mayor-elect Strong was making up his cabinet, there came an irresistible demand for a change in the chairmanship of the Republican County Committee. Though the combined power of the incoming municipal administration was arrayed against us, we finally succeeded in electing Mr. Edward Lauterbach over William Brookfield by a small plurality. That gave me and my friends more absolute control of the New York County organization than at any time since I was made the State leader of my party.

That Strong deliberately repudiated his contract was shown when, after his appointments were announced, Lauterbach, as chairman of the County Committee, offered a formal protest, and flung in Strong's face the written evidence of his perfidy.

Strong ha-ha-ed, and retorted:

"Well, I can write a lie as easily as I can tell one. I am independent of you now, you know."

The "cuss" words that Lauterbach then applied to Strong would burn the cover off this book.

Strong, like Hayes and Hughes, was another of the fellows that wore a little bunch of whiskers under his chin. One effect of my experience with him was to call for a barber and have my beard trimmed close, and studiously to avoid permitting the growth of any tuft on my neck.

Morton's Service to New York

While the preliminary steps were being taken to nominate Colonel Strong for Mayor, there was much to-do to name a State and Legislative ticket that would not only aid in making New York City surely Republican, but the entire commonwealth as well. The Democrats seemed as firmly intrenched in Albany as in New York. Roswell P. Flower was Governor.

I concluded, early in the spring of 1894, that, to redeem the State, the Republicans must select for their ticket the strongest men available. I asked leaders everywhere to give me their unbiased views as to who, as candidate for Governor, would best insure the reinstatement of the party in power. So pronounced was the sentiment for Levi P. Morton that in the summer I publicly declared him my personal choice for the Governorship.

Morton was enthusiastically nominated at Saratoga. He was elected by over 156,000, his opponent being David B. Hill, whom, in a last desperate moment, the Democrats had put up against him. The Legislature was again Republican by an overwhelming majority. For the first time, I think, in history, both the State and the city of New York were carried by our party.

The achievements of the Morton administration were great indeed. Under it the people created the Greater New York, reformed the excise and election laws, and undid much of the evil perpetrated by the Democratic régime that preceded it.

The Father of Greater New York

When, in 1896, news came from Albany that Governor Morton had approved the bill creating the Greater New York, I received a call from the late Andrew H. Green, chairman of the Greater New York Commission. Bubbling over with joy, that venerable patriot grasped me by the hand and exclaimed:

"I came in to express my gratitude to the Father of Greater New York."

As I returned his grip I could not refrain from saying:

"And I desire to express my appreciation of the marvelous devotion and work of the Grandfather of the Greater New York."

Green had been a pioneer in the movement for the consolidation of New York, Kings, Queens, and Richmond counties into one imperial city. For upward of twenty years this far-seeing citizen had labored to bring into union the people on Manhattan, Long, and Staten islands. The realization of his dreams made him very happy.

To Andrew H. Green must be accorded the greatest measure of praise for the establishment of what is now popularly known as the Greater City of New York. Of the part I played in aiding in the enterprise I prefer that another than myself should speak. No man is more com-

petent to do this than Clarence Lexow, who, as a State Senator, led the fight at Albany for the enactment of the legislation that resulted in bringing into one municipality three large cities and four counties. Senator Lexow has graciously reduced to writing for these reminiscences his observations. To quote from him:

"No history of the creation of the Greater City of New York would be complete that failed to accord to Senator Platt a large and in some respects a determinative share in the struggle that preceded the final triumph of the movement.

"It required all the Senator's energy, and the full weight of his influence throughout the State, to secure a constitutional majority in the Legislature of 1896. Those who were active in that impressive drama fully appreciated that but for his self-denying efforts, at the risk of the alienation of friends on every side, and but for his unselfish devotion to a great principle of public policy, New York would not be crowned to-day with the diadem of the imperial city of the Western Hemisphere."

The "Raines" Excise Laws

During the Morton administration I exerted myself to secure to the State the best excise law that could be contrived. I did this despite the fact that opponents of any radical change threatened my life in such a brazen manner that my friends insisted upon employing detectives day and night to protect me. I did this, too, regardless of the fact that a very formidable faction in my party held over my head threats that I would suffer bodily harm and surely lose the leadership.

As in other cases involving vital political and legislative problems, this act was originally considered at what was then popularly known as the "Sunday School," which during the session was held almost every Sunday at my rooms in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. There the leaders of both branches of the Legislature were accustomed to gather, and we took counsel as to what laws would prove most beneficial to the people and the State.

It was determined, at conferences of the legislative leaders and myself, that, the cities having clearly demonstrated their inability to control the liquor traffic, the State should take hold. Senator John Raines, acting in coöperation with me and with leaders of the Senate and Assembly, framed a bill creating a State Excise Commission, and increasing the cost of following the liquor business. At first there were vehement protests from various quarters of the State. The brewers and liquor-dealers banded together to defeat the proposed legislation. But the organization made the Raines Bill a party measure, and it was put through the Legislature. Governor Morton approved the bill; and I think Mr. Morton will agree with me that it was one of the crowning acts of his administration.

The 'Brewers' Seventy Thousand Dollar Bribery Fund

The Raines Bill was passed in spite of the raising and offering of a large sum of money to members of the Legislature to vote against it.

Only a short time ago George L. Carlisle told about it in the New York *Times*. He recited the confession of a lobbyist. Carlisle wrote:

"When we were seated, he said he would show me the list — the official list, as it were — giving the names of those who had come to an agreement with him as to the Raines Bill, and the amount each had agreed to receive and vote against it. Opening his trunk, he thrust his hand to the bottom, and pulled out one of the long tally-sheets, the kind I had often seen used in the House, on which the names of all the members were printed, and also the two-column spaces headed 'yea' and 'nay' for recording the roll-calls. It had figures marked against at least half of the names. He handed it to me, saying, in substance, that it showed by whom the Raines Bill was to have been beaten, and the figure each was to have received. Glancing at it hurriedly, I noticed the amounts ranged from two hundred and fifty to ten thousand dollars, and that there were two, and I am not sure now but three, at the larger figure; and also that the total was something over sixty-seven thousand dollars.

"Running my eyes quickly over the names, I recall being not overwhelmed with surprise as to most of them; but, reading one name, I pointed at it and remarked, with a gasp: 'What, that man?' To which he listlessly replied, 'Yes, that man. Sitting right where you do, and across this table, he agreed to vote for or against it for five hundred dollars.'

"I pressed him to tell me how it happened that the bill passed, notwithstanding those hostile preparations. Much of his explanation was merely confirmatory of what was matter of rumor among the members. It appears that, after finding how much would be required to defeat, seventy thousand dollars was raised among the brewers throughout the State, with Buffalo as the center of operations; that the money was brought from there to Albany, and nothing seemed surer than that the Raines Bill was doomed.

"But they had reckoned without the 'Easy

Boss,' who was then in the hey-day of his power. He had set his mind upon passing the bill — for the good of the party. Learning that it was in this jeopardy, he had read the riot act in certain quarters, as coming direct from him, threatening, if the bill was defeated, a whole lot of criminal prosecutions for bribery would follow. It was enough. The only thing which could save the bill had happened. There was a scattering. The money was sent back to Buffalo, and all those graft promises were off."

Another Attempt to Stop Tammany's Illegal Voting

It was during the Morton administration, too, that the initial steps were taken to secure ballot reform. Out of them grew the prevailing secret system of voting, which has been amended somewhat, but still retains many of its original features. Prior to the enactment of this legislation, which was also drawn at the Fifth Avenue Hotel "Sunday School," and introduced by the late Lieutenant-Governor Charles T. Saxton, and later amended by Senator Raines, there were cries from all over the State that New York elections were the most fraudulent and corrupt that could be conceived.

To the credit of the Black administration must be ascribed the creation of the State Bureau of Elections. The revelations of the Lexow and Mazet committees disclosed how incompetent and in league with election knaves were the Tammany police. I concluded that if we could not have a State police, we would at least put a State curb on franchise roguery. So, soon after Governor Black assumed office, there was enacted a law creating a State Superintendent of Elections, with authority to enforce the statutes framed to give the people an honest ballot and a fair count.

John McCullagh, who, because of his sincere endeavor to root out Deveryism, had been removed as Chief of Police by Mayor Van Wyck, was the first head of the State Bureau. With the establishment of it, frauds, while not actually wiped out, were greatly diminished. Had McCullagh been retained long enough to organize his bureau completely, I believe that less crime against the election franchise would have been committed than happened after his decapitation during the second term of the Odell administration.

Why Republicans Nominated Tracy

I have never made a defense of the position I assumed in 1897, at the organization of the government of the newly created Greater City of New York, in respect of the mayoralty nomination. But the events of 1897 have their place in these recollections, and I shall try to state the considerations that led me to oppose the Republican organization's surrender to the Citizens' Union, and why I urged my friend, General Benjamin F. Tracy, to take the Republican nomination.

I had, of course, the same respect for Dr. Low's character as a man, and for his position as a citizen, that every one else had. But his talents as an administrator were to be judged only by his career in Brooklyn, and I did not rate them high. Nor, judging from our experience with him then, and from his position in the Blaine campaign, and from the free-tradish remarks that had been attributed to him during the Cleveland administration, would I have thought that his election as Mayor of New York, even as a Republican, would be of distinct party advantage.

Contempt for Local Non-Partizanship

For the doctrine of non-partizanship in local elections I had the sincerest and profoundest contempt. I used to be amused at the that-settles-it air with which the question would be plumped at me:

"What has a man's views of the tariff to do with his capacity to give the people of New York City an honest and businesslike administration?"

It has everything to do with a man's ability to administer government, anywhere in the North or West, whether the influences about him are Republican or Democratic; and so strong is the predisposition of the American people in favor of a party as a political agent, and so strong is their prejudice against multiplicity of parties, and so similar are the problems of administration, no matter what the political division to which they relate, that it is idle to attempt to create municipal parties or factions. The success of such an attempt would have a demoralizing effect on party organization. I could see no reason why a party which with the highest success was conducting a national government, and with at least distinguished success the government at Albany, should be dismayed at any problem of municipal government.

Citizens' Union Made Fusion Impossible

The Republican organization in the years from 1896 to 1900 was larger, stronger, and more competent than it has ever been before or since. It had been held securely by Mr. Lauter-

bach against the seductions of Mr. Brookfield and the Strong administration; and, with the active support of President McKinley, it had been built up by Mr. Quigg until, in the fall of 1897, if an independent organization had been started on sincere and sensible lines, an anti-Tammany victory was well within sight.

But, under Mr. Fulton Cutting's leadership, the Citizens' Union went deliberately to work to make the coöperation of the Republican party in the election of an anti-Tammany man absolutely impossible, and it seemed to omit no single thing that was calculated to bring about that result. The worst of it was that Dr. Low weakly put himself right under the wing of this arrogant and offensive coterie.

McKinley Advises Against Low's Nomination

Even as late in the campaign as within a week of the Republican Convention, and after the Citizens' Union had called their self-appointed selves together and had nominated Dr. Low on their take-him-or-leave-him platform, we tried to save him and the situation. Mr. Quigg — I won't say with my approval, but without my objection — had a talk with Elihu Root, in which he told Mr. Root, for such a purpose as Mr. Root might think it proper to put it to, that if Dr. Low, before accepting the Citizens' Union nomination, would wait until the Republican convention had met, and would then accept both nominations, preferably in identical terms, we would do the best we could to bring about his nomination. Nothing came of this communication, however, and neither I nor any of my advisers could see any other course to pursue than the one that was finally taken.

The matter was discussed with the Republican leaders, not only in New York City but throughout the State. At my suggestion, Mr. Quigg went to Lake Champlain, where President McKinley was stopping, and, in the course of an interview that lasted two hours, went over every phase of the matter with him. I had many conferences with Mr. Bliss, then in the President's Cabinet, and with party leaders in other States whose judgment I had learned to respect; and, from the President down, the opinion of every Republican who had any party responsibility was that, under the circumstances, we could not afford to nominate Dr. Low.

The Stolid Tammany Majority

The final consideration with me was this — that no man can get away from his environment; that the auspices under which a man takes office, the conditions of his nomination, are bound to control his conduct in office; and that Dr. Low, brought forward by the Citizens' Union in the extraordinary way in which they got him before the public and into actual nomination, must, if elected, have been a constant thorn in the flesh to the Republican organization in both city and State. And yet, by nominating him ourselves we should have been responsible for him and for the unpopular support he would have been sure to provide.

An anti-Tammany victory in New York, moreover, is a chance victory, and for that reason has never resulted in the real and permanent betterment of things. The Democratic majority in New York City is so large, so stolid, made up of elements so difficult to reach and to convince, that an occasional victory on the part of Republicans and other forces has been found to accomplish little. I admit the importance of even that little, and I can easily see that if a Republican Mayor could be elected as a Republican, and could have a strong, united party behind him, so that in the course of a four years' administration he could build up the party and its organization and thus bring about his own reëlection or the election of another who would continue his good administration, it would be possible, in the course of time, thoroughly to reorganize and reform the local departments.

But — elected as a political hybrid, with the well-to-do, easy-going, thoughtless aristocrats organized in some independent guise pulling in one direction, with such bodies as the City Club pulling in another, with the Republican organization pulling in still another, with the fag-ends, such as Jimmy O'Brien, the Stecklers, and the Sheehans, with their demands and distractions to plague and pursue him; selected for his social position, or his standing as a banker or a merchant, with little or no experience of public administration — no man alive could justify the expectations that secured for him the office of Mayor of New York City; and the prompt return of Tammany to its own is a foregone conclusion from the day he takes office.

The Mazet Investigation and Croker

When Tammany returned to power in 1898, the abuse of the laws became quite as flagrant as ever under its former rule, and the Police Department quite as demoralized and corrupt.

Again there was a cry for a thorough legislative probing. On March 29, 1899, there was adopted by the Assembly a resolution creating the special Mazet Committee. This committee went to work, and it proved that many of the accusations against the Van Wyck administra-

tion were warranted. To quote from the report submitted by Chairman Mazet and his associates:

"The one clear and distinct fact brought out by this investigation is that we have in this great city the most perfect instance of centralized party government yet known. We have had explained by the highest authority, the dictator himself [Richard Croker], the system and theory of government, government no longer responsible to the people, but to that dictator. We see the central power, not the man who sits in the Mayor's chair, but the man who stands behind it.

"The enormous increase in the budget of the city of New York, the inefficiency and wastefulness in the public service, the demoralization of many of the departments, are due absolutely to the abdication of power by the officers of the people to an organization, the ruler of which, an autocrat, has testified that he was working for his pocket all the time.

Tammany Still Protecting Vice and Crime

"The conduct of the present Police Department of the city of New York is unqualifiedly bad. Not only are the laws against pool-rooms, gaming-houses, excise violations, dance-halls, and wicked resorts of all kinds not enforced, or enforced in such a way as to be ridiculously ineffective, but the general discipline is lax. Robberies from the person, robberies from houses and stores, bunco games, deceits, frauds, thefts have increased in an alarming degree, and the detection of these crimes and the recovery of the property has steadily decreased during the last two years. When, at the direct instance of the gambling and pool-selling fraternity, officers have been "pounded," captains transferred, and a chief retired, it is hopeless to expect any other administration of such laws than that which the overwhelming evidence proves to exist."

"Fusion the End of Government by Cable"

It had been demonstrated by the 1897 election returns that there was a tangible and certain anti-Tammany plurality in the city. The combined vote of Low (Citizens' Union) and Tracy (Republican) showed a plurality of about fifty thousand over Van Wyck, the Tammany candidate for Mayor that year. How to unite this vote was the task to which Robert C. Morris, President of the Republican New York County Committee, set himself. Early in February of 1901, President Morris called the Republican County Committee together, and it declared for a fusion of all anti-Tammany forces.

Conferences were held throughout the summer as to the make-up of the tickets, city, county, legislative, and aldermanic, and after much work a ticket was selected with Dr. Low at its head.

Rarely have the Greater New York Republican organizations conducted a stronger and more offensive battle than they did in the 1901 campaign. A house-to-house canvass was made and so thoroughly managed that we knew fully a fortnight before election day that we had Tammany whipped. Despite Richard Croker's attempt to conceal the Tiger's claws beneath the cloak of Edward M. Shepard, his candidate for Mayor, a man who had hitherto been an implacable foe, Low defeated him by over thirty thousand plurality. Every candidate on the Fusion ticket, city and county, was elected. So chagrined was Mr. Croker that he formally abdicated forever the Tammany leadership, and hied himself back to the seclusion of his Irish castle. As Job E. Hedges aptly observed at the time, "The Fusion movement put an end to government by cable."

The Republican organizations fared much better for patronage under Low than under Strong. Strong had been long on preëlection promises, but produced nothing in fulfilment. Low made comparatively few promises, but I must do him the justice to say that he did his best to make those few good.

Tammany Again—the Same Old Grafters

Looking back over the personnel of the Low administration, I have been told that with the completion of his cabinet Mayor Low became possessed of the idea that he had done all he thought necessary for the Republican organization. Much to the disappointment of the leaders, he permitted Republican and Democratic heads of departments studiously to ignore recommendations for place in subordinate positions.

The result was that, instead of Low and his running mates turning the "Tammany rascals" out, an army of over forty thousand was permitted to retain place, and in 1903 this army successfully fought as one man to put Low out of and McClellan in the Mayor's chair.

I know of nothing that occurred during the Low administration that should change the opinion I had concerning Mayor Low in 1897. He came and went, and New York City is still the same old town, with the same old social and political problems, the same old grafters, the same body of office-holders, the same burden of debt, and the same ratio of increase in its apportionments that it had when we were told that Mr. Low's election meant emancipation from them all.

THE FIFTH OF OCTOBER

BY

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

AUTHOR OF "A GOOD SAMARITAN," "A WEST POINT REGULATION," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

WHEN the road of life turns sharply right or left, according to a decision; when the decision must be ready of a Monday morning, and this is Saturday; when one has five times gone down into soul-depths to consider, and five times been jerked back by a rap or a ring, and banality — when this is the state of affairs, the state of mind is rasped. One bitterly resents the fate that has led to a Paris hotel, and a numbered door, and a telephone.

The girl, Alixe, struggling for calm and concentration, was aware that she was listening all the time to sounds in the corridors. Yet her thoughts ran at length into a quieter, remoter groove; they slipped across the ocean to her own America, to country roads where brown earth was soft and hillsides misty with a springtime gone by, where she rode a horse through fresh weather, through woods starred with white trilliums; and riding beside her was the Only Man in the World — the man who would never forgive her. By the pang that came as she remembered those rides, she knew that, whether he forgave her or not, she cared for him still. But the girl was not of the Griselda pattern — not meek. She had humbled herself, had gone all the way. It had been her fault; she had been unpardonable: yet, she was worth pardoning.

There the man had failed her. He had not seen, through the things she did, which were unworthy, the thing that she was, which was worth while. She had taken her pride — her very stiff pride — in her hand, and said that she was sorry; had tried to show him that it was not the regular traveling of a small nature, but the running off the track of a warm and generous one. And the man would not see. By that she knew that he was limited and vain. Yes, but he was other things — himself, above all. It is hard to resolve personality entirely into qualities; it holds, often, when qualities go to pieces.

The girl made for the man the allowances he would not make for her. She knew about wounded vanity, and she knew how self-distrust develops wounded vanity. She added up columns for and against, and reckoned that limitation and vanity did not count against the large things set to his credit; when she had added and subtracted over and over, the result was still altogether desirable.

This arithmetic did not occur immediately after the quarrel, which was two years before. At that time she had merely floundered and said, in many forms, the wrong thing. So that the man was more fixed in a pig-headed, iron-bound, steel-clamped obstinacy never to forgive her. He let her alone violently, counting it unto himself for righteousness and a firm character; and she suffered and grew — very gradually grew — strong. And now she could add up the debit and credit, and think of him, no more as a demi-god whose smile or frown made the weather, but as a headstrong, warm-hearted, clever, stupid boy-man, who, though he would never forgive her, yet somehow, with his big brain and body and heart tied to much childishness, continued to be the high-water mark of desirableness.

Yet — he would never forgive her.

And the Prince insisted that she should marry him. An eligible prince, with a family tree and castles — a fortune, moreover. The background was satisfying. The girl liked it. Most normal girls have no objection to princes and glitter and glow, as princes and glitter and glow. It would be amusing to be a princess; she would like the title — and, moreover, she liked the Prince. He was not a great man, but he was quick-witted and lovable. It proved him to be different from the ruck of princes that he was mad about her, for the girl was not an heiress. She had explained this carefully, and he had

laughed, with his flashing eyes spilling over two or three meanings — impulsive, adoring, mirthful; he certainly was Prince Charming, besides his other long names.

"But, Mademoiselle — one sees I have thirty cents, as you says it. I don't care if you are rich or not, if you are yourself. Me — I have money like gee-whiz." (The Prince desired to speak English colloquially.)

So there the case stood. On one side, the Only Man in the World lost to sight, to memory dear — and a lifelong spinsterhood; on the other side, gay and brilliant years beckoning to a light-footed couple resembling herself and that dear boy, the Prince. This was the problem, and she had set this morning apart to answer it, and had shut herself up in her room at the Hotel Normandie for the purpose. For on Monday morning she had promised that she would give the Prince, who, for an impatient and spoiled lad, had been patient, his answer. And, every two minutes since she had locked her door, had come a knock at it, or a ring at the telephone, with commonplace to follow. Each small interruption left her less able to focus her mind on the one big thing in life; until, finally, on her reverie of old rides broke the sixth rap.

"*Entrez*," the girl said, quietly enough — so little, fortunately, do the tones of the trained express their feelings; and the husky French chambermaid man deposited a box on the table — the adorable pink hat from the Rue de la Paix. "*Merci*," she said, and the black-mustached gentleman was gone. But in his place, stood Elsie — her young sister, sixteen, full of romance, thrilled with the big sister's love affairs.

"They've done nothing but pound at your door, Alixe, all this morning. I tried to stop them, but mother had me clutched, running ribbons, and every time I was too late. It's a crime. It's no use trying to get a quiet moment in this bedlam of a hotel. But I have an idea — I know how you can skip the pandemonium and get a chance to think in peace. You trust your Aunt Elsie."

Alixe sighed. "There's no peace to be got in a large family. I'll have to toss up a penny in the end — I know I will," she said.

"No, you won't — *I'll* see to that. I know how to manage," Elsie assured her.

"How?"

"Listen. To-morrow is Sunday, and the fountains play at Versailles. The McMillans are going to motor out, and we'll go with them — you and I. Then, when we get there, we'll lose them. They won't care; they'll be glad. They're always grateful for being left alone. We'll come back by train. And you and I will wander over to the Petit Trianon Park, to the *hameau*. It's always deserted when the fountains are playing, and it's a perfect place to think out a love problem. Oh, I don't mean to be fresh. It's a horrid hole you're in. I wouldn't have your responsibility for a thousand dollars a minute. Hideous! The Prince is a dear, and that would be easy and satisfactory, and mother is frantic for fear you won't. But, then — Jim Arnold. Suppose you met him after, and saw that he liked you still, and it was too late. Awful! And the Prince isn't a patch on Jim Arnold — really and truly. Yet he *is* a dear, and mother would die of joy. It's heartbreaking! I do understand, Alixe."

"You do — you're a comfort."

But she knew that nobody understood. Elsie was her lifelong friend, and Elsie knew as much as any separate human being might. But no separate human being might know the most real part of it. Nobody could help her. She must fight it out alone — which is always the case, when a fight matters.

However, Elsie's idea of the scene for the drama appealed to her. The little hamlet, the plaything of Marie Antoinette, set, with its thatched roofs and simplicity, into the royal park; the twilight of trees which folded about it; the whispers of wind always there, which seemed like the ghosts of voices; the memories of lords and ladies raking hay and making butter with awkward jeweled hands; more than all, the thought of the girl queen who tried so hard, though a queen, to be happy as a woman — all this shadowy old romance filled the place with fascination for the girl from a new, unshaded country. Elsie's plan was good; they would do that.

The McMillans' car fled through Paris, from Paris over the eleven miles to Versailles. The little bride and groom laughed at everything and at nothing; and Alixe and Elsie laughed with them, as if they were not conspirators. And almost at once they were walking about in the crowd down the lanes of clipped growth that led to the Neptune Fountain. Marble statues gleamed high against the walls of the hedges; vistas reached to fairy lakes, to dim, formal avenues which melted in shadows. Looking this way and that down the dark *allées*, one saw at the farther end the white shaft of a fountain rising in mist and in brilliancy.

The girl's imagination ran away with her. Her mind was of the kind poised lightly between material and immaterial things. The loveliness of Versailles, with its memories and its ghosts, its tragedies and comedies and gaieties, seized her. She seemed to feel another atmosphere, to see other beings than those who talked to her and jostled her. There was a presence — to the mind of the girl — in an enormous wig, with

sword at the side, in glory of blue satin and scent and laces, a presence which strutted along the wooded lanes, followed by a gorgeous company. King Louis XIV. of France — Louis the Great — walked in his gardens of Versailles.

So strong was the illusion that she found herself moving aside for the passing of that long-dead, arrogant crowd. It was gone, and out from the maze of clipped greenness seemed to ring voices. A girl in a shepherdess costume came flying, and behind the girl was the scowling face of a lady-in-waiting, the old Comtesse de Noailles, who angrily hobbled after; then young lords and more ladies, laughing at the Queen, laughing at cross "Madame Etiquette," who could by no exercise of dignity keep in order "the Austrian," the girl Marie Antoinette.

This other girl, standing in the Queen's garden a century after that head had fallen from its slim shoulders, dreamed of the crowd of figures that had walked the history-haunted lanes, until the past was almost reality. She started at her sister's touch.

"They're lost," Elsie said. "Bully! I didn't think I could do it so fast. Now, scoot; let's be away from here before they're struck conscientious and look us up."

The two found their way through waves of milliners and barbers, away from the huge Bassin de Neptune, through the gardens past the Bassin d'Apollon, and then, from the pile of palaces, into quiet paths, past the Grand Trianon, past the Petit Trianon standing in Greek haughtiness of simplicity; and with that they were in the stillness of the park, and surrounded by the twelve buildings of the *hameau*, the play-village of Marie Antoinette.

"*Nous v'là!*" Elsie announced. "I told you! Not a human! You can think your head off. I'm going for a wander by myself — I've been dying to prowl about this place without Mama, and this is my chance, so good-by for an hour." She turned her wrist to look at the watch strapped to it. "For an hour and a half, Alixe. There's a train then. I'll come for you, and meantime you can have it out with yourself. Isn't it quiet?"

"It's heaven," Alixe agreed. "Don't go far — you won't get into mischief, child?"

"No — oh, no!" And Elsie's character was such that the older sister took her word for it.

There is a grassy slope in the shadow of the trees, near the tiny lake, where, reflected in the water, one sees the thatched roofs and balconies of the house of the "farmer" — the farmer whom the guillotine killed, who was Louis XVI. of France. Alixe leaned her head against a tree and forgot herself and her own affairs, and like the waves of a quiet river the memories of the place rippled over her. Over there in the little mill the King had played miller and shouldered sacks of corn; the stone steps to the "boudoir" were mossy now, where once the feet of the Austrian had run up and down; down a pathway the door of the Queen's theater still peeped from the trees; "Marlborough's Tower" frowned still in toy grimness above the dairy-house. Alixe almost believed she heard a voice singing out of the quiet. It was the nurse, who sang to the Queen's children:

> "Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre,
> Sa dame à sa tour monte."

The nurse sang the old rhyme, and the children sang it after her in baby French; and their mother, the Queen, named this tiny tower, to please them, "Marlborough's Tower." The traditions that Alixe had read of the place crowded to her mind.

In the center of all was the humble "Maison du Seigneur" — the house of the farmer. On that balcony the Queen had come out in her white lawn dress of a farmer's wife, and the King, a Watteau peasant in dress, had followed her, laughing; and the two had called to the milkmaids going in and out of the door of the dairy — a dairy with marble benches, with pails of Sèvres china — milkmaids who were duchesses and princesses.

There was to Alixe a charm in the thought of the milkmaids, because one of them had been her own ancestress, Alixe de Courtailles, a favorite of the Queen. Afterward, in the Terror, she had fled to America, and through five generations her name had been kept and was to-day the name of the foreigner who came back to sit among the ghosts of the Queen's village.

Alixe de Courtailles! The Alixe of America fell to wondering what her kinswoman had looked like. She imagined she caught a glimpse, through the open door of the dairy, of a young face, blue-eyed and alert and winning. It was easy to animate the place with those figures, long dust — stately heads whose rest had at last been the guillotine, satin-shod feet which had fled through blood, laughing eyes which had wept the loss of everything that meant happiness.

A breeze rustled in the chestnuts above the girl's head, touched the quiet lake, and lifted the leaves of the bushes as if a hand brushed them this way and that. It was gone; yet there was still a whisper of it, like voices, far down the path that led through the wood. Like voices? There *were* voices. Alixe turned and looked down the path. People! Through the light and shadow came a flash of white; there were

women. A laugh broke distinctly, and then, nearer, a soft chorus of voices.

At once Alixe was back in the present, troubled and irritated. What a nuisance! She had come so far to be alone, and here were French shop-people spoiling her solitude. The group, floating toward her with a murmur of talking, all at once seemed to be aware of her, and movement and sound stopped. Alixe realized suddenly that the voices which had become silent were not the sharp tones of shop-people, but low and well-bred, and that the dozen people standing, half in the shadow of the trees, half in the blurred sunlight, regarding her, carried themselves with dignity and pride.

A wave of apologetic shyness seized her, as if she might be the intruder, not they. Then, with surprise, she caught the gleam of pink and of blue satin, of laces, of powdered hair and feathers. The next second her attention was fixed on a young woman who stepped from the company, dressed in white. A straw hat was on the curls that lay loosely on her shoulders. It was the plainest of costumes, except — the girl's eyes opened as they marked the exception — a string of magnificent rubies lay around her neck, like drops of blood linked closely; there was an aggressive brilliance in them. The young woman spoke, with gentleness, with charm.

"I fear that we have disturbed Mademoiselle," she said. "I am desolated."

Alixe stood before the Frenchwoman with that odd impression of a trespasser on private property. "Oh, no; surely — it is I——" she stammered. And then she regained composure. "It is you to whom the park belongs, Madame — to the French," she said, smiling her response to the friendly face. "I am only a stranger from America."

"From America!" The newcomer repeated the words. She turned a trifle toward the figures grouped behind her — a mere trifle, as if she knew that a movement of hers would be noted. "I have a wish to talk to Mademoiselle," she said gently, over her shoulder. "I wish to talk to Mademoiselle alone."

It seemed to Alixe as if the bunch of bright colors on the edge of the wood melted into the russet, blue, and black-green shadows. She was sitting again on the slope of the grass, and the strange lady sat by her, and they talked like old friends. It was curious how easy it was to talk to her. The girl told her, smiling, of her dreams; how she had imagined King Louis XVI. and the Queen and their friends at play in this park.

"I love to come here," she said. "It makes that bit of history vivid — most of all, the Queen. The place is full of her, and everybody loves Marie Antoinette, you know. In all history there isn't any figure, I think, that has better kept its reality and the affection of the world. Because she was so human — that is why human beings love her still. She stood the test like a Queen and a heroine — yet she was normal and womanly. It makes you feel as if every human woman might possibly have heroism, if the need came." She looked about at the quiet little old buildings among the trees. "Yes, indeed, people love Marie Antoinette after a hundred years. I think after a thousand they will love her the same."

Alixe's gaze came back to her new friend's face, and she saw with astonishment that the Frenchwoman's blue eyes were full of tears.

"Is it the truth?" the stranger asked, with a slight break across the words. "It would be pleasant to Marie Antoinette of France to know that. She cared most for that — for love — far more than for greatness. She would have been glad to have lived — to have died, even, I believe — if she might know what Mademoiselle has told me."

The girl was surprised at the emphasis which the newcomer appeared to lay on her words; yet she considered the emotional French nature, and it came to her that this charming person was taking her as a representative of her nation, of America; for that reason her words carried weight. She went on — it was odd how the stranger seemed to draw out her intimate thoughts.

"I am proud to have a little link with the Queen — if I may call it as much as that. In any case, I feel through four generations a little right of loyalty to her; for, you see, Madame, my great-great-grandmother was one of her ladies. And the Queen cared for her. Her name was ——"

"Alixe de Courtailles."

The low voice took the words from the girl's lips before they were spoken. Alixe gazed with eyes wide open. She was aware of a slight fear creeping through her, as of something unprecedented. She looked into the face of the Frenchwoman, and she saw the rubies around the throat gleam as if alive. She could not speak. But the other spoke at once, easily, reassuringly:

"It astonishes you, Mademoiselle, that I know this name? Ah, but there are so many ways of knowing things, and spirit speaks to spirit so distinctly, when they are kin. And the world holds much besides the machinery that seems to make its life. You and I, Mademoiselle, we are strangers, is it not? And yet we are of a closeness — I recognized it so, Made-

moiselle, at your first word. I could tell you other things of yourself, if I might — for example, it is very plain to me that you are troubled, perplexed, over a question — that you have, it may be, a decision to make. Is it not true, Mademoiselle?"

Alixe, gazing into the clear eyes, felt no desire to cover any secret from them. "It is true," she said simply, and waited.

"One comes, at times, to a fork in life's road, when one has to choose most definitely the way," the rippling tones went on, in exquisite crisp French which yet had, to the girl's ear, a touch of something foreign, something uncommon. The voice went on: "One must choose. Perhaps a road is gilded — it leads to greatness and riches. It dazzles, it lures. They are good things to look at, greatness and riches. Yet, Mademoiselle, I tell you — I who have known — that it is not a reason to decide one's life, to be great, to be rich. When one is too great it is tiresome — *ennuyant*. It is to be tied with chains. Chains are not more comfortable to wear because of glittering. Always there are formalities. One may not speak or act naturally — hardly one may think naturally. And riches — ah!"

The delicate hand brushed aside wealth with a quick gesture.

"It is to be choked with flowers and bonbons to be very rich; and to be choked is not agreeable — is it not so, Mademoiselle? When one has always new pleasures, one has no time to enjoy any pleasure; one has no time to enjoy those who are dearest — friends, family, children. All these must be neglected in the hurry from the last toy to the next. There is no simplicity, no leisure — it is so that life becomes a treadmill. Also, the joy of life goes; one loses the power to taste pleasure — tasting too much. Believe me, for I have known, it is not too happy a life, even when one is most lucky, to be great and rich."

The Frenchwoman's manner changed suddenly, winningly.

"Perhaps Mademoiselle does not need a sermon on the dangers of the great world. It may be that Mademoiselle's difficulty is of another sort. I believe, indeed, however, that Mademoiselle's question is an old one — the question of a man."

Alixe's color came. But she answered, as before, with directness — the personality of this stranger seemed to compel that. "Yes," she said; "it is — of a man. How could you tell?"

The Frenchwoman laughed. "But that is easy. Mademoiselle is young and charming. When it is so, there is always a question of a man. Of a truth, Mademoiselle is charming enough to make it all simply a question of two men. Am I right? There are two?"

And the girl said quietly: "Yes, Madame, there are two."

In the distance, beyond the screen of shrubbery, some one was singing — Elsie. Alixe turned her head to look. She did not want to be interrupted yet. Elsie was not in sight. When she turned back, the Frenchwoman stood before her, an ethereal white figure, the hands stretched, almost as if blessing her. As she lifted her eyes, the strange necklace flamed — one would certainly have thought that drops of blood circled the throat. For a second the two looked at each other. Then the clear voice spoke, more clearly, more slowly than before:

"Mademoiselle — must not make a decision — to-morrow morning. Mademoiselle — must wait until — the afternoon. Absolutely. *Il faut.*"

"Alixe — Alixe, where are you?"

The girl whirled to hush her sister. It seemed sacrilege to shout so in the very presence of — the presence of whom? She turned back swiftly — for Elsie was yet hidden — to answer her own thought. There was no one there. The girl stood staring about her, but could not catch even the gleam of a white gown down the path. Yet it was dim there, and the path twisted. And with that appeared the little sister.

"Elsie, did you see her?"

"See which?"

"The lady — in a white dress. She was here a second ago, when you called. How did she get away so suddenly?"

"I didn't see anything," declared Elsie. "Who was she? Didn't you know her?"

"Oh, Elsie — the most wonderful person! I — don't understand ——"

Elsie picked up the thread: "What don't you understand? What's the matter with you, Alixe? You act dotty. I believe — yes, sir, I believe you went to sleep. A lady in white! Which is no use at all — but just like you. When time is worth four dollars a second, you take hunks of it for dreaming and such. You need me, asleep or awake, and that's the truth."

"Listen, Elsie." She told the story of the talk with the Frenchwoman; of the name of Alixe de Courtailles slipped into her own sentence; of the startling way in which her thoughts had been read; last of all, of the command that her decision should be postponed until Monday afternoon. What did it mean? Who was this unknown person who knew all about her? Wasn't it mysterious? The older

girl, impressionable, poetical, threw herself, as often happens in this material world, on the untroubled sense of the commonplace other. The commonplace other was equal to the burden.

"Tommy-rot," she pronounced. "In the first place, you were asleep."

"I wasn't." Alixe was firm.

"Well, then — I didn't think you were, either, only I thought I'd try that on you. Well — you say they were all in some sort of fancy dress? Now, isn't that French? They were just a bunch of actresses out for a country spree, in costume, to be *plus gai* — isn't it just too French? And you struck the leading lady."

"*Oh!* If you could have seen her, Elsie, you wouldn't talk like that. Anyhow, it doesn't explain what she did."

"Yes, it does. Frenchwomen, and especially people like actresses, are abnormally clever. They skin your soul, and you never suspect. I've read about it — I know." The sixteen-year-old head nodded wisely. "You had mentioned Alixe de Courtailles——"

"But I *hadn't.*"

"You *thought* you hadn't, but somehow she got it from you — and then she sprang it on you. And the rest the same way. She extracted it all out of you, and ricochetted it around at you as brand-new. Oh, I've heard about more marvelous stunts than that. Or telepathy, you know — she may have been the queen-bee telepather. We had a lot about that in school last term, and it's a fact that they squeegee things out of people without a word said. Hypnotism, too — why, it's easy; there are a dozen ways to explain. The lovely lady was having the time of her life with you. You say yourself that you felt a powerful inclination to tell secrets — well, you did. See? And then she told them back to you. I understand — but it *was* interesting, and exactly the kind of thing to happen to a dreamy old juggins like you. She sized you up when she saw you, I'll bet."

"She did say — something — like that."

"You see," Elsie crowed. "Trust your Aunt Elsie! I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see in the paper to-morrow that 'Madame Celeste, the champion mind-reader of the Cirque d'Été,' or something, had been giving a fête at Versailles."

"Oh, Elsie! You are a vulgar little brat. If you could have seen her — that's all!"

But already the spell of the adventure was losing strength; already the breezy oxygen of Elsie's personality was replacing the delicate intoxication of that other presence.

"I suppose it must be something of the sort," Alixe admitted reluctantly. "There's nothing much else to think, is there? But we won't tell a living soul, Elsie!"

The little sister promised cheerfully.

"And there is one thing more — I'll do what she said about to-morrow. I'll send that Prince boy a note to-night to say he must wait till afternoon. If he won't wait, I don't care."

"That settles how much you do care for the Prince boy, anyway." remarked Elsie.

The note went, and next morning Alixe waked, late, to the old indecision. What had she gained by putting off the crisis for half a day? How had she been so influenced by the words of a clever, casual stranger? It was the *métier* of a whole world of people whom she had only read about to charm and manipulate simple persons. She had come in contact with one of these, and had been manipulated — that was all. It was as Elsie said.

Yet, even as she thought this, the memory of that frank and high-bred face rose to answer the thought. However,— Alixe tossed her arms restlessly above her head on the pillow in the dim quiet of her room,—however, there was nothing else thinkable: it was that. She insisted, she whispered the words aloud: "*It was that.*" And the Prince was still to be answered that afternoon.

A knock at the door. Elsie with mail — American mail.

"Draw up the shades, Elsie dear, and ring for my breakfast. I'm glad you let me sleep; I was tired. Oh, what a lot of letters!"

She sat up in bed, with a braid over her shoulder, and a blue bow much on one side of her head. She slipped the letters across each other. "Betty Ord; and that one's a man — Bob McLean, I think." (A woman prolongs the joy of the postman like this.) "And that's Aunt Elizabeth — she's at Saranac. And this is a bill — oh, joy! Why do bills——"

She stopped short. It was the under letter of the pile. All the other letters, unopened, slid to the floor. Elsie, turning from the window-shades, saw.

"Alixe! Has something happened?"

Alixe held out the under letter — and drew it back. "Him."

"Him? Who? Oh!" Elsie was on her knees by the bed. "Not — Jim Arnold?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you open it?"

"I — can't." She stared at the big, bold black writing.

"I'll open it."

Alixe pushed back the hand. She glanced at her sister. "I should say not." Then she slid a forefinger inside the flap — and stopped. "It stirs me all up again. I was getting peaceful. What's he writing for?"

"Read it, goose!"

And, while she read, the little sister knelt, with eyes glued on her — eager, patient, faithful, like a good little sensible dog which waits the master's erratic time to throw a bone. There was only a short page of the vigorous, unmistakable writing — Elsie could see so much with perfect honor. And Alixe must have read it six times before the guardian angel remonstrated:

"Alixe, aren't you going to tell me?"

With that the blonde braid flapped in her face and Alixe was hugging her. "Dear old Elsie — good little Elsie!"

"Your hair is in my mouth, Alixe — brr!" responded Elsie with disgust. "Let me read the letter."

"No!" And then, "Why — I think you could. The words of it don't mean much."

"Golly!" remarked Elsie, taking possession. "What's all the fuss about, then? The postage stamp?" She read — aloud:

"A man doesn't deserve anything when he has been a fool. I know that. But once in a while a man gets what he doesn't deserve, and I'm going to try. Everything may have happened. I know that, too. But if you don't tell me not to, I'm coming. Now. This letter should reach you Monday, the 6th. If I get no cable I'll sail Wednesday, the 8th."

That was all.

"It doesn't finish up very gracefully, does it?" inquired Elsie. "Sort of stops in the middle." And she bent and kissed her sister in a motherly way. "He's a fool, you know. He said so."

Alixe clutched her letter. "In spots — yes, he is. But, you see, he is also — the Only Man in the World." And, as she laughed, holding the big black writing against her face, suddenly she looked up. "Elsie, the lady at Versailles yesterday: she told me — not to decide — till afternoon. And here's — his letter. How — did — she know?"

Elsie considered. "Ginger!" she acknowledged. "Lucky fluke, I call it — those things happen sometimes."

The long years, the unending years, are before twenty. That mile-stone passed, one seems to have got beyond the signs that read — it may be fancied — "Lives forbidden to go faster than twelve months a year. By order of the Fates."

One has got to the open country, and speeding is allowed. And at first it is glorious to speed. The roads are green and gold with May weather; the far landscape is a mist of blossoming trees. The breeze exhilarates as we rush forward to yet more freshness and color. But it grows dusty; it grows hot; hills loom that are hard to climb; the wind bites, and one is a little tired — and the machine goes so relentlessly fast. With that, there are places of shade and rippling water; there are hands stretched from the wayside; there are eyes that shine into ours with a new look, undreamed of, thrilling: but the machine whirls on. For sorrow or joy we may not wait. The merciless, merciful motor of the years whirls us past troubles and bliss alike — the machine goes.

Alixe was twenty-two on the morning in Paris when Elsie brought her the American mail. There was no answer cabled, but there was an answer given to the Prince that afternoon, in an interview which, to the honor of both, left them friends. The day was lived through, and ten days more, and then duly arrived the Only Man in the World, and crooked paths were made straight and dark places made light. And immediately, with no regard for a trousseau, there must be a wedding, which there was.

And in a turn of the hand five years were gone and she was back. She and the man were back in Paris, and were due to dine at the gorgeous great house of the Prince and Princess. For it was out of all drawing that the Prince boy should be unhappy for long. Within a year of his heartbreaking a girl happened along,— an American girl, which prettily connected the old love to the new,— and the Prince once more was heels over head in love, and this time not in vain. He married the girl and her trillions of Western money, and all went merry as a marriage bell; and continued to go fairly merry, as things are, for the boy and girl seemed to have only one trouble, that of keeping up with their money; which is a trouble that most people face with courage.

Alixe, sitting at the great dinner-table, regarded the Prince with that mixture of feelings which fogs a woman in like case. The man had belonged to her — so he had said; she had refused him, and he had been stricken; now he was happy with another woman. She wished him to be happy — yet it was soothing that he should seem not too aggressively happy. The slightly harassed look in the flashing dark eyes — Alixe pleasantly considered whether she could have kept that look away.

Just then the woman who sat next spoke to her. For a mishap had come to the feast at the last moment, and it was short one man, so that, instead of a black coat on either side, Alixe had on her left a graceful person in lace and violets, with gray eyes and bright color, and already, at thirty or so, gray hair. A piquant person — the more so as she was Irish. In the speech of a cultivated Irishwoman,—the best English in

the world,— with the full, round vowels, and the clear consonants, and the pretty burr of strength on the closing of the syllables, she made a most unexpected remark.

"Please," she threw at the American impulsively, "please let me look at your hands."

Alixe, smiling,— for Miss Daley was very winning,— held them out. The Irishwoman examined the palms eagerly.

"'Tis just as I thought." The two, in the chatter of the big dinner-table, were unnoticed and alone. "I was right — just. I knew 'twas so before I saw." And she laughed, with eyes and dimples and radiant, shifting color all joining. "I'll tell you something about yourself that it's likely you don't know. You've"— she hesitated a second — "you've the second sight."

"What!" Alixe gasped. "What do you mean, Miss Daley?"

"Excuse me for being so blunt, but the moment I saw you I thought it — there's a look; I could hardly wait to make sure." She gazed seriously at the young American woman with her bright gray eyes. "Don't be offended," she said. "It's a wonderful gift. I've the same power," she went on, "and I've had experience. You've the gift of seeing things that most people are not aware of."

"But I don't want to," protested Alixe.

"Oh, don't say that," the pretty Irishwoman smiled at her. "'Twill do you no harm. 'Tis only another open door to life."

"I think you're mistaken," Alixe reasoned; "for I've never seen — ghosts, or anything."

"Are you sure?" Miss Daley asked. And then, "However that may be, you've got the power. It may happen to do you good sometime — for that depends on yourself, like most else. And I'm sorry indeed if I've troubled you——"

At that second the hostess' voice spoke Alixe's name from the farther end of the table. "I wish you were going to sail with us tomorrow," she said. "Karl is so hard to amuse when he gets restless — I dread being responsible for him off at sea. And he's always amused and happy when you're about. Do come, won't you?"

"Awfully good of you," laughed Alixe. "What an enchanting time you're going to have! It sounds fairylike."

The Princess looked worried. "I hope it will be nice — I suppose so. The yacht is Karl's new toy, and he's mad about it, for the moment. But he has such a lot of toys — it's like being choked with flowers and candies. They're nice, you know — but it's being choked, all the same. We don't have time to enjoy things much, because the next toy has to be played with. All the motors — we haven't done much with them; yet Karl thinks we ought to go off on this voyage, and, of course, I want to go, too — I wouldn't miss it."

Some one spoke from down the table.

"Does the baby go?"

"No." The worried look sharpened. "She's only three — she's too young. I have to leave her a good deal because of the automobiles and the yacht and all that." The young woman laughed a bit sadly. "They're insistent, and the baby doesn't insist. They don't give me a chance to see much of her."

To Alixe's mind came a sentence that she had heard: "When one has always new pleasures, one has no time to enjoy any pleasure; one has no time to enjoy those who are dearest." It came to her who had said the words. It was the Frenchwoman whom she had seen once — once only — in the park at Versailles, on the day before the day that had decided for her all history — on the fifth of October, five years ago.

The Princess had lapsed into talk with the grand person at her right, and Alixe turned to the little Irishwoman who had startled her. But at this end of the long table they were all launched on a common subject. Some one had caught a word of Miss Daley's, and that had started it — psychological research, ghosts. A man was finishing a story, and there was a chorus:

"How extraordinary!"

"It makes me shiver."

Then an Englishwoman, a Lady Herristone, caught up the thread, and everybody listened, as everybody always will listen at the promise of a ghost story.

"It makes me think," she said, "of something I heard here in Paris last year. I had it directly from one of the people to whom it happened."

"Tell it! Tell it!" she was urged.

Lady Herristone considered.

"I was trying to remember the exact date," she said, "for that is the point. Do you recollect how, at the time of the Revolution, the mob marched out from Paris to attack Versailles?"

"Yes, certainly," people answered.

"Well, when the Queen, Marie Antoinette, heard that news, she was in the park of the Petit Trianon, in the *hameau*, the little play-village — you will remember that also. Word was brought to her that the palace gates were about to be attacked, and the Queen said, 'My place is with the King,' and went straight to him, and never came back again to the *hameau*. That is——"

Lady Herristone paused. She had a dramatic fashion of talking, and every one at the table was watching her.

"That is — in life. For they say — and people whom I know believe this — they say that, on the anniversary of that day when the mob marched from Paris, the last day she ever spent in the place she loved best — on that day the Queen walks in the park. Every year some one meets her there, and talks to her, but is always unconscious of who it is until afterward. It always seems to the persons who meet her that a beautiful Frenchwoman in fancy dress has spoken to them — that's all. It's a pretty story, isn't it?" Lady Herristone appealed to the dinner-table. "And it's true. A man told me to whom it happened. There are many people in Paris to-day who will vouch for it. This man believes that he spoke, talked, two years ago, to Queen Marie Antoinette."

The brilliant company faced toward her; from right, from left, from across, the faces bent to hers; it was quite still. At last Alixe spoke.

"What day is it — the day when the Queen walks in the park?" she asked slowly, and her voice sounded strange.

"It is the fifth of October," Lady Herristone answered.

And from across the table Alixe's eyes met her husband's.

THE LITTLE WHITE RABBIT

BY

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

"MAY I go to the field," said the little white rabbit,
"Where the corn grows sweet and high?"
"Is there aught on the stile," said his old, old mother,
"Or what do I there espy?"

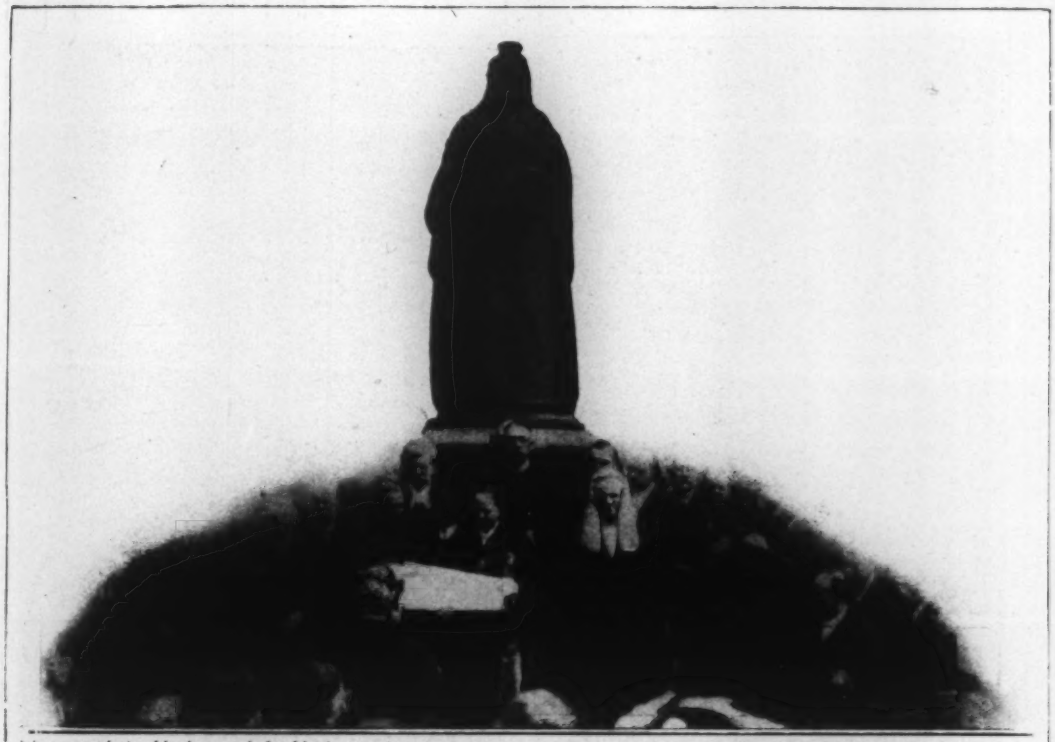
"'Tis a shepherd's lad, but he dreams in his place,
And he will not rise to slay."
"Oh, do not trust to an idle hand,
So stay, my little one, stay."

"There comes one now," said the little white rabbit,
"Through the corn so sweet and high."
"And so there are two," laughed the old, old mother,
"And you dare not pass them by."

"'Tis a farmer's lass, and she sings as she comes,
And she smiles upon her way."
"Is she young, is she fair, as she lilts her song?
Now say, my pretty one, say."

"She is gold as the field," said the little white rabbit,
"Where the sun all day doth lie;
She is fair as the snow is, my old, old mother,
And gray as the mist her eye."

"If the lass be fair, as you say that she be,
With her hair like the setting sun —
Oh, he never will wait to look on you,
So run, my little one, run."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

PROCLAMATION CEREMONY IN THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF WINDSOR

KING GEORGE THE FIFTH

BY

SYDNEY BROOKS

AUTHOR OF "WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF ROOSEVELT," "THE REAL KAISER," ETC.

WALTER BAGEHOT once described the Presidential system as "government by an unknown quantity." But monarchies, too, have their unknown quantities. Within the past ten years three European thrones have been filled by rulers whose personality and opinions, at the moment of their accession, were hidden from their own subjects as well as from the outside world of eager onlookers. One of them, the present King of Belgium, has still to prove himself. The other two, Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy and Alphonso XIII. of Spain, have contrived to stamp upon the public mind a more or less definite impress of their views and characters. But both, up to the very hour of their assumption of the supreme office, had lived behind a veil that was rarely lifted by others and never by themselves. Both, when they stepped into the full glare of the center of the stage, faced audiences that had had little chance of knowing, and were consumed with curiosity to learn, what manner of men they might be; and one of them, Victor Emmanuel, in the very first speech he delivered as King, demolished almost every conception that had been formed of him as a prince.

Government by an unknown quantity? Monarchies, more often than not, are governed by quantities that are not even guessed at. One thing it is safe to say of all princes alike: they

THE KING AT THE AGE OF TWO

THE KING AT THE AGE OF NINE

are never understood. Go to Vienna at this moment and canvass opinions on the policies and personality of the Heir-Apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary. You will hear twenty different versions from twenty equally well-informed observers. So it always has been; so it necessarily must be.

However much they may mingle in public and social life, princes, for the great mass of their future subjects, are inevitably little more than a name and an enigma. They are talked about, they are cheered, there is every disposition to think well of them; some vague image of what they may be — usually it is an image of what they ought to be — establishes itself, none can say how, in the mind of the populace; they arouse an enthusiasm and devotion — one sometimes hears of a prince being disparaged, but hardly ever of one being disliked — that both entice and defy analysis: but they are never really known. The distance between them and the masses is too great and too distorting. The effect of a dignified and ceremonial aloofness is too carefully preserved, the associations connected with the princely office and the emotions it evokes are too deep and real, and outspokenness either on the part of or in reference to the members of the royal family is too much opposed to the atmosphere and instincts of monarchy, to permit of an heir-apparent emerging in his true colors, as a man and not as a figurehead, or to allow the "man in the street" to form any estimate of him that is not almost wholly external. There is more chance that an American, jerked at a moment's notice from the Mayoralty of Buffalo to the Presidency of the United States, will be better understood by the masses of his country-

THE PARENTS OF KING GEORGE SHORTLY BEFORE HIS BIRTH

QUEEN MARY

THE FIRST ENGLISH PRINCESS FOR CENTURIES TO SHARE THE ENGLISH THRONE. LIKE HER HUSBAND, SHE IS TYPICALLY ENGLISH IN CHARACTER AND TASTES. SHE SPEAKS SEVERAL LANGUAGES, IS A MUSICIAN AND AN EXPERT NEEDLEWOMAN. HER MANY CHARITIES OCCUPY MUCH OF HER TIME

men, whom he may never even have set eyes on, than there is that a European prince, even after a life-time of continuous publicity, will have revealed either his mind or his nature to the nation over which he is to rule.

Great Britain, as I write, is exemplifying this truth. She has in George V. not only a new King, but an unknown one. There is a tale that Mr. Andrew Carnegie was chaffed by the German Emperor on his reputation for not liking kings, for disapproving of them, for being prejudiced against them.

"No, sir," was his reply, "I am not prejudiced against them; but I always look for the man behind the monarch."

That is what England is doing now. She is looking for the man behind George V. She is looking for him, but she has yet to find him. It has come upon Englishmen with almost a shock to realize how little they know, how blurred and colorless is their impression, of the Sovereign who has been called with such tragic suddenness to reign over them. After watching him for nine years as Heir-Presumptive, and for nine more as Heir-Apparent, their opinions of him are still, in the main, a series of negatives.

This is not because they lack discernment, or because his Majesty lacks positiveness. It is partly the result of the general conditions at which I have glanced — the conditions which make it well-nigh impossible for the ninety and nine to pierce through the trappings of royalty to the authentic personality behind; it is partly the result of the policy of self-suppression deliberately adopted by King George during his father's and his grandmother's reign, of the imperial tours that have so often taken him away from England, and of his habits of life when at home; and it is partly, also, the result of the instinctive attitude of the English people toward their sovereigns.

This attitude, as one finds it reflected in the London journals, is both curious and characteristic. Innumerable articles have been written about King George since his accession; but in all that I have read the human note has been conspicuously absent. Some of the writers have manifestly striven for it, but it has not less manifestly eluded them. Most of them, however, have simply merged the man in his office, and have treated the Sovereign as though he were far more of an institution than a human being. Admirable expression has been given, I need hardly say, to the sympathy that all Englishmen genuinely feel for King George in the loss of a parent, friend, and counselor to whom he was devotedly attached; to the sentiment of loyalty to the Crown, which is perhaps the only, or at any rate the strongest, political passion that the English people possess; and to the universal desire that the King should be given fair play, and that the unexampled Constitutional crisis, in the midst of which he has ascended the throne, should be abated or postponed till he has had time to take his bearings.

The external facts of his career, again, have been set forth with an abundant wealth of detail; and all his qualifications for the kingly craft have been amply enlarged upon. But, when it came to dealing with King George as a man, the London jour-

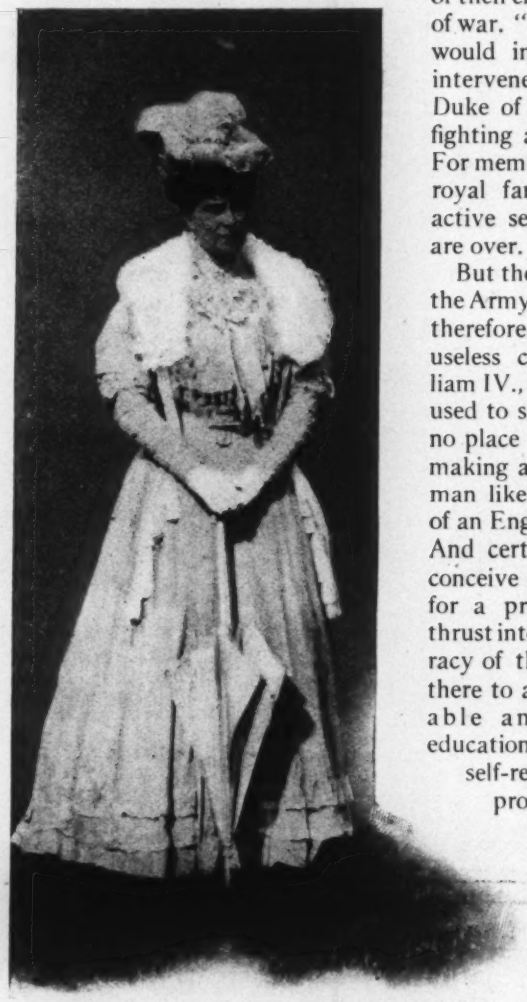
AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN
THE BOY ON THE LEFT IS THE PRINCE OF WALES

KING GEORGE V.

THE NEW SOVEREIGN IS NOT A MAN OF THE WORLD, AS HIS FATHER WAS, BUT IS ONE OF THE MOST ENGLISH OF ENGLISHMEN. HE IS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, VERY DOMESTIC, RETIRING, AND PRACTICALLY AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY TO HIS PEOPLE. THE WORLD IS WONDERING HOW ENGLAND WILL RECEIVE A RULER DIFFERING SO RADICALLY FROM KING EDWARD

nals, with very few exceptions, evolved character sketches that had, no doubt, many virtues, but not the virtue of being credible. With every wish to be complimentary, vivid, and lifelike, they presented to the world a sort of paragon in wax, a monster of humdrum respectability, a desiccated effigy of the conventional qualities, talents, and graces, a dehumanized dummy of decorous commonplace, a Constitutional automaton, a rigid pattern-plate of the proprieties.

Such a picture bears no more resemblance to King George, as I have heard him described by those who really know him, than it bears to Mr. Roosevelt. Its flatness and bloodlessness are, indeed, just as much a parody of the present British Monarch as of the American ex-President. Yet, oddly enough, that is the style to which most Englishmen seem to prefer that all portraits of their sovereigns should conform. If any of their kings were really to justify such a caricature of frozen impeccability, they would, I hope, feel like deposing him. But it pleases them, apparently, to hear him spoken of — in public, at any rate — as though all the endearing frailties of humanity had been omitted from his composition, as though it were almost improper and bordered on *lèse-majesté* to hint that a British monarch might be a man and not a marble monument. It is the convention of the country; but it is a convention, as I shall hope to show, more than usually ludicrous when King George is its victim.



THE QUEEN AT THE RACES

First, let me recall the outward aspects and incidents of his life. He had the good fortune to be born a younger son. A prince in the direct line of succession soon finds the shadow of his future closing round him and his life splitting itself up into a number of prescribed categories. He is dedicated almost from boyhood to the duties it will one day fall upon him to discharge. An heir to a throne, even an heir at second remove, is always also its prisoner.

But younger sons, who at most will be but brothers of the reigning sovereign, are allowed a wider latitude; are freer to follow their own inclination — to apply themselves, if they choose, to some special line of study, to adopt a profession and make it the pivot of their lives. There are, to be sure, only two professions open to them — the Army and the Navy; and, however great their capacity in either, English opinion would not approve of their employment in time of war. "Reasons of State" would intervene, as they intervened to prevent the Duke of Connaught from fighting against the Boers. For members of the British royal family the days of active service in the field are over.

But their connection with the Army or Navy need not therefore be a passive or useless connection. William IV., the "Sailor King," used to say that "there is no place in the world for making an English gentleman like the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war." And certainly one cannot conceive a better training for a prince than to be thrust into the strict democracy of the British Navy, there to acquire an invaluable and unsurpassable education in orderliness, self-restraint, and the prompt discharge of duty; there to make his mark, if he can, in free and open competition; there to learn that being a prince is not everything; there to develop under an impartial discipline the character that will enable him to withstand on shore the full onrush of English sycophancy and adulation.

Prince George, therefore, was doubly fortunate. Not only was he a younger son, and so comparatively at liberty to follow his own tastes,

but his tastes led him to the most wholesome and bracing vocation that an English prince could possibly adopt. The vicar of Sandringham, where George and his elder brother, Albert Victor, spent most of their childhood, was an ex-naval chaplain, and a favorite with the boys. Charles Kingsley, who had a passion for the sea, was another and most welcome friend and companion of their early years. Prince George feasted on their tales of adventure. He was, if even a hundredth part of the evidence of those who knew him at the time be accepted, an unusually spirited and prankish youngster. The tale has often been told — and I wish I could vouch for its accuracy — of how, when ordered under the table by Queen Victoria for misbehavior at dinner, he quietly undressed himself, presenting, on his return to the upper world, a spectacle of unrelieved naturalness such as courts do not often see.

He and his elder brother were brought up pretty much as all English children in substantial circumstances are reared. The rod was not spared. They saw a great many people, but not more than most children whose parents hold a high position and keep up a great country estate. Perhaps the thoroughness with which modern languages were rubbed into them was the only point of departure from the curriculum and mode of life of the ordinary well-to-do family.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING MADE WHEN HE WAS PRINCE OF WALES

King Edward, who was then and for many years after Prince of Wales, was a believer, like William IV., in the virtues of a "cockpit education." He had often, I believe, regretted that he had never in his youth been enrolled as a naval cadet; and he was determined, if his sons showed any liking for the sea, to place them on board the *Britannia*, the famous training-ship of generations of British seamen. The two princes joined her at the same moment, Albert Victor being then fourteen years old and George a few days over twelve. Their path was not strewn with roses. No indulgences were allowed them, except a separate cabin. They rose at the same hour, messed at the same table and off the same rations, had as few or as many holidays as their companions. Prince George took to the life readily and easily. The two years he spent on board ship confirmed his liking for a sailor's life. In 1879 the two princes joined the *Bacchante* from Spithead late in September, touched at Gibraltar on her way to the West Indies, visited all the chief islands of the group, and were back again at Portsmouth early in the following May. The incidents of the voyage, and of the longer one that was to follow, have been read by thousands in the "Cruise of H. M. S. *Bacchante*," a book published in 1886 and compiled from the letters and journals of Prince George and his brother. There is nothing in the volume that calls for much comment. Any two boys of average intelligence and observation and wholesome minds might have written it. There is fun in it, and abandon, and a portentous solemnity, and an inclination to rewrite guide-books and quote poetry at the sunset and the stars — but when were these characteristics absent from boyish compositions? An ultra-favorable critic might perhaps discover a something unusual in the way they write of history, a certain vivid power of description and realization, and at times a sense of the continuity of events, such as a prince might be supposed to acquire earlier than an ordinary youth.

As on the *Britannia*, so on the *Bacchante*, princes were treated exactly like their gunroom messmates, taking their turn at watch in all weathers, by day or night, and going aloft at sail drill or boat duty. On shore, in the British West Indies, they naturally came in for

Photograph by Paul Thompson

KING GEORGE, MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL, AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA. MRS. KEPPEL WAS A PROMINENT FIGURE AT COURT DURING THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD

some official and popular notice, but on board ship they relapsed instantly into their proper status as cadets, until, in January, 1880, they were created midshipmen. The *Bacchante* spent a few weeks in dock after her arrival in May, and then in July put to sea again, with the princes on board, to take part in the annual summer manoeuvers. In September of the same year she sailed once more on a cruise that was meant to take the princes right round the world. The original plans had afterward to be modified, but South America, South Africa, Australia, China, and Japan were actually visited.

The reason for the change is of historical interest. While off the Falkland Islands, on January 24, 1881, the Admiral of the squadron to which the *Bacchante* was attached was ordered to the Cape with all despatch. There was to be a naval demonstration, the why and wherefore of which nobody knew. They learned when Table Mountain was sighted. The Boers had risen in revolt, and there was war in the land.

The princes landed at Cape Town on February 21. A few days later they noted the arrival of General Buller and his departure for the front. The following evening brought the news of Majuba and Colley's death. The princes stayed in South Africa till peace was declared on March 26. Three days later they saw General Roberts arrive, only to learn that it was all over. So,

at least, it seemed at the time. But exactly twenty years later Prince George was again in South Africa, the Boers and the British were again at war, General Buller and Lord Roberts were again at Cape Town, and the whole wretched business was being fought out once more.

A catalogue of journeys and places is hardly a sketch of a man's personality. Still, it is worth noting that before he was twenty years old Prince George had seen more of the outside of the world than most men see in a lifetime. One has to suppose a quite preternatural dullness to think that his three years' tour, taken at the most impressionable age, left him quite as it found him. He had visited nearly the whole Empire, and realized, whenever he stepped ashore, what it meant to be a prince of the nation that had the ordering of so vast a heritage. Land ceremonies were little to his taste, not because he had to play second fiddle to his brother,— of that or any other kind of vanity King George is simply incapable,— but because he had learned to find his chief happiness at sea.

He received on the *Bacchante* a thorough grounding in seamanship, and few parts of his journal on the cruise are more interesting than those in which he describes some purely technical incident of his training. They are written briskly and with evident relish. It was plain that he was cut out to be a sailor, and no one was surprised when it was announced that he intended making the Navy his profession. When the *Bacchante* was paid off, the two brothers spent six months in Switzerland, and then parted, Albert Victor to take up the thread of the various duties devolving on the elder son of the Heir-Apparent, George to see service on the North American and West India station, as midshipman on board the *Canada*.

Wiser than most royal beginners, wiser than his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, who at forty-six found himself all too soon on the shelf, the young Prince determined to take only such promotion as he might honestly earn. His real naval career began as a cadet on the *Britannia* in 1877, and lasted until January, 1892, when the death of the Duke of Clarence forced him to relinquish the command of the second-class cruiser *Melampus*. They were fifteen years of steady work, with each step fairly won. Nothing that came within the scope of his duties was shirked. A Turkish Pasha who boarded the vessel off Salonica to pay his respects to the son of the heir to the British throne, found him covered with smut and dust, superintending a coaling party. He braved all the usual examinations, and survived them, taking on one occasion four firsts out of a possible five.

In 1889 he commissioned a torpedo-boat for the annual manoeuvers which were held off the Irish coast, and greatly distinguished himself by bringing off a sister vessel which had damaged her screw and was being driven on to a lee shore by a stiff wind. There was no question of the skill and judgment with which he handled his boat. His first attempt at rescuing the disabled vessel failed, and he lost his hawser. But, though he had been up all night, he was so keen to "have another try" that a brand-new hemp hawser was supplied him, and with it the young sub-lieutenant towed the vessel out of danger and into the harbor.

In 1890 he was given charge of the gunboat *Thrush*, and after thirteen months was promoted to be commander. He had barely commissioned the *Melampus* when his brother's death cut short his naval career. Since then he has only once seen service — in 1898, when for three months he commanded the *Crescent*. During his Colonial tour in 1901 his companions remarked the intensity of his pleasure at being at sea again. He took part in all the games that Jack Tar has improvised, and when the *Ophir* crossed the line he submitted with the heartiest good will to being ducked with the rest. And again, in 1908, when he visited Canada for the Quebec celebrations, he showed on the homeward trip the old sailor spirit, going down into the stoke-hole and helping the *Indomitable* to make the record passage across the Atlantic.

Character and disposition show in their true colors on board ship, and the verdict of the mess-room is rarely at fault. I have talked with more than one of the men who served with, above, and below King George, and they all agree, and without the slightest affectation, in praising him both as a superior and as a subordinate officer. After making all allowances for the note of exaggeration that Englishmen rarely escape in talking of princes, there remains a consensus of opinion that this particular Prince was not only a hard-working, willing, and really capable sailor, but a kindly, unaffected, good-hearted gentleman.

It is eighteen years since he was obliged to abandon the Navy as a profession, but his interest in all that concerns it has remained unabated. His comrades of those early years are his friends and intimates to-day; he never speaks with such confidence and power as when he is appealing for funds on behalf of the many charities connected with it; he is a storehouse of ready and up-to-date information on all its technical problems, and a keen and free critic of the various developments that in the past six years have revolutionized naval policy, distribution, and construction; and he has given the best proof of his zeal for the service, and of his

faith in it as a training-school for princes, by entering his eldest son as a naval cadet.

And, after all, to have spent one's early youth and manhood in the steady pursuit of one profession, to have worked mind and body continuously in the exercise of the most disciplined and exacting of callings — what better apprenticeship to the trade of kingship can there be than this? King George may have lost something by his fifteen years of service; his command of modern languages may have suffered; the cosmopolitanism, the mellow social charm and ease which made King Edward the most popular man of his age, may have been stunted by his devotion to the sea. But in the fundamentals of character, in resourcefulness, in fortitude, in responsibility, in practical efficiency, in the habit of making decisions at a moment's notice and of using and trusting his own judgment, he can have lost nothing and must have gained much.

Sailor kings Great Britain has had before. Did not Edward III., five hundred and seventy years ago, command in person at the battle of Sluys? But she has never had, and perhaps never will have, a sovereign who is the supreme head of the British Empire by a better right than King George — the right of having seen it all and known it all at first hand. One would need the pen of a Gibbon to do justice to the magnitude, the variety, and the significance of his imperial tours. He has traveled, by land and sea, over a hundred and fifty thousand miles — six times the circumference of the globe; there is hardly a corner of the Empire that he has not visited; he has been six times to Canada, thrice to India and Ceylon, and twice to South Africa and Australia; and at many of the most memorable events in recent imperial history he has been the central figure.

"What should they know of England that only England know?" asked Mr. Rudyard Kipling in a line that is a volume in itself. The spirit of that thrilling challenge is a spirit to which King George responds through every fiber of his being. There is not a more English Englishman in England; there is not a more ardent or a more understanding Imperialist in the whole length and breadth of the Empire. "By England," he once said, "we do not mean these islands in the Western sea, but an England which is spread over the whole surface of the world." No ruler has yet sat on the British throne with so deep an appreciation of all that is involved in the imperial title, so proud a consciousness that the crown he wears is the symbol of unity and kinship to one fifth of mankind, or so true and sympathetic an insight into the sentiments of the British dominions overseas.

Time and again he has acted as the interpreter of the needs and opinions of Greater Britain to his own home-keeping countrymen. When he summed up the unspoken message from the Empire to the mother country in the exhortation, "Wake up, England!" when he urged with courage and force the necessity of seeing that the emigrants sent out from Great to Greater Britain were of the best and most suitable quality; when he anticipated the essence of Lord Morley's Indian reforms by the quiet and pertinent remark that he "could not help thinking" that the task of governing India would be "made easier for us if we, on our part, infuse into it a wider element of sympathy" — on these and on many other occasions he showed the authentic spirit of Imperial statesmanship.

This is an ernomous asset in his favor, first, because the silken thread that runs through all the anomalies, confusions, and contradictions of the British Empire, and that gives it its underlying unity, is the thread of loyalty to the Crown; secondly, because all Englishmen feel that there is no question in the whole sphere of British politics so vital as the question of how to draw tighter the bonds of Empire, and that Imperial consolidation, the knitting together of these scattered communities into a visible, organized, coöperative whole, is the master-issue before the British people. It is, therefore, a matter that may easily prove to be one of definite and tangible moment, that, for the first time in her history, England should have a Sovereign who knows the Empire better, perhaps, than any of his subjects, who is filled with a dominating sense of its possibilities, who likes nothing better than to meet and talk with the leaders of "Colonial" opinion, and whose sympathies, and the magic propulsion that royalty always imparts, will be all on the side of a policy of reasoned and constructive Imperialism. What King Edward accomplished for British diplomacy his son may be able to achieve for the British Empire.

If, now, we come back to the point on which I began by dwelling, — the general ignorance that obtains as to King George's personality, — one obvious reason for it is that until he was twenty-seven he was incessantly at sea, and that in the past eighteen years he has been frequently either visiting the capitals of Europe or making long tours round the Empire. But that explanation by itself does not cover the whole ground. It is to be reinforced by two other factors. The first is the general conditions under which the business of monarchy is carried on in England; the second is the private tastes, habits, and conduct of King George himself.

All sovereigns are natural monopolists. The

one thing you can nearly always rely on their not doing is to surrender the smallest fraction of their prerogatives. They may gird at times at the eternal round of irksome and boring duties imposed upon them, but so long as they have a breath in their bodies they will continue to discharge them; and the very last thing they think of relinquishing to or sharing with their successor is the conduct of affairs of State. Queen Victoria kept her son out of as much knowledge of public business as possible; she delegated to him the social and ceremonial duties of her office, but from any participation in politics he was rigorously excluded.

So long, therefore, as Queen Victoria was alive, the present King was necessarily a minor figure. His grandmother absorbed into her own capable and tenacious hands all governmental affairs, and would brook no trespassing on that jealously guarded preserve; and his father despatched, with the consummate mastery that had become an instinct with him, nearly all the social obligations of the court. Comparatively little, therefore, was left over for Prince George to perform; comparatively few opportunities came his way for playing, even if he had wished to play, a prominent part.

Nor were matters very greatly altered when the Queen passed away and King Edward succeeded to the throne. The late King, though he had chafed against the subjection imposed upon him by Queen Victoria, proved little more willing than she had been to admit the Heir-Apparent to a part in the administration of the State. The royal instinct to hold on was only a shade less strong in him than it had been in Queen Victoria; and, though it was offset to some extent by the confidence, affection, and good-fellowship that always existed between father and son, still the fact remains that the present King, as Prince of Wales, was kept, or kept himself, studiously in the background, and received from King Edward almost as little training in the statesmanship of royalty as King Edward had received from the Queen.

He became, of course, a more important personage; a good deal of the work of extending the royal patronage to hospitals and other charitable undertakings devolved upon his shoulders; he visited more municipalities than before, to open a town hall or a university, or to initiate some conspicuous local enterprise. But, both on the official and on the social side, King Edward's vitality and industry and his complete success in the twofold rôle of political head and society leader — the resurrection of the court in all and more than all its old brilliancy and the definite establishment of London as the social center of Europe were wholly his work — necessarily restricted the Prince of Wales, whenever he was in England, to a sphere of unusual subordination.

King George, for instance, never accompanied his father on any of those remarkably productive pilgrimages through Europe which earned for King Edward the title of "Peacemaker of the World." His opinion was probably never even asked as to the *entente* with France or the Anglo-Russian agreement; and in matters of domestic policy he was permitted no more information than he was able to gather on his own account, and had no more power to influence their direction than the youngest Under-Secretary. Like the Vice-President of the United States, the Prince of Wales is *aut Caesar aut nullus*. As Heir-Apparent, the Constitution, the workings of the British system, and the invariably monopolistic instincts of the reigning Sovereign combine to reduce him to a mere figurehead. The Kings of England learn their business on the throne itself.

There have been, of course, in British history instances of Princes of Wales who revolted against their exclusion from affairs of State, who insisted on being admitted into the *arcana imperii*, who formed political parties, intervened belligerently in the debates in the House of Lords, and made themselves a center of opposition and disturbance. But King George, as Prince of Wales, never showed the least inclination to follow in their footsteps. His intense loyalty to and admiration for his father would have crushed any such idea, even if his disposition had been — as most certainly it never has been — of a kind to prompt it, even if the democratic developments of the past century in England had not made a politically partizan prince an incredibility, if not an impossibility.

He was, as a matter of fact, as acquiescently inconspicuous as any Heir-Apparent could possibly be. And if he needed any compensation, which I doubt, he found it, first, in the unique authority and prominence he was building up in the Greater Britain beyond the seas, and, secondly, in the thought that the unobtrusive part he played at home was the measure of the unfailing adequacy with which his father filled the principal rôle.

But nothing can be more certain than that the limitations thus imposed on him by the force of circumstances were, in general, precisely the limitations he would have laid down of his own choice to regulate his conduct as Prince of Wales, and that nothing could have been more abhorrent to him than even the appearance of seeming to compete with his father for public notice or popularity. A Prince of Wales of the advertising kind, bent upon at-

tracting attention, eager for applause, can easily manufacture all the opportunities he pleases for gratifying his tastes. That sort of pettiness is utterly alien to King George's nature. He has never sought publicity; he has at times seemed to shun it. He has never put himself forward; he has frequently resisted those who desired to drag him forward.

I will give one small but significant instance. A member of the Government whose business it was to supply the King with a daily summary of the doings of Parliament asked the Prince of Wales whether he would not like to be furnished with a similar résumé. Now, King Edward, while an admirable man of affairs, was by no means as keen a politician as his son, or as familiar with public questions, or as interested in the proceedings of the House of Commons. Moreover, the suggestion laid before the Prince was one he could accept without the smallest impropriety. It meant no more than that he would learn by telegram, in the evening, what otherwise he would read in the next morning's papers. Nevertheless, he declined to entertain it. He would not, even to that slight degree, overstep the customary boundaries of his position. He would not venture a single inch upon any domain which his Sovereign might conceivably regard as reserved for himself. And, no doubt, in thus holding himself in, he betrayed a considerable knowledge of the paternal disposition, as well as an ultra-filial readiness to adjust himself to it. For although, as I have hinted before, King Edward used to complain, as Prince of Wales, of the objections taken by Queen Victoria to his receiving private communications on political subjects, it was quite possible that when he reached the throne he had forgotten all his old feelings, and that he would have been considerably disconcerted had his son attempted to follow too closely his father's example.

That little incident, trivial in itself, is none the less illuminating. It showed a delicacy of scruple that, I confess, charmed me when I heard of it. But, above all, it showed the Prince as a man of natural modesty, secure from any temptation to push himself into the limelight. I get, indeed, a strong impression that the social, ceremonial, and spectacular accompaniments of kingship, in which King Edward took such frank and hearty delight, will bring more boredom than pleasure to his son. He will go through with them as a matter of duty; but, as a shy and rather nervous man, of the simplest tastes, one who rarely does himself full justice on public occasions, and who likes companionship but is not fond of society or "functions," he will get little out of them in the way of personal enjoyment.

A constant, at times perhaps almost a morbid, sense of duty is one of the qualities King George owes to, or that was at any rate confirmed by, his naval training. He is one of the most conscientious men living. A friend of his, who has traveled with him many thousands of miles and has been thrown in daily and all but hourly contact with him for months at a time,— a man of great capacities and experience and persistent level-headedness,— was enlarging to me on this characteristic. "I am speaking," he said, "quite sincerely and without the least exaggeration when I say that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that the King will not throw overboard at the call of duty." And he added a compliment which is perhaps the highest that one man — especially one who has spent most of his life in the business of government and administration — can pay another:

"I have served under many men in my time, but I would sooner serve under King George than any of them."

Only an overriding sense of duty, I imagine, could ever have induced King George to mount a platform. His early speeches, as I remember them some sixteen or seventeen years ago, gave little promise of even that very moderate degree of proficiency which is all that English opinion expects of a royal prince. They were, in fact, rather terrible performances. The King, in those days, appeared frankly diffident and uncomfortable; one suspected all the time that he was aching for the feel of a quarter-deck; he rarely got beyond a few amiable and insignificant commonplaces, badly expressed and badly delivered. But practice and perseverance conquer all things, and the King to-day is a really capital orator, fluent, pointed, and self-possessed, and himself the author of the speeches he delivers. They do not disclose any real originality or any great flexibility of mind, but their energetic common sense rarely fails to hit the mark. Good judges placed his "Wake up, England!" speech above the efforts of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Morley, who both spoke on the same occasion; and, only a week or so before his accession, a well-known lawyer, in describing to his family the Royal Academy banquet,— an annual feast of eloquence,— mentioned the Prince of Wales' speech as the best but one of the evening.

It does not, of course, matter in the least whether a King or any one else speaks ill or well. I only mention the subject because King George used to be considerably below, and is now considerably above, the average of after-dinner and ceremonial oratory, and because his continuous progress in the art, his discovery and employment of talents not previously suspected by the

outside world and possibly not even by himself, and the capacity he has developed for rising steadily to the occasion, are an index of a sound character as well as an omen of success in other and more momentous spheres.

The King, as I have said, is a man of the simplest, the most domesticated tastes, who, if he were not King, would probably choose as the most congenial of all lives that of an English country gentleman, with an estate large enough to demand good business management, with plenty of fishing and shooting, with a seat on the local magistrate's bench and in the County Council, and with endless opportunities for little acts of practical benevolence. He has never cared for society or shown the least ambition to be a leader of fashion. The "smart set" he detests as heartily as he abominates snobs, flatterers, and the butterflies of both sexes that are apt to flit round a court.

Scandal has passed him by. He gives no opening to it whatever. His home life is as pure, as unpretentious, as much a matter of intimate, homely joys, as that of any household in the land. One would say of him as confidently as of Mr. Roosevelt that here is a man who in private life and in all the domestic relations has kept his scutcheon spotless. The diversions and gaieties in which King Edward indulged with an honest and human zest — diversions and gaieties that did much to break down the narrow smugness of mid-Victorian life and that played their part in making him the social dictator of Europe — appeal hardly at all to his son. He will never lead, as his father did, any movement of social enfranchisement; he has not, I should judge, the late King's abounding sense of life, or his avidity to touch it from all sides; he is a man for whom the established proprieties and conventions are part of the unchallengeable order of things, and whose instincts are on the side of contraction and concentration rather than of diffusion and the adventuring quest.

Almost anything will be forgiven a prince, in England, if he will only take the precaution to attend church regularly. But there is nothing to forgive King George. These first months of his reign are not a time of amnesty, of burying the past, or of harping on the well-worn thesis that a freedom of conduct permissible in a prince is unbecoming in a king. "There simply is not an ounce of wickedness in him," remarked to me one who has observed the new Sovereign at close range. And as for church-going, the King, besides recognizing the duty of setting an example of religious devotion, has, I should say, a genuine and natural vein of piety.

It profoundly shocked both his feelings and his judgment to notice the slackness of religious observance among the British population in India. "Here you are," he said to them, "ruling the most spiritually minded peoples in the world, and you do not even trouble to pay the ordinary tribute of respect to your own faith." And wherever he traveled between Cape Comorin and the Himalayas, and whatever his surroundings, he made a point of holding a service every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. The officials and their families had, of course, no option but to attend it. Whatever their motives or their private emotions, *they came* — which was all that the Prince was after. He showed in that matter, as it seems to me, not only the courage to risk being smiled and sneered at, but also a real flash of insight and statesmanship.

It is all of a part with King George's eagerness in seeking his own hearth at the first moment of release from official duties that he should be very little of a clubman. The ordinary amusements and distractions of a "man about town" find him indifferent. Cards and gambling bore him. The pleasures of the table, which King Edward enjoyed with unaffected gusto, are for the most part closed to him by a poor digestion. For the same reason, he hardly touches wine. Of late years he has taken to attending race-meetings; but he has never entered a horse of his own for any event, and, if the royal colors are seen on the turf during his reign, it will be more to keep up the traditions of his house than from any natural fondness for the sport.

Yet the King is a good out-of-doors man, with a varied list of interests and accomplishments. He is one of the six best shots in the Kingdom, and a first-class and enthusiastic angler. His achievements on the Dee and the Spey are matters of piscatorial history; and as for his skill with the rifle and the gun, it is enough to say that he has shot turkey-buzzards in the Argentine, wild duck and teal in Japan, quail and kangaroo in Australia, pheasant and snipe in China, elk, sambur deer, and buffalo in Ceylon, tigers in India, and pretty nearly all the big game that is to be found in Canada and all the small game in the British Isles.

Like most sailors ashore, he has developed a taste for farming which he diligently cultivates, He is known already as a breeder of Red Poll cattle and Berkshire pigs, and as a careful and attentive manager of his Norfolk estate. He is a fair hand at billiards, plays golf a little, has played polo,— but has never to my knowledge followed the hounds,— and in his younger days was a promising boxer. He is often seen at the 'varsity sports, and for the past two or three winters has been assiduous in his attendance at

football and hockey matches; while the whole philatelic world looks up to him as an ardent stamp-collector.

In his preference for the quietude and seclusion of his own fireside over all the pomp and glitter of London and the court, the King carries with him the instincts and sympathies of his wife. Queen Mary has been a favorite with the English people from her earliest girlhood, and is the first English princess for many centuries to share the British throne. Two years younger than the King, born in Kensington Palace, brought up on rather strict mid-Victorian lines at the White Lodge in Richmond Park, — where her mother, the Duchess of Teck, one of the warmest-hearted, most lovable, and most self-sacrificing women of her time, maintained a simple but cultivated and much-frequented *salon*,— Queen Mary was trained as few girls have ever been trained to goodness, intelligence, and usefulness, and a fine tradition of charity and public service.

Gifted with a quick and practical mind, a capacity for hard work, and that rarest of all attributes, common sense, she has persistently made the most of herself and her opportunities. She can hold her own in French, German, and Italian; she used to be a keen musician and she is still an expert needlewoman; before traveling with her husband to any new part of the Empire, she would diligently read up all that was to be known about it; she once astonished a member of Parliament by a shrewd and informed comparison of the Labor movements in Australia and in Great Britain; she rarely misses a gallery or a play; in outdoor sports she takes no part or interest; such reading as she finds time for runs more in the direction of historical memoirs than of novels; a Blue Book does not frighten her; and she is genuinely and intelligently attracted by houses, churches, and ruins of the older architecture.

But the dominating interest of her life outside her home has been philanthropy. Even now, when she is the mother of the six healthy, happy, frank-looking children — five boys and one girl — who are the delight of the London crowds, she remains unwearied in her works of charity, and full of practicality and the sympathy that is born of knowledge in choosing the movement or the beneficiaries, usually children, she means to assist, and in seeing that they are assisted in the most effective way. She has the administrative and all the other aptitudes that go to make a sensible mother and a most competent mistress of a household.

It has been said of King Edward that he was the embodiment of the average man of his time. It may be said of Queen Mary that her character and her tastes are those of the average Englishwoman developed to the highest point. Efficient, serious-minded, with a cool, clear head, wrapped up in her children, disdainful of frivolity, governed in all her actions by a strong sense of public duty, hiding a warm and human power of feeling behind a mask of shyness, reserve, and impassivity, those who know her best believe that she will prove a Queen who will peculiarly appeal to the heart and understanding of the quiet middle class.

Sharing her husband's dislike of publicity, she has hitherto kept herself severely in the background in England. But in the more spacious and less conventionalized atmosphere of the Colonies she let herself go with an engaging openness and vivacity that made her extremely popular; and it was largely the perception of her sympathy with the sufferings and poverty of the common people that turned her presence by her husband's side in India from a hazardous experiment into a triumphant success.

It will no longer, therefore, be wondered at, after what has been here said, that the English people should know comparatively little of their new King and Queen. King Edward had had sixty years' full and varied experience of the world before he came to the throne; he had touched life at many points and gathered ears of corn from many harvests; he was known in all the capitals of Europe and in every corner of the British Isles long before he became King. A definite, though not necessarily an accurate, image of his personality had been sharply stamped upon the public mind.

But the new King is only forty-five. His service in the Navy and his imperial tours have kept him out of England for nearly two thirds of his active career; and, as we have seen, the conditions that surrounded him as Heir-Presumptive and as Heir-Apparent, and, above all, his own and his wife's predilection for simplicity and privacy, have prevented his individuality from standing out with any distinctness. The consequence is that many people have come to doubt whether he has any individuality at all. The flatness and indecisiveness of their own opinions about him they have somewhat tended to ascribe to the man himself. Unable to form any clear-edged impression of his personality, they have worked round toward the conclusion that he has no clear-edged impression to give out, and that his characteristics, while estimable, are negative to the point of insipidity.

All that is nonsense. The King is a thoroughly human man, with pronounced traits and plenty of opinions of his own. Perhaps the first thing to be said about him is that he is unmitigatedly English. Except to go to the Colonies,

I question whether he would ever willingly leave England at all. He has a fervid pride in the stock he comes from, and an innate conviction of its superiority over all other stocks. If he were not a King and a gentleman, he would probably lump all the rest of the world together as "those damned foreigners." Certainly he has very little of his father's liking for foreign travel, very little, again, of his skill in foreign languages, and nothing whatever of his ambition to cut a popular figure in foreign capitals or to become a personal force in European diplomacy. He does not wish to be a cosmopolitan King; he does profoundly wish to be an English King. To think of him, then, as first and foremost an Englishman, with something but not very much of the insularity, prejudices, and invulnerability to abstract ideas that goes with the title, is to make some headway toward understanding him.

Secondly, he has spent fifteen years of his life as a sailor, and has not only breathed but imbibed the air of the younger British democracies across the seas. The atmosphere of the sea and the atmosphere of the Colonies both encourage the quality of outspokenness. King George has no more hesitation than Mr. Roosevelt in saying out precisely what he thinks. He is a straightforward, downright style of man, rather naïve and immature, bluff and voluble of speech, with a boisterously British and literal sense of humor and with an elemental emotionalism that, unlike most Englishmen, he is at no pains to conceal. He is hardly likely ever to be oblivious of the fact that he is King, but he was often oblivious — and it is altogether to his credit and argues the intense naturalness of his make-up — of the fact that he was Prince of Wales. That is to say, he would talk away in a hearty sea voice, heedless of who might hear him, commenting freely on the men and politics of the hour, and pouring out his opinions and observations in a vivid, animated, and even excited stream.

The embarrassment that afflicts him in public vanishes altogether in the intimacy of a drawing-room or dinner-party. There he is frank, unreserved, full of zest and emphasis, plunging into subjects without any formal preliminaries, expansive, often indiscreet, always keen to mention his own point of view, a man of strong likes and dislikes, and with a vein of obstinacy in him that has led some people to think and speak of him as a George III. in embryo. Practically the only gossip that he has ever given some handle to has been the repetition of his impulsive criticism of things and people. It is his nature to speak out, and one of the chief interests of his reign will be to watch the struggle between the man and the monarch, and to see whether King George achieves a caution and reticence that he never compassed as Prince of Wales. Personally I believe he will; indeed, I should not be surprised to hear that he has already assured some of his Cabinet Ministers that he realizes that his altered circumstances impose a check upon his wonted freedom of speech.

A talkative man is not necessarily a man without tact; and King George, however brusque and direct in manner and language, and however far he may be from earning, or wishing to earn, the title of a man of the world, has the tact which a thorough gentleman necessarily must have. "When you are with the King," I was told by an old friend of his, "you feel at once absolutely sure that you are with one who is a gentleman through and through." His squareness of thought and conduct may be gathered from what I have already written. His kindliness and generosity are qualities on which his intimates strongly insist, and a man thus endowed will always find himself equipped for the solution of the little crises of life.

One such crisis King George solved not very long ago with complete success. It was at the time of the coronation of the King of Norway. There is always on such occasions some guest who feels that he is not receiving sufficient attention or honor, and who threatens to take himself off in high dudgeon. On this occasion it was the Admiral in command of the complimentary squadron despatched by a first-class European Power to the scene of the festivities. I forget what had offended him, but he was distracting all the officials of the new-born kingdom by vowing that he would sail home before the ceremony even began. It was King George who smoothed him down. He took him into his cabin, and with admirable skill, patience, and good humor restored his equanimity, averted a very unpleasant contretemps, and scored a small but indisputable diplomatic triumph.

The King is a keen politician, and much given to getting up on his own account the pros and cons of public questions. His companions have usually been Tories, and this, no doubt, has encouraged the believers in what I may call the "George the Third theory" of his general attitude and leanings as a sovereign. But I am assured by those who know him well that the King's political views are the views of all sensible people — partly Liberal and partly Tory; and that he is the kind of man who, if he feels a personal bias to one side, is especially eager to do justice to the other side. His Ministers will find, in dealing with him, that he will claim the right to be frank himself, and will insist not less strongly on frankness in others;

that he will not regard his political duties as a parergon or as an irksome annex to a round of ceremonial functions; and that, on all the chief questions of the day, he will have primed himself with serviceable and up-to-date information. Nobody, during the past few months, was a more assiduous or a more interested listener to the House of Commons debates than the Prince of Wales, and I do not doubt that he could sit down at this moment and draw up a full statement of the leading arguments on both sides of the momentous Constitutional controversy in the settlement of which he will be obliged, sooner or later, to play a decisive part.

Method, punctuality, despatch — the King has all these. He has completely broken himself in to the transaction of business. All through his Indian tour, he missed only one engagement, and that under medical compulsion; and his work in connection with the London hospitals has shown — so I have been assured by those serving under him — energy, executive capacity, an exact knowledge of where he was going, and that touch of imagination which is essential to the conduct of every large enterprise.

England does not know the King. Does the King know England? Has he that instinct for divining the silent thoughts and wishes of the nation that King Edward showed to perfection? Has he inherited his father's royal gift for doing the right thing at the right moment in the right way? I do not know; I doubt whether anybody knows. But I remember that when King Edward, after the victory of Minoru in the Derby of last year, descended from the royal inclosure, and was on the point of walking into the midst of the wildly cheering thousands to lead his horse in, the Prince of Wales laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. He seemed to fear the result of a plunge into that frenzied mob. But King Edward knew better; he disengaged himself, with a smile, trusted the sporting instincts of his subjects, and made his way to his horse amid two yelling and miraculously formed lanes of struggling humanity. From which I argued that the Prince of Wales had still something to learn of the spirit of his countrymen.

But if he relies upon his own sound instincts and goes straight ahead, all will be well. He may never be as popular as King Edward; he may never develop those intuitive perceptions that stood his father in such admirable stead; he may never diffuse such an atmosphere of *bonhomie* and good-fellowship, such an attractive air of being at home and enjoying himself wherever he goes: but he will be assured of the respect, confidence, and devotion that are never likely to be withheld by Englishmen from a King who means so thoroughly well as this one does, whose sense of responsibility is so static, and who will gladly wear himself to the bone in doing his duty.

Men are never the same beings as kings that they were as heirs-apparent. The accession to the supreme office, with its new interests and outlook, its appalling burden, and its wholesale readjustment of the entire scale of life, is little less than a reincarnation; and everything I have written about King George as he is to-day may utterly fail to apply to the King George of five or ten years hence. But there are certain fundamental characteristics that survive even the elevation to the throne; and nothing will ever take away from King George the advantages he possesses in his unspoiled, unsordid nature, his clear flame of patriotism and self-sacrifice, his earnest-mindedness, and his instinct toward everything that makes for the strength and sanity of nations. These are high qualities and high qualifications; and their power for good is enormously reinforced by the certainty that King George and Queen Mary are bound to no special "set," will surround themselves with the worthiest elements in the country, and that their influence and example will be all in the direction of simplicity and an exalted standard of public and private life.

THE MORAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR

BY

WILLIAM JAMES

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THE war against war is going to be no holiday excursion or camping party. The military feelings are too deeply grounded to abdicate their place among our ideals until better substitutes are offered than the glory and shame that come to nations, as well as to individuals, from the ups and downs of politics and the vicissitudes of trade. There is something highly paradoxical in the modern man's relation to war. Ask all our millions, North and South, whether they would vote now (were such a thing possible) to have our War for the Union expunged from history, and the record of a peaceful transition to the present time substituted for that of its marches and battles, and probably hardly a handful of eccentrics would say yes. Those ancestors, those efforts, those memories and legends, are the most ideal part of what we now own together, a sacred spiritual possession worth more than all the blood poured out. Yet, ask those same people whether they would be willing, in cold blood, to start another civil war now, to gain a similar possession, and not one man or woman would vote for the proposition. In modern eyes, precious though wars may be, they must not be waged solely for the sake of the ideal harvest. Only when forced upon one, only when an enemy's injustice leaves us no alternative, is a war now thought permissible.

It was not thus in ancient times. The earlier men were hunting men; and to hunt a neighboring tribe, kill the males, loot the village, and possess the females was the most profitable, as well as the most exciting, way of living. Thus were the more martial tribes selected, and in chiefs and peoples a pure pugnacity and love of glory came to mingle with the more fundamental appetite for plunder.

Modern war is so expensive that we feel trade to be a better avenue to plunder; but modern man inherits all the innate pugnacity and all the love of glory of his ancestors. To show war's irrationality and horror has no effect upon him. The horrors make the fascination. War is the *strong* life; it is life *in extremis*. War taxes are the only ones men never hesitate to pay, as the budgets of all nations show.

History is a bath of blood. The Iliad is one long recital of how Diomedes and Ajax, Sarpedon and Hector *killed*. No detail of the wounds they made is spared us, and the Greek mind fed upon the story. Greek history is a panorama of jingoism and imperialism — war for war's sake, all the citizens being warriors. It is horrible reading, because of the irrationality of it all — save for the purpose of making "history"; and the history is that of the utter ruin of a civilization which in intellectual respects was perhaps the highest the earth has ever seen.

Those wars were purely piratical. Pride, gold, women, slaves, excitement were their only motives. In the Peloponnesian war, for example, the Athenians ask the inhabitants of Melos (the island where the "Venus of Melos" was found), hitherto neutral, to acknowledge their lordship. The envoys meet, and hold a debate, which Thucydides gives in full, and which, for sweet reasonableness of form, would have satisfied a Matthew Arnold. "The powerful exact what they can," said the Athenians, "and the weak grant what they must." When the Meleans say that sooner than be slaves they will appeal to the gods, the Athenians reply: "Of the gods we believe, and of men we know that, by a law of their nature, wherever they can rule they will. This law was not made by us, and we are not the first to have acted upon it; we did not inherit it, and we know that you and all mankind, if you were as strong as we are, would do as we do. So much for the gods; we have told you why we expect to stand as high in their good opinion as you." Well, the Meleans still refused, and their town was taken. "The Athenians," Thucydides quietly says, "thereupon put to death all who were of mili-

tary age, and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonized the island, sending thither five hundred settlers of their own."

Alexander's career was piracy pure and simple, nothing but an orgy of power and plunder, made romantic by the character of the hero. There was no rational principle in it, and the moment he died his generals and governors attacked one another. The cruelty of those times is incredible. When Rome finally conquered Greece, Paulus Aemilius was told by the Roman Senate to reward his soldiers for their toil by "giving" them the old kingdom of Epirus. They sacked seventy cities and carried off a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants as slaves. How many they killed I know not; but in Aetolia they killed all the senators, five hundred and fifty in number. Brutus was "the noblest Roman of them all," yet to reanimate his soldiers on the eve of Philippi he promises to give them the cities of Sparta and Thessalonica to ravage if they win the fight.

Such was the gory nurse that trained societies to cohesiveness. We inherit the warlike type, and for most of the capacity of heroism of which the human race is full we have to thank this cruel history. Dead men tell no tales, and if there were tribes of other type than this, they have left no survivors. Our ancestors have bred pugnacity into our bone and marrow, and thousands of years of peace won't breed it out of us. The popular imagination fairly fattens on the thought of wars. Let public opinion once reach a certain fighting pitch, and no ruler can withstand it. In the Boer war both governments began with bluff; but they couldn't stay there — the military tension was too much for them. In 1898 our people had read the word WAR in letters three inches high in every newspaper for three months. The pliant politician McKinley was swept away by their eagerness, and our squalid war with Spain became a necessity.

At the present day civilized opinion is a curious mental mixture. The military instincts and ideals are as strong as ever, but they are confronted by reflective criticisms which sorely curb their ancient freedom. Innumerable writers are showing up the bestial side of military service. Pure loot and mastery seem no longer morally avowable motives, and pretexts must be found for attributing them solely to the enemy. England and we — our army and navy authorities repeat without ceasing — arm solely for "peace"; Germany and Japan it is who are bent on loot and glory. "Peace" in military mouths to-day is a synonym for "war expected." The word has become a pure provocative, and no government sincerely wishing peace should allow it ever to be printed in a newspaper. Every up-to-date dictionary should say that "peace" and "war" mean the same thing, now *in posse*, now *in actu*. It may even reasonably be said that the intensely sharp competitive *preparation* for war by the nations is the *real war*, permanent, unceasing; and that the battles are only a sort of public verification of the military mastery gained during the "peace" interval.

It is plain that on this subject civilized man has developed a sort of double personality. If we take European nations, no legitimate interest of any one of them would seem to justify the tremendous destructions which a war (to compass it) would necessarily entail. It would seem as though common sense and reason ought to find a way to reach agreement in every conflict of honest interests. I myself think it our bounden duty to believe in international rationality as far as possible. But, as things stand, I see how desperately hard it is to bring the peace-party and the war-party together. I believe that the difficulty is due to certain deficiencies in the program of pacificism which set the militarist imagination strongly, and to a certain extent justifiably, against it. In the whole discussion both sides are on imaginative and sentimental ground. It is but one Utopia against another, and everything one says must be abstract and hypothetical. Subject to this criticism and caution, I shall try to characterize in abstract strokes the opposite imaginative forces, and point out what to my own very fallible mind seems the best Utopian hypothesis, the most promising line of conciliation.

In my remarks, pacificist though I am, I shall refuse to speak of the bestial side of the war régime (already done justice to by so many writers) and consider only the higher aspects of militaristic sentiment. Patriotism no one thinks discreditable; nor does any one deny that war is the romance of history. But inordinate ambitions are the soul of all patriotism, and the possibility of violent death the soul of all romance. The militarily patriotic and romantic-minded, and especially the professional military class, refuse to admit for a moment that war may be a transitory phenomenon in social evolution. The notion of a sheep's paradise like that revolts, they say, our higher imagination. Where, then, would be the steeps of life? If war had ever stopped, we should have to re-invent it, in their view, to redeem life from flat degeneration.

All reflective apologists for war at the present day take it religiously. It is to them a sort of sacrament; its profits are to the vanquished as well as to the victor; and, quite apart from any

question of profit, it is an absolute good, we are told, for it is human nature at its highest dynamic. Its "horrors" are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed, of a world of clerks and teachers, of coeducation and zoöphily, of "consumers' leagues" and "associated charities," of industrialism unlimited, and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valor any more! Fie upon such a cattle-yard of a planet!

So far as the central essence of this feeling goes, no healthy-minded person, it seems to me, can help partaking of it to some degree. Militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life without hardihood would be contemptible. Without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed; and there is a type of military character which every one feels that the race should never cease to breed, for every one is sensitive to its superiority. The duty is incumbent on mankind of keeping military characters in stock,— of keeping them, if not for use, then as ends in themselves, as pure pieces of perfection,— so that Roosevelt's weaklings and mollycoddles may not end by making everything else disappear from the face of nature.

This natural feeling forms, I think, the innermost soul of army writings. Without any exception known to me, militarist authors take a highly mystical view of their subject, and regard war as a biological or sociological necessity, uncontrolled by ordinary psychological checks and motives. When the time of development is ripe the war must come, reason or no reason, for the justifications pleaded are invariably fictitious. War is, in short, a permanent human *obligation*. General Homer Lea, in his recent book, "The Valor of Ignorance," plants himself squarely on this ground. Readiness for war is for him the essence of nationality, and ability in it the supreme measure of the health of nations.

Nations, General Lea says, are never stationary — they must necessarily expand or shrink, according to their vitality or decrepitude. Japan now is culminating; and, by the fatal law in question, it is impossible that her statesmen should not long since have entered, with extraordinary foresight, upon a vast policy of conquest — the game in which the first moves were her wars with China and Russia and her treaty with England, and of which the final objective is the capture of the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, and the whole of our coast west of the Sierra passes. This will give Japan what her ineluctable vocation as a State absolutely forces her to claim, the possession of the entire Pacific Ocean; and to oppose these deep designs we Americans have, according to our author, nothing but our conceit, our ignorance, our commercialism, our corruption, and our feminism. General Lea makes a minute technical comparison of the military strength that we at present could oppose to the strength of Japan, and concludes that the Islands, Alaska, Oregon, and southern California would fall almost without resistance, that San Francisco must surrender in a fortnight to a Japanese investment, and that in three or four months the war would be over, and our Republic, unable to regain what it had heedlessly neglected to protect sufficiently, would then "disintegrate," until perhaps some Caesar should arise to weld us again into a nation.

A dismal forecast, indeed! Yet not absolutely unplausible, if the mentality of Japan's statesmen be of the Caesarian type, of which history shows so many examples, and which is all that General Lea seems able to imagine. There is no reason to think, after all, that women can no longer be the mothers of Napoleonic or Alexandrian characters; and if these characters should appear in Japan, and find their opportunity, just such surprises as "The Valor of Ignorance" paints may lurk in ambush for us. Ignorant as we still are of the innermost recesses of Japanese mentality, we may be foolhardy in disregarding such possibilities.

Other militarists are more complex and more moral in their considerations. The "Philosophie des Krieges," by S. R. Steinmetz, is a good example. War, according to this author, is an ordeal instituted by God, who weighs the nations in its balance. It is the essential form of the State, and the only function in which peoples can employ all their powers at once and convergently. No victory is possible save as the resultant of a totality of virtues, no defeat for which some vice or weakness is not responsible. Fidelity, cohesiveness, tenacity, heroism, conscience, education, inventiveness, economy, wealth, physical health and vigor,— there isn't a moral or intellectual point of superiority that doesn't tell, when God holds his assizes and hurls the peoples upon one another. *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht;* and Dr. Steinmetz does not believe that in the long run chance and luck play any part in apportioning the issues.

The virtues that prevail, it must be noted, are virtues anyhow, superiorities that count in peaceful as well as in military competition; but the strain on them, being infinitely intenser in the latter case, makes war infinitely more searching as a trial. No ordeal, according to this author, can be comparable to its winnowings. Its dread hammer is the welder of men into co-

hesive states, and nowhere but in such states can human nature adequately develop its capacity. The only alternative is "degeneration."

Dr. Steinmetz is a conscientious thinker, and his book, short as it is, takes much into account. Its upshot, it seems to me, can be summed up in Simon Patten's word, that mankind was nursed in pain and fear, and that the transition to a "pleasure-economy" may be fatal to a being untrained to powers of defense against its disintegrative influences. If we speak of the *fear of emancipation from the fear régime*, we put the militarist attitude into a single phrase: fear regarding ourselves now taking the place of the ancient fear of the enemy.

Turn the fear over in my mind as I will, it all seems to lead back to two unwillingnesses of the imagination, one esthetic and the other moral — unwillingness, first, to envisage a future in which army life, with its many elements of charm, shall be forever impossible, and in which the destinies of peoples shall nevermore be decided quickly, thrillingly, and tragically, by force, but only gradually and insipidly, by "evolution"; and, secondly, unwillingness to see the supreme theater of human strenuousness closed, and the splendid military aptitudes of men doomed to remain always in a state of latency and never to show themselves in action. These insistent unwillingnesses, no less than other esthetic and ethical insistencies, have, it seems to me, to be listened to and respected. One cannot meet them effectively by mere counter-insistency on war's expensiveness and horror. The horror makes the thrill; and when it is a question of getting the extremest and supremest out of human nature, talk of expense sounds ignominious. The weakness of so much merely negative criticism is evident — pacificism makes no converts from the military party. The military party denies neither the bestiality, nor the horror, nor the expense; it only says that these things tell but half the story. It only says that war is *worth* these things; that, taking human nature as a whole, wars are its best protection against its weaker and more cowardly self, and that mankind cannot afford to adopt a peace-economy.

Pacificists ought to enter more deeply into the esthetical and ethical point of view of their opponents. "Do that first in any controversy," says J. J. Chapman, "*then move the point*, and your opponent will follow." So long as anti-militarists propose no substitutes for the disciplinary function of war, no *moral equivalent* of war, analogous, as one might say, to the mechanical equivalent of heat, so long they fail to realize the full inwardness of the situation. And, as a rule, they do fail. The duties, penalties, and sanctions pictured in the Utopias they paint are all too weak and tame to touch the military-minded. Tolstoy's pacificism is the only exception to this rule, for it is profoundly pessimistic as regards all this world's values, and makes the fear of the Lord furnish the moral spur provided elsewhere by the fear of the enemy. But our socialistic peace-advocates all believe absolutely in this world's values; and, instead of the fear of the Lord and the fear of the enemy, the only fear they reckon with is the fear of poverty if one be lazy. This weakness pervades all the socialistic literature with which I am acquainted. Even in Lowes Dickinson's exquisite dialogue,* high wages and short hours are the only forces invoked for overcoming man's distaste for repulsive kinds of labor. Meanwhile, men at large still live, as they always have lived, under a pain-and-fear economy,— for those of us who live in an ease-economy are but an island in the stormy ocean, — and the whole atmosphere of present-day Utopian literature tastes mawkish and dishwatery to people who still keep a sense for life's more bitter flavors. It suggests, in truth, ubiquitous inferiority.

Inferiority is always with us, and merciless scorn of it is the key-note of the military temper. "Hounds, would you live forever?" shouted Frederick the Great. "Yes," say our Utopians; "let us live forever, and raise our level gradually." The best thing about our "inferiors" to-day is that they are as tough as nails, and physically and morally almost as insensitive. Utopianism would see them soft and squeamish, while militarism would keep their callousness, but transfigure it into a meritorious characteristic, needed by "the service," and redeemed by that from the suspicion of inferiority. All the qualities of a man acquire dignity when he knows that the service of the collectivity that owns him needs them. If proud of the collectivity, his own pride rises in proportion. No collectivity is like an army for nourishing such pride; but it has to be confessed that the only sentiment that the image of pacific cosmopolitan industrialism is capable of arousing in countless worthy breasts is shame at the idea of belonging to *such* a collectivity. It is obvious that the United States of America as they exist to-day impress a mind like General Lea's as so much human blubber. Where is the sharpness and precipitousness, the contempt for life, whether one's one, or another's? Where is the savage "yes" and "no," the unconditional duty? Where is the conscription? Where is the blood-tax? Where is anything that one feels honored by belonging to?

*"Justice and Liberty," New York, 1909.

Having said this much in preparation, and by way of conciliating the side I don't belong to, I will now confess my own Utopia. I devoutly believe in the ultimate reign of peace and in the gradual advent of some sort of a socialistic equilibrium. The fatalistic view of the war-function is to me nonsense, for I know that war-making is due to definite motives and subject to prudential checks and reasonable criticisms, just like any other form of enterprise. And when whole nations are the armies, and the science of destruction vies in intellectual refinement with the sciences of production, I see that war becomes absurd and impossible from its own monstrosity. Extravagant ambitions will have to be replaced by reasonable claims, and nations must make common cause against them. I see no reason why all this should not apply to yellow as well as to white nations, and I look forward to a future when acts of war shall be formally outlawed among civilized peoples.

All these beliefs of mine put me squarely into the anti-militarist party. But I do not believe that peace either ought to be or will be permanent on this globe, unless the states pacifically organized preserve some of the old elements of army-discipline. A permanently successful peace-economy cannot be a simple pleasure-economy. In the more or less socialistic future toward which mankind seems to be drifting, we must still subject ourselves collectively to those severities that answer to our real position upon this only partly hospitable globe. We must make new energies and hardihoods continue the manliness to which the military mind so faithfully clings. Martial virtues must be the enduring cement; intrepidity, contempt of softness, surrender of private interest, obedience to command, must still remain the rock upon which states are built — unless, indeed, we wish for dangerous reactions against commonwealths fit only for contempt, and liable to invite attack whenever a center of crystallization for miltary-minded enterprise is formed anywhere in their neighborhood.

The war-party is assuredly right in affirming and reaffirming that the martial virtues, although originally gained by the race through war, are absolute and permanent human goods. Patriotic pride and ambition in their military form are, after all, only specifications of a more universal and enduring competitive passion. They are its first form, but that is no reason for supposing them to be its last form. Men now are proud of belonging to a conquering nation, and without a murmur they lay down their persons and their wealth, if by so doing they may fend off subjection. But who can be sure that *other aspects of one's country* may not, with time and education and suggestion enough, come to be regarded with similarly effective feelings of pride and shame? Why should men not some day feel that it is worth a blood-tax to belong to a collectivity superior in *any* ideal respect? Why should they not blush with indignant shame if the community that owns them is vile in any way whatsoever? Individuals, daily more numerous, now feel this civic passion. It is only a question of blowing on the spark till the whole population gets incandescent, and on the ruins of the old morals of military honor a stable system of morals of civic honor builds itself up. What the whole community comes to believe in grasps the individual as in a vise. The war function has grasped us, so far; but constructive interests may some day seem no less imperative, and impose on the individual a hardly lighter burden.

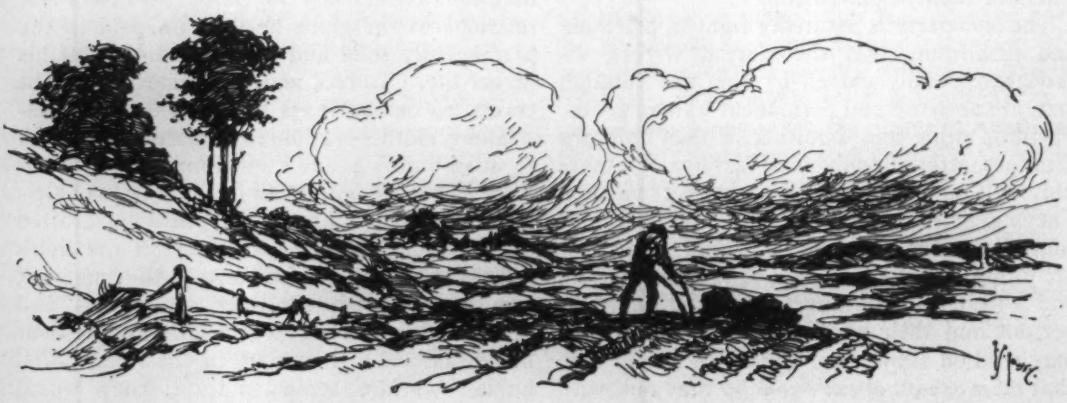
Let me illustrate my idea more concretely. There is nothing to make one indignant in the mere fact that life is hard, that men should toil and suffer pain. The planetary conditions once for all are such, and we can stand it. But that so many men, by mere accidents of birth and opportunity, should have a life of *nothing else* but toil and pain and hardness and inferiority imposed upon them, should have *no* vacation, while others natively no more deserving get no taste of this campaigning life at all — *this* is capable of arousing indignation in reflective minds. It may end by seeming shameful to all of us that some of us have nothing but campaigning, and others have nothing but unmanly ease. If now — and this is my idea — there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *nature*, the injustice would tend to be evened out, and numerous other benefits to the commonwealth would follow. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fiber of the people; no one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's real relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently solid and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of sky-scrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their part in the immemorial human warfare against nature; they would

tread the earth more proudly; the women would value them more highly; they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation.

Such a conscription, with the state of public opinion that would have required it, and the moral fruits it would bear, would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues which the military party is so afraid of seeing disappear in peace. We should get toughness without callousness, authority with as little criminal cruelty as possible, and painful work done cheerily because the duty is temporary, and threatens not, as now, to degrade the whole remainder of one's life. I spoke of the "moral equivalent" of war. So far, war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and, until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way. But I have no serious doubt that the ordinary prides and shames of social man, once developed to a certain intensity, are capable of organizing such a moral equivalent as I have sketched, or some other just as effective for preserving manliness of type. Though an infinitely remote Utopia just now, in the end it is but a question of time, of skilful propagandism, and of opinion-making men seizing historic opportunities.

The martial type of character can be bred without war. Strenuous honor and disinterestedness abound elsewhere. Priests and medical men are in a fashion educated to it, and we should all feel some degree of it imperative if we were conscious of our work as an obligatory service to the State. We should be *owned*, as soldiers are by the army, and our pride would rise accordingly. We could be poor then without humiliation, as army officers now are. The only thing needed henceforward is to inflame the civic temper as past history has inflamed the military temper.

"In many ways," says H. G. Wells, "military organization is the most peaceful of activities. When the contemporary man steps from the street of clamorous insincere advertisement, push, adulteration, underselling, and intermittent employment, into the barrack-yard, he steps on to a higher social plane, into an atmosphere of service and coöperation and of infinitely more honorable emulations. Here, at least, men are not flung out of employment to degenerate because there is no immediate work for them to do. They are fed and drilled and trained for better service. Here, at least, a man is supposed to win promotion by self-forgetfulness and not by self-seeking." Bad as barrack life may be, it is very congruous with ancestral human nature, and it has the higher aspects which Wells thus emphasizes. Wells adds that he thinks that the conceptions of order and discipline, the tradition of service and devotion, of physical fitness, unstinted exertion, and universal responsibility which universal military duty is now teaching European nations, will remain a permanent acquisition when the last ammunition has been used in the fireworks that celebrate the final peace. I believe as he does. It would be simply preposterous if the only force that could work ideals of honor and standards of efficiency into English or American natures should be the fear of being killed by the Germans or the Japanese. Great indeed is Fear; but it is not, as our military enthusiasts believe, and try to make us believe, the only stimulus known for awakening the higher ranges of men's spiritual energy. The amount of alteration in public opinion that my Utopia postulates is vastly less than the difference between the mentality of those black warriors who pursued Stanley's party on the Congo with their cannibal war-cry of "Meat! Meat!" and that of the "general staff" of any civilized nation. History has seen the latter interval bridged over: the former one can be bridged over much more easily.



ONE JOB TOO MANY

BY

HENRY C. RAMSEY

A FEW miles from a Western manufacturing city, some years ago, there stretched a wide and desolate tract of land. It would be impossible to conceive of a more dreary spot. What little herbage there was grew in stunted and sickly patches from a black and slaty soil; not a tree was to be seen in all the dreary expanse, for what few there had been once had been killed by the soot and ore dust that belched in clouds from the stacks of the neighboring mills. There was something weird and primeval in the aspect of the place, especially when, in the long nights of winter, the fires from distant blast-furnaces could be seen streaming red and wild over the waste. The spot appeared so abandoned that on a dark night it would be easy for a man standing there to imagine himself at the gates of the inferno. Yet, dreary as the tract was, it was evident that some human creatures lived there, for on the verge of it, farthest away from the mills, stood a small two-story frame house, a miserable-looking affair, with the weather-boarding pulled off in places, and old rags stuffed in broken windows.

In a room in this house that served as both kitchen and dining-room there sat, one November night, in the year 1879, a man and a woman. Both were of a bony, muscular build, and both had red hair. Between them they held a bag from which the man drew forth pieces of silverware and examined them by the light of a small hand-lamp.

"It's the real stuff, Kate," said the man.

The woman nodded.

"And that ain't all," continued the man; "look here." And he pulled from his coat pocket two men's heavy gold watches.

The woman's eyes sparkled. "They're beauties, ain't they!" she exclaimed.

"You bet," said her partner. "Solid, too. Look"— and he bent the case. "Cohen ought to give me fifty apiece for them."

The woman laughed scornfully. "You'll be lucky if you get half that much," she said.

"I s'pose so," growled the man, "the old sheeny! He jews a fellow down to nothing at all."

He put the watches back in his pocket, then rose and took off his coat and vest. "Two o'clock," said he, looking at the clock on the board that served as a mantelpiece. "Eli ought to be here now; he really ought to have been home ahead of me."

"Maybe he's tackled another job," said the woman.

"He takes too many jobs in one night," growled the man. "I've told him that a hundred times. Some night he'll take one job too many, and then he'll go down the river."

"No danger of them nabbin' Eli — he's too slick," the woman answered proudly.

Rap, rap, rap! came a sharp knock at the door. Instantly the man grabbed the bag of silverware and thrust it into the cupboard, then motioned to the woman to attend to the door.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"It's me," answered a voice with a German accent; "I have lost my way. Can you take me in for the night?" The woman looked inquiringly at the man. He nodded, and she opened the door, admitting the wayfarer.

He was a young man of about twenty-five years, who wore an ulster and carried a grip-sack. He removed his ulster and took the chair offered him.

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said, "but I have been wandering about in this rain until I am chilled through. I am to be the new chemist at the mill. I got off the train at eleven o'clock, and I've been tramping around in the mud and rain ever since. I was sure the brakeman called P——, but I must have been mistaken."

"It's been East P—— he said, very likely," answered his host, whose name was Jack Lanigan; "we're several miles from there."

"Would you like to have something to eat?" asked the woman.

The young man looked at the deal table,

devoid of a cloth, and with dirty dishes and the scraps of a meal on it, and shook his head. "No, I am not hungry," he answered.

"Maybe, bein's you're a Dutchman, you'd like to have a bottle of beer," volunteered Lanigan.

"Well, yes," the visitor replied; "I believe I could drink a bottle."

Lanigan went to the cellar, and soon came back with the beer. The young man drank it; then, taking a gold watch from his pocket, he remarked, "Ten minutes after two."

The woman took the hint. "We haven't got much accommodations here," she said, "but we can give you a cot and you can lay here in front of the stove."

"That is plenty good enough," he replied; "much better than walking around in the rain."

Lanigan went upstairs, and brought down a cot, a pillow, and a heavy comforter. Then, with an apology for the necessity of it, he took the hand-lamp, and he and his wife went upstairs.

"Did you see that watch?" asked the woman in a whisper.

Lanigan nodded. "I'll bet he's got a wad with him, too," he replied.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Lanigan made a significant gesture.

"All right," she said. "You can lay down and rest awhile; I'll sit here until he goes to sleep, and if you're asleep I'll wake you."

Lanigan removed his shoes, turned down the light, and lay down, and in a moment, tired out with his night's work, fell asleep.

Downstairs, the German had quickly removed his coat and lay down on the cot. The room was warm and comfortable; its miserable appearance was lost in the gloom, and the red coals showed cheerfully through the grate bars of the stove. But, in spite of this, the German found himself unable to sleep.

"I don't like that fellow's looks," he muttered.

He rose on one elbow and listened. Outside it was still raining, and the rain water ran down an old tin spout and splashed into a tub in a hollow, dreary monotone. A hot coal fell out of the grate and hit the stove-plate with a crash. He watched it until it grew black, then lay down again, pulled the comforter over his head, and tried to sleep. But the effort was in vain, and after a few minutes he arose, put on his clothing, took his grip, and left as quietly as he could.

"Better walk around in the rain than be murdered," he said to himself, as he quietly closed the door and disappeared in the darkness.

Five minutes after he left, the door opened again, and a young man with a bag in his hand entered. Setting the bag down, he struck a match and looked around the room with the quick eyes of one trained to work in the darkness.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "The old woman's gettin' good to me all of a sudden; she put the cot down here, where it's nice and warm. Pork chops and murphies in the skin," he went on, examining the table. "Guess I don't want any; I'll turn in and get a good snooze. Wonder what kind of a haul the old man made," he continued, as he pulled the comforter over himself and settled down on the pillow. "Bet he didn't do as good as I did."

In another minute he was fast asleep.

Upstairs, the woman awoke, with a start; in spite of herself, she had dozed off in her chair, and had slept an hour, though she believed she had been asleep only a few minutes. Going to the head of the stairs, she listened. Above the dull monotone of the rain dripping down the tin spout she could hear the heavy, regular breathing of the man below. She shook her husband.

"Jack," she whispered, "it's all right; he's sleeping sound."

Lanigan arose and went down the stairs quietly in his stocking feet. The room was pitch dark, but he was used to that. Finding the cot, he ran his hands lightly over the sleeper until they rested on his chest; then, with a sudden lunge, he jammed his bony right knee in the pit of the man's stomach, and at the same time both hands slipped around his victim's throat in a death-grip.

The man gasped and struggled, and clutched the bony wrists, trying to pull them away from his throat; but those bony hands had clutched too many throats to fail in their work now, and in a few minutes the struggles ceased and the man lay quiet.

Lanigan went to the foot of the stairs and called: "Kate, bring the light down now; he's croaked."

At the foot of the stairs he took the lamp from her, and they approached the cot together.

Suddenly the woman gave a loud scream and fell on her knees beside the cot.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," she wailed, "what have you done? It's Eli! It's Eli!"

Wailing and sobbing, she hugged the body to her breast, calling out between the sobs: "Oh, Jack, Jack, what have you done! What have you done!"

But the man, never answering, stood, holding the lamp above his head, fixed and speechless, as if turned to stone, staring with wide-open eyes at the man on the cot, and absolutely unable to understand by what devilish mischance he had murdered his own son.

THE ROCKEFELLER GRAND JURY REPORT

SHOWING THE CONDITIONS OF THE "WHITE SLAVE" TRADE IN NEW YORK CITY

ON January 3 a Grand Jury was impaneled to investigate the so-called "white slave" trade in the City of New York. The charge to it was given by T. C. O'Sullivan, a judge of General Sessions, one of the lower courts of the city. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was chosen as its foreman.

On June 9, after five months of work, this Grand Jury attempted to make a presentment, but Judge O'Sullivan peremptorily refused to receive and make public the report from Mr. Rockefeller until the judge himself should have an opportunity to read it. According to the newspaper reports of the event, a number of important Tammany leaders were in the court-room during the session.

District Attorney Whitman contended that Judge O'Sullivan had no right to prevent the filing of the presentment. Finally, on June 23, the Jury was allowed to file the document, but its contents were not made public. At this time Judge O'Sullivan attacked Assistant District Attorney James Bronson Reynolds, who had been assisting the Grand Jury in its work, for "imprudent and exaggerated statements" concerning the traffic in women, given out in connection with the arrest, in April, of two notorious procurers who were afterward convicted and sent to prison.

On June 28 the presentment of the Rockefeller Grand Jury was made public.

This body had found fifty-four indictments in its investigation of the exploitation of vice in New York City.

It did not take up the political aspects of the trade, or New York's especial position in it, and made no findings in these subjects.

Its finding concerning the "white slave" trade was as follows:

Associations Analogous to Commercial Bodies

"We have found no evidence of the existence in the County of New York of any organization or organizations, incorporated or otherwise, engaged as such in the traffic in women for immoral purposes, nor have we found evidence of an organized traffic in women for immoral purposes. It appears, on the other hand, from indictments found by us, and from the testimony af witnesses, that a trafficking in the bodies of women does exist and is carried on by individuals acting for their own individual benefit, and that these persons are known to each other and are more or less informally associated.

"We have also found that associations and clubs, composed mainly or wholly of those profiting from vice, have existed, and that one such organization still exists. These associations and clubs are analogous to commercial bodies in other fields which, while not directly engaged in commerce, are composed of individuals all of whom as individuals are so engaged.

The Independent Benevolent Association

"The only association composed mainly or wholly of those profiting from vice, of the present existence of which we have evidence, is the New York Independent Benevolent Association, organized in this city in 1894 and incorporated in 1896. The association has had an average membership of about one hundred. Its alleged purpose is to assist its members in case of illness, to give aid in case of death, and to assure proper burial rites.

"After an exhaustive investigation into the activities of this association and of its members, we find no evidence that the association as such

does now or has ever trafficked in women, but that such traffic is being or has been carried on by various members as individuals. We find that the members of this association are scattered in many cities throughout the United States. From the testimony adduced it appears probable that the social relations of the members, and the opportunity thereby afforded of communicating with one another in various cities, have facilitated the conduct of their individual business.

"It appears from the testimony of various members and ex-members of the said association that its membership is almost entirely composed of persons who are now or have been engaged in the operation of disorderly houses or who are living or have lived directly or indirectly upon the proceeds of women's shame.

Sale of Women to Grand Jury Agents

"Owing to the publicity given to the inquiry at its inception, it has been difficult to get legal evidence of the actual purchase and sale of women for immoral purposes, and our investigators have been informed in different quarters that a number of formerly active dealers in women had either temporarily gone out of business or had transferred their activities to other cities. However, five self-declared dealers in women had agreed upon various occasions to supply women to our agents, but, because of their extreme caution and the fear aroused by the continued sitting of this Grand Jury, these promises were fulfilled in only two instances, in each of which two girls were secured for our agents at a price, in the one case $60 each and in the other $75 each. Indictments have been found against these two persons; one pleaded guilty and the other was convicted on trial.

"All of these parties boasted to our investigators of their extensive local and interstate operations in the recent past. They specifically mentioned the cities to which they had forwarded women and described their operations as having at that time been free from danger of detection.

"Our investigators also testified as to the methods and means used by these people in replenishing the supply of women and in entrapping innocent girls.

The Evil Is Increasing

"Quoting from your Honor's charge: 'This traffic in women, it is charged, follows two main objects: First, the procuring of women of previous chaste character, who through force, duress, or deceit are finally made to live lives of prostitution; Second, the procuring of women who are already prostitutes and placing them with their consent in houses where they may ply their trade.'

"Under the first heading, namely, the procuring of women of previous chaste character, we find the most active force to be the so-called 'pimp.' There are in the County of New York a considerable and increasing number of these creatures, who live wholly or in part upon the earnings of girls or women who practise prostitution. With promises of marriage, of fine clothing, of greater personal independence, these men often induce girls to live with them, and, after a brief period, with threats of exposure or of physical violence force them to go upon the streets as common prostitutes, and to turn over the proceeds of their shame to their seducers, who live largely, if not wholly, upon the money thus earned by their victims. This system is illustrated in an indictment and conviction where the defendant by such promises induced a girl of fifteen to leave her home and within two weeks put her on the streets as a common prostitute.

Majority of Women Controlled

"We do not find that these persons are formally organized, but it would appear that a majority of the women of the street, as well as many of those who practise prostitution in houses or flats, are controlled by them and usually pay their entire earnings to them. They prescribe the hours and working places for these women, assist them in getting customers, protect them from interference when possible, and when the women are arrested do what they can to procure their release. While 'their women' are at work they spend much of their time in saloons and other resorts where they gather socially. Although operating individually, their common interests lead them to coöperate for mutual protection or for the recovery of women who may desert them, and for the maintenance of their authority over their particular women. It is an unwritten law among these men that the authority of the individual over the woman or women controlled by him is unquestioned by his associates to whatever extreme it may be carried."

What Mr. Turner Said Concerning Organization

The loose form of organization shown by this report is the same as that whose growth is described in detail in Mr. Turner's "The Daughters of the Poor," and whose present

condition he summarized at the end of his article as follows:

"The cadet does his procuring, not as an agent for any larger interest, but knowing that a woman can always be sold profitably either on the streets or in houses in American cities. The larger operators conduct their houses and get their supplies from the cadet — take him, in fact, into a sort of partnership, by which every week he collects the girl's wages as her agent. The ward politician keeps the disorderly saloon — a most natural political development, because it serves both as a 'hang-out' for the gangs of cadets and thieves, and a market for women."

Judge O'Sullivan's Own Opinion

The report having been made public, Judge O'Sullivan proceeded to comment upon it, to retract his attack upon Assistant District Attorney Reynolds, and to attack the testimony before the Grand Jury of George Kibbe Turner, author of the article, "The Daughters of the Poor," published in last November McCLURE'S, which became the campaign issue in last fall's New York election. He stated his own conclusion as follows:

"Your report is that no organized traffic in women exists in this city. The painstaking discussion in your report concerning vicious conditions, which exist in this city in common with all large cities of the world, is further evidence of the extent to which you carried your investigations. The fact that, as shown by your report, you were able to uncover only isolated instances of vice, such as we all know existed, demonstrates to my satisfaction that your conclusion is correct, and that New York City does not harbor an organized traffic in women's bodies."

Judge O'Sullivan's Career

Judge O'Sullivan's history is as follows:

Graduated from Burlington (Vt.) Institute in 1857.

Active in Tammany Hall since 1889, when he came to New York.

Tammany Hall State Assemblyman in 1893.

Tammany Hall State Senator in 1894 and 1895.

Counsel for the contracting company of Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, previous to 1905.

Tammany's candidate for judge of General Sessions, 1905; elected for term of fourteen years.

The Attack and the Facts

Judge O'Sullivan's attack upon Mr. Turner was as follows:

"You had before you the author of the most scandalous attack upon the city. He admitted under oath that his article was overstated and deceiving. He was compelled under oath to admit that he had no evidence (not even hearsay) to support his statement."

The facts are these:

Mr. Turner did not admit before the Grand Jury that his article was overstated or deceiving. He affirmed that he had shown the situation exactly as it existed. As to the alleged admission that Mr. Turner had no evidence, the best disproof of this is that a considerable and important part of the report of the Rockefeller Grand Jury was made up from its investigation of sources of information which Mr. Turner used in his article, "The Daughters of the Poor," and which he called to the Grand Jury's attention in giving his testimony.

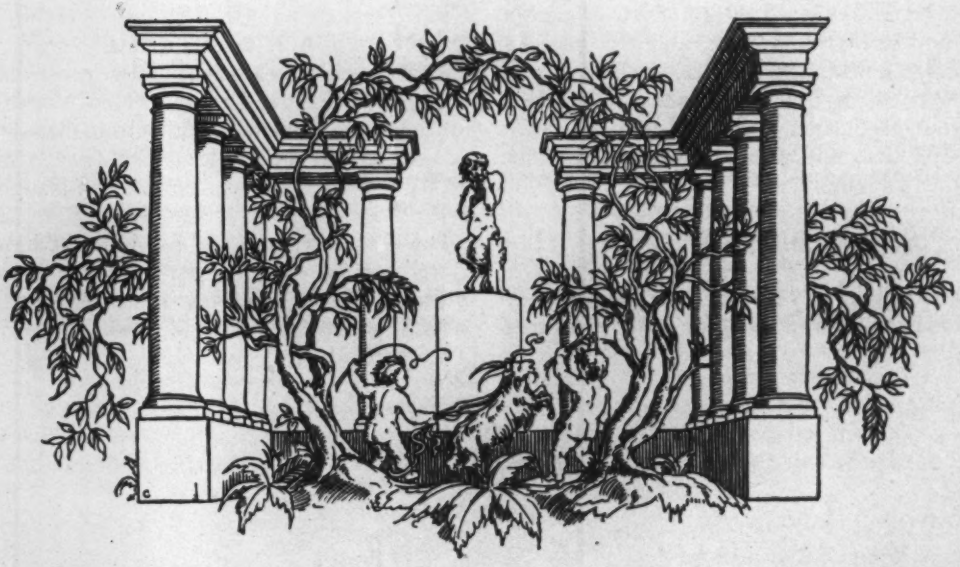
The Rockefeller Grand Jury — within the limits to which it confined itself — not only demonstrated the existence and growing danger of the "white slave" trade in New York City, but held the general form of organization or association in the trade to be exactly what Mr. Turner showed it to be in "The Daughters of the Poor."

The Grand Jury made no finding whatever concerning New York City's relative position in the traffic. The only statement on this subject issued from the mouth of Judge T. C. O'Sullivan.

"WHAT WHISKEY IS"

A SENTENCE in an article on "What Whiskey Is," in the April McCLURE's, has been erroneously construed in some quarters as a reflection upon Canadian Club Whiskey. In reviewing the testimony taken before Solicitor-General Bowers, H. Parker Willis, author of the article, said that "the manufacturers of Canadian Club . . . testified that their goods were made of two kinds of spirits, one used as the base, the other as flavor, but neither of them whiskey."

To those unfamiliar with the manufacture of whiskey the last four words may convey a meaning that neither the author of the article nor the witness intended to convey. It is only fair to say that, in the trade, whiskey is a name strictly confined to liquor in potable form, as those present at the investigation understood, and that Mr. Willis, in quoting the words "but neither of them whiskey" from the testimony of the Canadian Club representative, had no intention of giving the consumer an unfavorable impression of the Canadian Club product.

Basing his opinion on the testimony taken before Solicitor-General Bowers, President Taft said: "Canadian Club Whiskey is a blend of whiskey made from neutral spirits, and of straight whiskey aged in the wood, and its owners and vendors are entitled to brand it as such." That the practice of the United States Government, as recently established, now gives to Canadian Club Whiskey, in common with other whiskeys made in the same way, the legal right to the use of the term "whiskey" is made clear in the article referred to, but we take pleasure in thus again explicitly stating that such is the fact.

The producers of Canadian Club Whiskey consider Mr. Willis' entire article subject to criticism, as doubtless do others. Obviously it would be impossible to prepare an article on so controversial a subject, within the limits of magazine publication, that could in all respects satisfy all persons concerned, especially in view of the sharply contested inquiry before the President and the Attorney-General.